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## DESULTORY THOUGHTS

ON THE PHILOSOPHY AND THE PROCESSES OF CIVILIZATION.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHIVALRY AND THE CRUSADES.'

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CIVILIZATION is to Society, or to masses of men, what Education is to the individual. The History of Civilization is no other than the history of God's providence over our race. A brief consideration of some of the processes and instruments ordained by that Providence for developing the various capacities of the human soul, may be perhaps both useful and interesting.

And, in pursuance of our theme, we may note first, the singular fact, that the original impulse to the Civilization of any given Community comes ever from abroad. History furnishes, to our knowledge, no authenticated instance of a Society within whose own bosom sprung up the incentive and the system of means, whereby it was borne onward to the triumphs and blessings of a fully civilized state.

This point is illustrated by the most familiar passages of History. Our earliest knowledge of Greece, the primal source of illumination to the Modern World, shows it peopled by roving savages, without culture, refinement, or art. With the immigration of Egyptian and Phœnician colonists, bearing with them letters and other appliances of cultivation, broke the morning of that splendid day, than which no brighter has hitherto shone on the world.

Rome, too, for centuries after she had sitten unchallenged on her seven hills, remained in a condition hardly beyond barbarism. Military Glory was the engrossing passion, and the almost sole occupations were War, and Agriculture in its rudest form. With the conquest of Carthage and Greece, and of Syria and lesser Asia, colonies of Greece, Navigation and Commerce, as also the Science, Literature, and General Culture of the Greeks, were introduced to the knowledge, and engaged the interest, of the Romans, and hence sprang the august Civilization of the Mistress of the World. Note again Europe in the fifth century. Celts and Goths, Scythians, Sarmatians, and Britons, who shall conjecture how many ages these barbarous races had lived on, without making a single advance toward the melioration of their rude Estate? But, with the overthrow of the Roman Empire in the West, by their undisciplined yet restless vigor, some light was, of



necessity, flung abroad into the circumambient darkness. At first, indeed, 'the darkness comprehended it not,' but with the lapse of time gradually came understanding and appreciation. So that, in truth, from this chance-dropped and unpromising germ, issued the stately and far-spreading growth of Modern European Civilization.

So stands, then, the testimony of Ancient History, concerning the point in discussion. We behold Civilization issuing from the far-off, unknown Orient, introduced by Egyptian and Phœnician immigrants into Greece, and there coming to perfection; from Greece glancing upon and brightening through Rome; from Rome received into the bosom of a wide extended barbarism, and there drawing effectual furtherance from a new Power, a Religion from the Jordan's banks, and finally resulting in that manifold and affluent Civilization, wherein our lot is cast.

The same conclusion is enforced by contemporary History. The North American Savages have been known to Europeans for more than two centuries. And yet the tribes left to themselves, have not, in two hundred years, advanced one step in improvement beyond the contemporaries of Raleigh and the Pilgrims. Not one scientific or literary production; not a single invention or discovery in even the practical appliances of life; not an iota of mitigation in the ferocity of their principles and customs, have appeared among them during those two centuries, which have witnessed, in close proximity to them, 'a little one become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation,' and innumerable square miles of wilderness transformed into a fruitful garden, by the intelligent industry of the European race. How and why is this? Planted amid natural scenery, which in sublimity and loveliness Earth elsewhere can hardly match; with stupendous mountains, Arcadian vallies, and boundless prairies encircling them; with rivers like flowing lakes, and lakes like inland oceans spread out before them; with primeval forests, whose giant growths shade the pigmy products of Europe, wooing them from their deep-voiced shades, and the azure of Italian skies unrolled above them, studded with stars no whit less bright than those which gem the brow of Oriental night; how have men, with all man's faculties and feelings, acted upon by all these extraordinary outward incentives, still continued, from generation to generation, enveloped in the gloom of primitive ignorance and barbarism? Simply from the action of the law under consideration, that the original impulse to a people's civilization must come from abroad. The fierce and irreconcilable antipathy of the red man to the white, has precluded the former from the operation of this law in his favor, and hence, according to our theory, the melancholy result we have described.

Finally, the Bedouin Arabs go to illustrate the same point. It was predicted of them, before the birth of Ishmael their progenitor, that they should be 'wild men, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them.' The prophecy has been verified to the letter. Four thousand years have rolled away; nations have been born, have filled out their date, and been reft of their national existence; empires and dynasties have risen and flourished, and declined and passed away; and still the sons of Ishmael have survived and do survive, a distinct, peculiar, unconquered race, perpetu-

ally attacking and attacked by all people else ; the very same uncultivated, barbarous, robber tribe, that they were twenty centuries before the advent of Christ. The explanation of their state, upon our theory, is easy enough. At odds with all the world, they, of course, shut out all humanizing influences from abroad ; and so long as they persist in repelling all foreign impulses to improvement, they must needs continue, even as now, uncivilized and barbarian.

If any should now, as is natural, propound the question, ' whence came the *first* civilized Society, and by what methods was it trained to a fitness for communicating to others an impulse to Civilization, according to the Law we have been considering, we can only reply our total ignorance. We might, indeed, conjecture, and so may others with equal probability of correctness. In truth, the same conjecture would naturally occur to all. Suffice it for us to have produced the testimony of History, so far back as its authentic records go, as to the ordinary course of Providence in the matter under discussion.

The final cause, too, of this Law of Providence were well worth our dilating on at length, did our limits permit. It resolves itself, in brief, into a call on men to help one another ; to put in practice the second of the two great commandments, ' to love our neighbor as ourselves ; ' since it makes it depend on us whether our fellow men shall reach the elevation whereof they are capable, and leaves it at our option whether or not to confer on them the most inestimable of all earthly boons, the boon of Civilization.

But we proceed to specify other instruments and means exerting an agency in the process of human development. Among these, a prominent place is held by the wants and desires of our common nature. These all crave satisfaction, and, to obtain it, put in motion the intellect through all its departments, and so work out the development of its whole various capacities.

For example, we hunger, and lo ! the fruitful and marvellous results ! Agriculture springs into being, with many an auxiliary Science, and practical processes without number. Commerce soon follows, and, attended by a host of Sciences and Mechanic Arts, by itself called into life, traverses every ocean, floats over every inland lake, and threads every winding river, in quest of appliances to the primitive or the factitious demands of the appetite of hunger.

We are naked, and lo ! another series of marvels ! Manufactures are created, and, in their turn, require and originate for their use a thousand sciences and practical operations. The blue expanse of the air ; the green abysses of the sea ; the dark depths of the earth ; the fervors of the tropics, the rigors of the poles, and the variable clime of the temperate zones ; all are compelled to become tributary to covering the nakedness of the human body.

We lack shelter from the inclement elements, and note the results. Architecture is born, with the many knowledges and skills involved in it ; and the forest lays down its antique, giant growths ; the mountain opens wide its stony bosom ; the earth surrenders the treasures of her secret repositories ; and every kingdom of Nature brings its contributions, to furnish a shelter for man's corporeal frame.

We are social and sympathetic beings, and behold the consequences,

The mighty organization of Civil Government ; the infinite multiplicity of social institutions ; the conjugal, parental, and filial relations ; these, and a thousand results beside, are the fruit of the one simple principle of sympathy in man.

We have imagination and taste, a love for the beautiful and sublime ; and, at their bidding, a glittering and wondrous creation rises on the world. The stately and picturesque Edifice ; the richly-carved and shapely Column ; the Statue, seeming with its spotless white, like a spiritual body, out from which the high angelic nature gleams, even as a light shines through its enclosing vase ; the Painting, which images life, but life in glorious transfiguration ; Poetry, with its ' thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' and its numbers rolling and reverberating through the soul's depths, like the organ's tones through a minster's ailes ; Music, with its mystical enchantments, ' imprisoning the soul and lapping it in Elysium ;' Romance, with its dear witcheries and irresistible fascinations ; all this manifold and magnificent world is the product of the simple elements we have indicated above.

We have an instinct bidding us aspire to somewhat beyond the Present and Visible, and yearning for alliance and intercommunion with a Power less mutable and feeble, and more enduring and perfect than ourselves, and the result is Religion, with its injunctions and interdicts, its exalting hopes and its overcoming dreads, its symbols and ceremonials, and its worship of vast variety and manifold accompaniment.

Once more ; we are liable to casualty and disease. And the result is Medicine, which, for its uses, explores every kingdom of Nature, searching through sea, air, and land ; analyzing all substances and revealing their most occult properties ; and Surgery, which unfolds the cunning mechanism of the human frame, running the blind round of the life-current through even its scarce visible channels, and threading, one by one, those inconceivably delicate fibres, which spread their tracery through and around every portion of this fabric ' so fearfully and wonderfully made ;' both, meanwhile, in the quest of remedial agencies, originating a thousand inventions and discoveries.

So it is, then, that our natural wants and desires, acting on the means furnished by the Creator in the worlds of matter and of thought, tend to develop man's capacities, and accomplish the work of human Civilization. And how marvellous the spectacle ! Out of a few simple elements mingled in man's physical and mental structure, a result is compounded not less various and vast than Nature itself ; awful in grandeur and resplendent in beauty, bearing the crown and sceptre of authentic majesty and power, even the World of Civilization ! Does not Man show herein, that he was indeed, ' made in the image of God,' and that, in some humbler degree, he is like his Divine Original, a creator ? Compare this earth in its primeval condition, and Man in the savage state, with the same earth when it has passed under cultivation, and the same Man in a state of high civilization, and say if a process has not here been wrought in some sort akin to that of old, which inspired ' the morning Stars to sing together, and all the Sons of God to shout for joy !'

It remains now to enumerate sundry causes, which so modify the action of those already considered, as to impart to the Civilization of different Communities diversities of form, aspect, and spirit. Among these causes, is the Geography of a country, including its soil, climate, and physical outlines. These must, as matter of course, communicate some direction, as well as fix some limitation, to man's activity, since it belongs to him not to create, but to apply means and materials furnished to his hand. That the inhabitants of the Tropics should differ from those of the Polar regions, and the dwellers in the Temperate zones from both, in manners, ways of life, and general character, and again, that the inhabitants of inland and those of maritime regions should exhibit similar diversities, we should naturally anticipate, and our anticipation is fully justified by experience.

For example, the Oriental and the European worlds, peopled by the same original stock, exhibit forms of society, features of character, and habits of life, very distinctly and widely at variance. Of the East, fixedness, immobility, is a characteristic so strongly marked, as to strike the most superficial observer. Thousands of years have wrought scarce the slightest change either in its political and religious systems and social institutions, or even in the minor usages of daily life.

The European World, on the contrary, is characterized quite as strongly by change, revolution, progress. The East has, indeed, had its convulsions and its changes of dynasty. But its changes were but the substitution of one race for another to mount the same throne and wield the self-same sceptre, and its convulsions were like ocean's storms, which, after all their fury and uproar, subside, leaving each bound and barrier as before. But the convulsions of Europe have often changed the character of entire communities, and re-cast the whole structure of their social life; and its History, through alternate advance and retrogression, has been, on the whole, the History of Progress. The political governments of the East are Despotisms, subordinating the citizen's substance, liberty, and even life, to the arbitrary will of an individual inheriting the sceptre by right divine. The governments of Europe, even the least liberal, are very far removed from pure absolutism. In public sentiment there exists an incalculable force for the subject's protection against despotic caprice, a protection scarce known in name beyond the Mediterranean and Euxine. At the same time, European society is stirring with a universal and irrepressible movement toward a higher than the existing degree of liberty.

The Religion of the East is a tremendous Polytheism, which counts Man as nothing, and the Divinity as every thing; demanding for worship, the entirest prostration of soul before the throne of the Supreme, and demanding little beside. The abjectness of spirit lineally begotten of a Theism so terrible, may perhaps aid in solving a problem, which every where meets one in the East, that is, the trivial value put upon human life. To this peculiar religion may be traced also the characteristic features of Oriental Art; its Architectural piles so vast and colossal, as to move wonder even in this, the very age of Mechanism; its gigantic and monstrous Sculpture, so enigmatic to the cursory beholder. Man, it would seem, was counted too insignificant for representation by canvass or marble, and the

Divinity alone worthy of visible presentment. But the task of shaping a semblance of a Being so mysterious and awful ; a Being regarded by them less as a Person than as an omnipotent Force, a mere Existence, impersonal and absolute ; was one under which the mind quailed and sank helpless. And therefore in the grotesque and colossal Sculptures, and the mountainous Architectural Piles of the East, we seem to behold the products of an Imagination struggling with conceptions too vast for its compass, and hence endeavoring to make some approximation to the reality, by heaping up the irregular and huge invisible forms.

The Religion of Europe, on the contrary, is milder and less mystical in its character. Its Divinity is an actual Person, invested with definite personal attributes ; in a word, the Infinite and the Perfect of Humanity. His worship is not an abject prostration of soul, but rather a lofty humility, a spirit which is at once modest and upward-looking ; and an inseparable part of such worship is love and active kindness to all living creatures. Man, in its estimate, instead of being insignificant even to nothingness, is a creature of unutterable dignity and worth, and regarded by the Divinity with perpetual and tenderest solicitude. Accordingly, European institutions, even where most imperfect, all bear witness to the importance of the individual Man, and Government, where least liberal, points to the citizen's welfare as its principal object. The Arts, too, recognize the same idea of the worth of Humanity. Sculpture and Painting find their chief occupation in representing the human form, and depicting the 'human face divine ;' and Architecture, instead of issuing from an imagination overborne and crushed by conceptions of the vast and indefinite, is the fruit rather of an imagination buoyant and free to realize a simple and clearly defined Beauty.

Now, though we say not that these striking differences between the Oriental and European worlds are attributable to a single cause, yet we do hold that, among the several causes of such differences, the Physical Geography occupies a prominent place. Cast your eye on the map of Asia. You see a vast continent encircled by an immense ocean, which, itself seeming the bounding wall of the habitable world, offers no inducement to attempt passing beyond it. From the centre this continent stretches away thousands of miles toward every point of the compass ; possessing no inland sea and but few lakes and rivers ; here intersected by vast burning deserts, and there by lengthened chains of lofty mountains ; and the whole bathed in the fierce rays of a torrid sun. Shows not this spectacle like the very home of fixedness and immutability ? What is there in Nature's aspect here to instigate change, or so much as suggest the thought of it ? What to give birth to movement in any kind ? What, least of all, to fuel an unquenchable ardor of enterprise in all departments of human activity ? Vast spaces must be slowly traversed by land journeys ; or sandy deserts must be faintly crossed beneath scorching suns, amid lethal winds, and in jeopardy to perish of thirst ; or enormous and difficult mountain-ridges must be wearily clambered over ; before the several communities of this continent can meet for interchange. Hence Commerce, by necessity tardy in its reciprocations, as well as liable to frequent casualty and interrup-

tion, must needs too be scanty in amount. Manufactures must, of course, share the fate of Commerce, the one being stimulant and feeder to the other. And with the drooping of both these, must lie dormant the industry and inventive activity, which else find scope in many a useful and ornamental art. A fervid sun and a soil responding with plenty to the slightest labor, at once diminish the sum of the physical wants, and produce for them an abundant supply, and so unite in multiplying inducements to quietude and inaction.

Now these several causes combined, go far, we think, toward accounting for the fixed, unvarying character of the East, and its transmission, from age to age, of the same institutions and usages of life. And in this immutability of the popular character and life, lies a plausible explanation of their submission to systems of Government always completely arbitrary, and often tyrannous and cruel to the extremest degree. And do not these absolute and oppressive Sovereignties, in connexion with the aforementioned Geographical peculiarities, cast much expository light on the tremendous Religions of the East? In any case, these Religions, once established, must needs react, by their formidable character and crushing weight, to perpetuate that condition of things, and that form of human nature, out of which they originally sprang.

Turn now to the map of Europe. You behold a continent at once limited in extent, and exceedingly diversified in physical features. Numerous inland seas and navigable streams furnish highways ready-made for easy, rapid, and secure Commercial interchanges, while, in its varieties of soil and mineral products, this territory yields abundance of Commercial material. Commerce stimulates, if not creates, Manufactures, and the twain call into being a thousand sciences and arts, and furnish scope for industry in innumerable forms. No far-spreading deserts separate one community from another; few mountain-ranges lift their dividing walls between neighboring nations; no natural obstacle, in a word, bars the free communication of each with all other parts of the continent, or forbids the propagation of whatever light may spring up in one quarter, to all quarters beside. A region not too vast for neighborhood and unity, and yet extended enough to allow free expansion; not in its parts so like as to beget a wearisome monotony, nor yet so dissimilar as to distract and forbid wholeness of impression; traversed in every direction by noble streams, and holding in its bosom many a sea, where the fleets of Commerce or the navies of War may ride without impinging; a region, in one word, where a various and liberal Nature is alive with a perpetual and efficient activity, does it not seem, at the first glance, to be the indigenous abode of human energy, movement, change, progress?

We have already spoken briefly of Religion under one aspect, as aiding to illustrate the influence of Physical Geography on Civilization. We are now, rather more at large, to contemplate it under a different view, as being itself an agent in the work of Civilization. For the sake of definiteness, we shall continue our parallel between the Oriental and European worlds. As before intimated, Religion borrows not only its exterior semblance, but much of its informing spirit from the character of the community in which it exists. But,

once established, it becomes in turn a Creator, and exerts a most potent agency in moulding a nation's character and ways of life. The differing characters of the East and the West may be traced, in a very considerable degree, to their religious diversities.

The Oriental Religion is the Religion of Nature; that is, the result of Reason acting on the materials furnished by the ordinary phenomena of the great system, whereof ourselves are a part.

The Religion of Europe is the Religion of Revelation; a system coming from immediate, extra-natural inspiration, and therefore reflecting in its character the perfection of its original. The European differs, we apprehend, from the Oriental system mainly in the three particulars following:

I. In teaching, in contradistinction to the Pagan *multiplicity* of Divinities, that God is *one* — in sovereignty alone — unmatched in power and perfections.

II. In proclaiming with distinctness and emphasis the soul's immortality, and the intimate dependence of the character and condition of the coming life on the character and condition of the present.

III. In ordaining benevolence to Man, as an indispensable part of duty to the Supreme Power.

Now it needs but a glance to perceive that these three doctrines must be exceedingly prolific in momentous results, and that wherever they are practically recognized, they cannot but stamp a deep and peculiar impression on the general mind. The concentration of the religious sensibilities on a single Object absolutely perfect, must contribute largely to their healthfulness and vigor, while it raises the general tone of moral sentiment and purpose.

The distinct disclosure of an interminable life beyond the present, introduces into the mind an element of incalculable force, and suited to agitate our nature through the entire compass of its activities. The doctrine is a dim one to the Eastern contemplation, as it has been ever to the Pagan perception. Disfigured with chimeras like the Metempsychosis, it is shorn immeasurably of the clearness and operative force with which it stands in the Christian faith.

And, finally, the doctrine of Benevolence, or Social Love, has wrought with prime efficiency in moulding the European Civilization. With most emphatic truth was it called by its Author a 'new commandment.' For of Pagan antiquity, and of the East even now, the practical doctrine is, that men should 'love their friends and hate their enemies.' The lines which enclose kindred, clan, tribe, or country, are bounds which unevangelized Benevolence rarely overpasses with its good offices. Whatsoever lies beyond, is mostly enemy's territory, a legitimate field for pillage and waste, and where the ordinary maxims of justice and mercy have no binding force of ap-  
pliance. The illuminated Greek fixed the single scornful epithet of 'Barbarian' on all beyond the borders of his tiny peninsula, and the high-hearted Roman beheld, with equal moral sensibility, and similar gratification, the lions of the Lybian desert and the Dacians of the Danube mangle each other in mutual slaughter.

It is totally the opposite with the Social Love of the Christian Code. It suffers no restriction on the reach of its kind offices. It tolerates no limitation on its sympathy or its charitable functions. It breaks

down every barrier that lifts itself to separate man from man. It expunges from its vocabulary the very name of enemy. And wherever man is, of whatever color, country, name, or character, there it recognizes a fitting object not only of justice and mercy, but of love and active kindness.

Of such a doctrine as this, the practical working is not confined to its excellent moral influences, and its auspicious bearing on human happiness. It operates to band men more closely and generally together in every way, in their wishes and hopes, their schemes, enterprises, and endeavors. There is no more striking feature of the present age, than the wide prevalence of the principle of Association. The improving changes which for the last few years have been rapidly passing over the face of the world, owe more to this than to all causes beside. The individual strength and means which could effect little or nothing, are enabled, when combined, to work results that seem rather like magic than sober reality. The denizens of the 'land of the cypress and myrtle,' and the dingy tribes of the far Isles of the Sea, are brought, by Association, beneath the healing beams of the 'Sun of Righteousness.' And by Association the extremes of a wide continent are drawn into close neighborhood, and immense oceans are fitted over on vaporous wings, in the face of opposing tempest and tide.

Now, while all perceive how largely these wondrous results are traceable to the principle of Association, few perhaps recognize, what is nevertheless true, that this potent cause is the legitimate result of the second great Law of the Christian code. And here we may see verified, what is doubtless the fact universally, that the practical adoption of Christian principles works auspiciously for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come.

But we are admonished to bring our remarks to a close. Of the thousand practical reflections suggested by our theme, we will give utterance to but one, and that is, 'Despise nothing; despise no man.' Civilization is a single grand process, developing under the auspices of the Supreme Perfection, and from the grandeur of the work, a dignity and importance are thrown on every person and every thing entering into the boundless complication. Therefore, despise not.

D. H. B.

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 WHISPER OF ONE UNBELOVED.
 

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 FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.
 

---

HAST thou not measured out the lot  
Of love to every creature due?  
Then why am I alone forgot,  
O Nature! thou my mother too?

Where or in pen or forest roved,  
What breathing thing in air or sea,  
That never was at one time loved?  
Oh! loved is every thing but me!

While in the grove, and mead, and plain,  
The tree and shrub, the moss and weed,  
Both love and well are loved again,  
No fair one by my side I lead!

For me, matured by sweet desire,  
No honey'd fruits of pleasure grow;  
Since kindles not for me that fire  
Which only in one breast can glow.



## PASSAIC:

## A GROUP OF POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

BY FLACCUS.

'On could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme;  
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without overflow, full.'

DENHAM.

## TALE THIRD.

## THE WORTH OF BEAUTY: OR, A LOVER'S JOURNAL.

## CANTO II.—SECOND LOVE.

*'Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aime comme j'aime!'*

DE SEVIGNE.

Five times the earth swam round the sun,  
Five years their ripening course had run,  
And I, still travelling, clambering still,  
Stood up at last on Manhood's hill:  
Strengthened alike in mind and frame,  
But marred with features still the same:  
Still finding daily on my road,  
The worth that Beauty's charm bestow'd:  
Still feeling more, the more I grew,  
The pains its want engenders too.  
In crowds when eyes my form would scan,  
I scarce could feel myself a man;  
And in the dance, whose joyous sight  
I relished with a child's delight,  
When eyes and jewels rivals shine,  
When music's voice, and woman's join,  
When senses and when satins swim,  
When bounds the spirit with the limb,  
And feet unconscious mark the strain,  
Nor need a mandate from the brain;  
For music's motion-giving thrill  
Performs the office of the will;  
Even there I seldom stirred, from fear  
The light satiric laugh to hear.  
Not oft I walked by woman's side,  
Restrained if not by fear by pride:  
Her choice of guides is ever shown  
In forms more lofty than her own,  
As if the spirit that defends,  
On towering height alone attends.

'T was not alone from shame or fear  
Of cold neglect, or bitter sneer,  
That I would shun her glowing rays,  
And softly tread her flowery ways,  
But lest the serpent Love might spring,  
And once again my bosom sting:  
And most I feared the passions' might  
In springs fresh morn of rosy light,  
When all creation wears his hue,  
And bathes in Love's delicious dew;  
When courting birds throng every grove,  
And flowers, far as they can, make love.

For then the heart's door stands ajar,  
And entrance there is easier far;  
For then by abstinence subdued,  
The hungry heart looks out for food;  
And oft in that impetuous hour,  
Will crop the weed or poisonous flower,  
Unsated, till the inward groan  
Declares too late the mischief done.

So when the sun first warmed my blood,  
As the young year began to bud,  
And when the fair spring-softened throng  
Shed round their glances, languid, long,  
I ever shunned, by trial wise,  
The dangerous bliss of woman's eyes;  
And yet, despite my previous pain,  
My heart at last was trapped again:  
Drawn knowing, fearing, shrinking, tame  
As silly moth, within the flame;  
And that too not in spring's soft hour,  
But when hot summer curls the flower.  
Love grew, I scarce know how or where,  
But first in church I felt the snare,  
Which fastened by long gazing there;  
Too much I gazed, for she was one  
My reason loudly bade me shun.

Of queenly step, and form of grace,  
An ever-breathing, joyous face,  
With nostrils thin, lips loosely shut,  
By Nature's chisel cleanly cut,  
Which, when caprice turned playful out,  
Would more than curl, yet scarce would

pout:

With dark — not dark as midnight — hair,  
Her skin was more than lily fair,  
Whose pearly veil would half reveal  
The routes the truant veins would steal;  
Whence blushes scarcely dimmed would  
gleam,  
Drowned roses through a crystal stream,  
But oh! those eyes, those wondrous eyes!  
Whose hue all mimic art defies:

Dark gray their tint by nature given,  
But which through smiles seemed blue as  
heaven;

And when a frown-cloud rose to view,  
Black as the car of thunder grew :  
And wide and various as their hue  
Would wander their expression too ;  
Which all unsteady in its range,  
Seemed ever on the brink of change ;  
Still ready, even in anger's stress,  
To tremble into tenderness.

Oh ! she was glorious in a storm !  
The lofty head, the heaving form,  
The flash, the nostrils fluttering free,  
All, all were fine yet dread to see :  
And brilliant fell the glittering rain  
That followed in the cloudy train,  
And fairer still the peaceful bow  
That spanned at last her arching brow.  
Though spoiled with pride and wayward  
will,

Her haughty heart was woman's still ;  
And 'neath the tempest lay asleep  
A well of feeling, pure and deep,  
O'errunning when the storm was gone,  
To soothe the harms her wrath had done ;  
As though the very storm that rushed,  
Had fed and filled the fount that gushed.

Else had I never learned to love,  
Whom gentleness alone can move :  
And oh ! 't was in that tender hour,  
She swayed me with resistless power ;  
How could she lift, and with a frown  
As deeply, darkly cast me down !  
How like a dog my mistress' will  
I faithful watched, and followed still !  
Content if only at her feet,  
For even rebuke from her was sweet.  
But pleasing more than outward sense,  
She sparkled with intelligence ;  
Her mind so rare, her wit so smart,  
She won my brain as well as heart :  
Enough : the journal of my breast,  
Kept at the time, must tell the rest.

— August 20.

#### THE JOURNAL.

As surely as the week rolls round,  
Am I at church devoted found :  
As surely as I take my seat,  
My eyes with Julia's chance to meet :  
If once it haps, 't will hap again,  
What mortal nature can refrain  
To watch, despite the sacred place,  
That tempting sight, a lovely face ?  
Young hearts, beware ! that dread a  
wound,

For even the church is dangerous ground,  
When placed athwart a vision fair,  
Just seated within eye-shot there :  
In neatest dress, with bonnet sweet,  
Flung loose to chase the summer heat,  
Leaving the glowing charms we see,  
To wooing winds, and glances free :  
While airs which fanning tresses make,  
To waves the slumbering tresses wake ;  
And looks, meant for the desk, may stray  
And light on you along their way.

'Tis flowery land ; but oh ! beware !  
The mischief-maker may be there :  
Should there he catch a poaching heart,  
Poor trespasser ! he'll make it smart ;  
For hid among the flowers 't will find  
Set traps of most imprisoning kind ;  
And may be tangled ere aware,  
Within the mesh of tresses there.  
Those eye-darts shot by Cupid's bow,  
Would soon to poisoned arrows grow :  
Each hair dipped in Love's quickening  
spring,  
Would turn a waving snake, and sting.

Not only is the idle heart  
Endangered by the toiler's art,  
But even the serious mind may rove ;  
Devotion's self is kin to Love.  
At solemn hymn, whose stream of  
praise

A thousand grateful voices raise,  
The heart unfolds its portals wide,  
Unconsciously, to join the tide :  
Whatever passion opens the door,  
Love, ever watchful, stands before,  
Still seeking, in his strife to win,  
Sly rogue ! to slip unnoticed in.

I caution others ; as for me ;  
My heart once seared, is safely free :  
Yet thrilled I when her eyes like day  
Would rest on mine though turned away ;  
For there are glances felt, not seen,  
That burn as deep, and pierce as keen.  
To-morrow I can meet her too —  
A walking party ; shall I go,  
And stir the tide now calmly clear ?  
Pshaw ! nonsense ! what have I to fear ?  
The scars of previous wounds o'ergrow,  
And make my bosom love-proof now !

I.

A truce to your arts, pretty maidens !  
Your cunning I now can withstand :  
No more bite the lip till it reddens,  
Nor press the pale cheek with the hand ;  
I know what a bloom it discloses,  
But ah ! ye entice me in vain ;  
I've suffered so much from the roses,  
They never shall tempt me again.

II.

No more hang your long drooping lashes,  
So modestly bent to the ground ;  
No more with a start shoot your flashes  
So boldly and brilliantly round :  
I know that the motion is brightening,  
But ah ! it assails me in vain ;  
My heart is so scarred with the lightning,  
It shuns the encounter again.

III.

No more, when the summer oppresses,  
Uncover the light of the brow ;  
No more let the streams of your tresses  
Run down on your shoulders of snow ;  
I know that the contrast is pleasing,  
But ah ! it allures me in vain ;  
I've suffered so sadly from freezing  
I'll ne'er brave the snow-storm again !

August 28.

OVER the hills, a sun-bright day,  
 Our party took their rambling way:  
 Now the rough quarry's depths pervade,  
 And now the cooling woodland shade:  
 Now following brooks through deep ravines,  
 Now climbing steep for distant scenes;  
 And fair that eastern view appeared,  
 Which oft my boyhood's eye had cheered,  
 By fairer landscape never blest;  
 White clouds in motion, hills at rest,  
 By passing shadows overrun!  
 Passaic basking in the sun;  
 Far city-spires that task the eye,  
 Pricking like needle-points the sky:  
 Beneath our feet our native town,  
 Though humble, bright, because our own.  
 Still westward lay our course again;  
 At length a grass-green, winding lane  
 Through sheltering woods our footsteps  
 brings,  
 To one of Nature's bounties, springs:  
 Here sit we down for rest and breath,  
 A knotty, spreading oak beneath,  
 Whose roots drank from the fount, and  
 paid  
 The favor back with cooling shade:  
 At times, alarmed, some sudden frog  
 Plumped in the spring from neighboring  
 bog:  
 Without a sound the waters soft  
 Pushed up the clean red sand, and oft  
 A rising bubble from the spot,  
 Bright as a crystal jewel, shot.

From Julia's side I kept aloof,  
 Not feeling quite temptation-proof,  
 When from her head the hat she drew,  
 And to the breeze her tresses threw.  
 She leaned against the oak for rest,  
 With parted lips, and heaving breast;  
 Then laid those dangerous eyes to see,  
 Now languid with fatigue, on me:  
 Deep, deep their honied weight I felt  
 To sink within my heart, and melt.  
 I saw my peril, and alarmed  
 Drew back in hopes to 'scape unharmed:  
 Which she observing, bade me look  
 For wild-flowers by the running brook.  
 I went, for how could I refuse,  
 And plucked the rarest I could choose:  
 Odd gaping orchis, lilies too,  
 Jet spotted, in the marsh that grew;  
 And bright lobelia's flaming blaze,  
 That almost blinds the eyes that gaze:  
 And I was proud to see them placed  
 Within the folds that girt her waist.

O'er heaven now warning vapors dun  
 Crept darkling, and put out the sun:  
 Wrangled the clouds, and fell the fire,  
 Struck from their rude collision, nigher.  
 Escaping from the shower, we reach  
 The sheltering tent of sloping beach:  
 There gathered close, we list the strain  
 Played on the leaves by pattering rain,  
 At times by voice of thunder drowned,  
 When his tremendous bass rings round.

So close we grouped that tree beneath,  
 I touched her hand — I felt her breath;  
 I scanned her cheek so dainty fair,  
 But found no dimmeet blemish there.  
 There is a power, a spell, a thrill,  
 A magnetism, or what you will,  
 Whose creepings on the sense encroach,  
 At living Beauty's near approach:  
 How did her breath my life-blood seize,  
 And wake to billows like a breeze!

Returning, would her arm recline,  
 All frankly, cordially on mine:  
 How dear to manhood's fondest pride,  
 Confiding woman's steps to guide!  
 How flashed the overloaded flowers  
 With gems, a present from the showers!  
 I never landscape saw more gay,  
 Nor bluer sky, nor brighter day:  
 Had Love been there, I might suppose,  
 Seen through his soft mist, all was rose;  
 Fudge! Love has had his ruling hour:  
 Thank Heaven! I now defy his power!  
 'T was fit enough, in school-boy days,  
 To sigh, and melt at beauty's blaze:  
 All that is past; yet was she sweet!  
 Well, so are many that I meet;  
 How flattering too! where'er I go,  
 Her eyes for mine a preference show:  
 Poor soul! 't were pity she should burn  
 With passion I can ne'er return:  
 I'll gaze, not love: my course is plain;  
 I'll reap the bliss, and leave the pain.  
 A pleasant life, to roam at will  
 On Beauty's walks attendant still,  
 Safe from all rubs that lovers chafe;  
 Pleasant indeed — but am I safe?

August 29.

No! there is danger; all the night  
 I saw her like a starry light,  
 More lovely in my visions lone,  
 Than in my day-dream's truth she shone.  
 'T is nought when on the sun we gaze,  
 If only dazzled by his rays;  
 But when our eyes his form retain,  
 Some wound to vision must remain.  
 So eyes at Beauty's presence thrill,  
 As ever at fair scenes they will,  
 But when 't is fixed by memory there,  
 Still brightly burning, then beware!

Hence, Love! thou tempting friend, be-  
 gone!  
 That still through flower-fields lead'st me  
 Whose serpent-charm my bosom draws  
 To venom'd ruin in its jaws:  
 I'll shun her, for it cannot be  
 Such eyes could ever smile on me;  
 Nor wake those passion-waves again,  
 To rack my heart with sickening pain:  
 Yet sweetly could I yield me still,  
 With closing eyes and passive will,  
 In ravishing delight to ride  
 Upon that bounding, sparkling tide,  
 Borne onward by the mastering flood,  
 To port or breakers, where it would!

It must not be; no! from this hour  
 I'll save me, while I have the power:

Yet I this very night agreed  
To lend her promised books to read !  
Well ; I will leave them at the door,  
But enter Peril's courts no more.

— August 30.

Fool ! madman ! thus to venture nigh  
The whirlpool of her dangerous eye :  
I reached the door : herself was there ;  
Herself, with smiles all radiant fair :  
She bade me enter : I declined ;  
Then stammering, stagger'd in half-blind.  
There to the window we withdrew ;  
Oh, double fool ! by moonlight too :  
Deep, deep of love's insidious draught,  
With reckless, quenchless thirst I quaffed,  
Till midnight drove me home again,  
So drunken, giddy, fired in brain,  
That my bewildered, reeling head  
Could scarcely find its sleepless bed.

— September 2.

"T WAS not, dear maid ! thy noontide light  
That won me with its flashings bright ;  
But thy sweet twilight hue that shone  
Softly on me, and me alone !  
"T was not thy song of music clear,  
That rings to ravish all that hear ;  
But oh ! thy gently breathing tone  
Murmured to me and me alone !  
All force, all dazzling, fails to move,  
For softness is the soul of love.

I.

Softness, sure though gentle power,  
Even the rudest breast can sway :  
As the mildly-dropping shower  
Wears the rigid ice away.  
Cupid knows, so binds together  
Plume with barb upon his dart,  
Never shaft without the feather  
Found the quick within the heart :  
All the ways of passion prove  
Softness is the soul of love.

II.

Smiling ripples curl more sweetly  
Round the lips which dew-drops steep ;  
Glances melt us more completely,  
When through fringed lids they peep.  
Venus, when among her roses,  
One she wished of killing hue,  
Round the glance the bud discloses,  
Showers of mossy lashes threw.  
All that moves must gently move :  
Softness is the soul of love.

III.

Manhood dons his gentlest manner,  
When at winning he would be ;  
War with roses wreaths his banner,  
Sheathes the steel, and bows the knee :  
Eyes that fail with beaming brightly,  
Vanquish when in tears they glide ;  
Flashing sunbeams move us lightly ;  
"T is the moon that wakes the tide.  
All the arts of lovers prove  
Softness is the soul of love.

IV.

Sighing is the tone for wooing,  
Such as lover best becomes :

Words that win, come softly flowing,  
Like the lulling song of streams.  
Vows of love and truth devoted,  
Vainly at the bosom cast,  
When on waves of music floated,  
Ever reach their port at last !  
All that moves must gently move :  
Softness is the soul of love.

— September 5.

TO-NIGHT at Julia's house we meet :  
Oh ! hours to be, of rapture sweet !  
How will I feast on love's repast,  
And triumph, while her favors last !  
And will she change ? it cannot be ;  
Still will I dream in her I see  
A mind too high, a heart too warm,  
To spurn a lover for his form :  
A breast with feeling gushing o'er,  
That asks for love, and asks no more.  
Away with pause ! it is too late  
To dread, to shrink, to hesitate ;  
My doom, my fate, I must abide,  
And sink or swim, I'm on the tide !  
Then let me revel on that brow,  
Though mad the act, and worse than  
vain !  
I'll quaff the luscious poison now,  
And leave to sober hours the pain !

— September 6.

I WENT ; fair crowds my sight surprise :  
The room was starry with their eyes ;  
But she was all surpassing fair :  
One calla-flower ran round her hair,  
And wreathed it like a hunter's horn :  
The chaste, the only jewel worn.  
Pure was her robe of virgin white,  
Her eyes flashed round consuming light ;  
Yet oft on those she favored well,  
Softly as mellow moonlight fell.  
But scarce a solitary glance  
Would light on me, unless by chance  
Amid the flood she showered around,  
Some straggling ray my features found,  
And brilliant shone ; but cold to me  
As flash of phosphorescent sea :  
Alas ! those eyes with homage vain,  
On others showered their sparkling rain.  
Supreme my rival stood 'mid these,  
Nor left untried all arts to please ;  
She sang — his voice the praise supplied :  
She danced — and he was by her side  
In pride of form and grace of limb :  
What could I do to cope with him ?  
Hurt at the sight, but not depressed,  
For trial roused, not sunk my breast ;  
I sought her hand when he resigned,  
But she through feigned fatigue declined :  
I told her, stung, I craved no more  
Than others had received before :  
Piqued, she replied all proudly then,  
She danced with whom she pleased, and  
when :  
Rushed to my brow the burning blood —  
Fired with revenge and shame I stood  
One maddening moment, then withdrew,  
And to the open garden flew :  
How changed the scene to which I fled !  
Cool was the night-air to my head ;

The moon sailed high, and flowers and trees  
Bent listening to the whispering breeze :  
Dear Nature ! ever pure as fair,  
How soothing came thy gentle air !  
Thy light, how chaster than the glare,  
Thy murmuring voices, than the din  
Of noisy mirth — I left within !

— September 7.

Oh ! a thy bosom's trackless snow  
Love's light foot has never trod ;  
And should he once essay to go,  
Its cold would freeze the little god.  
Fool ! fool ! with all my previous pain,  
To rush into the trap again,  
But now, farewell to love and thee !  
The world has nobler aims for me :  
Enough, enough ; henceforth we part —  
I'll close my journal, and my heart ;  
Resolved no more to be beguiled  
By such a wayward, peevish child.

— September 14.

In vain ! — six days of bitter pain  
Have driven me back to love again ;  
Despite my stern resolve to burst  
A bond so sweet, yet so accursed.  
Alas ! our eyes at church did meet ;  
Oh ! glance too ravishingly sweet !  
My soul leaped to my eyes to see  
One gaze of kindness bent on me :  
It told of sorrow for my pain —  
It told of wish for peace again ;  
It told beside of pride misused —  
That eyes might speak what lips refused.

It told enough to bring me back ;  
Oh ! yes ; come torture, flame, or rack,  
Better thy glance, though raging bright,  
Than absence' dull funereal night :  
The one is life of painful breath,  
The other, gloomy, chilly death ;  
And like the soul, the heart will cling  
To life, however sharp its sting.

All lost my patience and command,  
Last night I went, guitar in hand,  
And 'neath her window, thus my wrong  
Poured out upon the night, in song :

I.

The heart no deeper gloom can know  
Than absence' tomb-like solitude :  
I better bore thine anger's glow,  
Than the dull peace which has ensued.

II.

Give back mine eyes thy form again —  
Give but mine ears thy quickening  
voice,  
And though thy glances flash disdain,  
And words speak daggers, I'll rejoice.

III.

For oh ! reproach I could forgive,  
Howe'er it jarred my brain to hear ;  
And even thy fury's rage outlives, 'near.'  
'To know but this — that thou wert

IV.

A charm thy words, thy looks contain,  
That numbs their power to harm or  
kill ;  
Like charmed rage, and pictured pain,  
'T is beauty, and 't is music still.

V.

For shot through eyelids plumed like  
those, [share ;  
Thy glance must of their softness  
And through those lips the curse that  
flows,  
Comes sweetened from the honey  
there.

VI.

I must return — though doubly curst ;  
Though all thy lightnings scathe my  
brain,  
I care not — I have known the worst —  
For absence owns no master-pain.

— September 15.

With a cold eye, and burning brain,  
I stiffly sought her doors again :  
My presence smiles of favor sweet,  
And kindly words restless greet ;  
And though our quarrel and my pain  
She ventured not to touch, 't was plain  
She saw, and strove with smiles to heal  
The wounds her pride had made me feel :  
She begged me join, in her sweet way,  
A party for the Falls to-day :  
And did I yield ? oh ! yes — oh ! yes !  
She smiled, and could I then do less ?  
Dear eyes ! be cruel as ye will,  
One kindly gaze secures me still !

I.

Oh ! in reason's spite I love thee,  
Though thy sweets be mixed with woes :  
Who, though teasing be the briar,  
Would not bear it for the rose ?  
When with scorn thy lip is curling,  
'Till, revolting at the chill,  
Pride would bid me love no longer,  
One dear smile will win me still.

II.

Oh ! those tones of silver sweetness,  
Though reproachful or perverse,  
Who that listens would not freely  
For their music bear their curse ?  
When with bitter taunt they spurn me,  
Till, with heart upon the rack,  
From the cruel sound I turn me,  
One kind word will bring me back.

III.

Oh ! those eyes of sunny brightness !  
Oft, alas ! too dazzling bright ;  
Still, who would not bear their burning,  
For the glory of their light ?  
When with stormy wrath they lighten,  
And my wincing spirit gall,  
With a flame whose torture maddens,  
One soft tear will quench it all.

September 16.

On ! day of wo ! — but let me tell  
 The facts in order that befall :  
 A morn so fresh, so sweet, so clear,  
 Scarce thrice is matched within the year :  
 Bright were the faces, bright the skies ;  
 With smiling heavens shone smiling eyes.  
 The merry laugh, the silver song,  
 Poured ceaseless as we rode along ;  
 And Julia shone above the rest,  
 The brightest, wittiest, merriest, best.  
 But rarely I to mirth gave way ;  
 I was too happy to be gay :  
 For she was kind as she was fair,  
 And more, my rival was not there.

By noon our journey's goal was found,  
 Where all indeed was fairy ground :  
 For summer's sun has never smiled  
 On spot more brightly, purely wild.  
 'T was where Passaic, scared from sleep,  
 First takes at Little Falls the leap :  
 For miles above, the lazy tide  
 Saunters along from side to side,  
 All blindly on its doubling track,  
 Though onward still, oft wandering back,  
 Through boggy marsh and tangled wood,  
 Where the shy wood-cock loves to brood :  
 But sudden from its torpid dream  
 Horrors awake the slumbering stream ;  
 It hears too late the warning roar  
 Of the van-current, sent before,  
 Then whirled along with mighty sweep,  
 Breaks tumbling down the sloping steep :  
 Lighting around the rocky gloom  
 With one live mass of amber foam ;  
 Whose spatterings all the margin drench ;  
 Then, hurrying through the rocky trench,  
 Pauses, a moment's rest to take -  
 In a deep-brimmed, isle-dotted lake ;  
 Where walls basaltic steeply stand,  
 Square-hammered by Time's iron hand.  
 Whose chips and splinters at their base  
 Slide tinkling when our steps displace.

With Julia on the bank I stood,  
 Where towers a green and gloomy wood :  
 I felt, as close she shuddering clung,  
 My hand by hers unconscious wrung :  
 Oh ! dearest rapture short of heaven,  
 Had love, not fear, that pressure given !  
 Long wander we in wonder there,  
 Then for our rustic meal prepare :  
 On mossy turf the cloth is spread,  
 With foam below, trees overhead.  
 The wine lay in a rock-rimmed pool,  
 Carved by the boring tide, to cool :  
 That seems all brimming as it stands,  
 A basin left by savage hands,  
 Hollowed by some dusk lover brave,  
 Wherain his Indian maid might lave.  
 From the high bank o'ergazing there,  
 I watched the group of creatures fair,  
 With locks astray, and necks bare-white,  
 All sitting, kneeling, as they might :  
 All laughing, screaming, for the noise  
 Of falls o'erwhelmed the usual voice :  
 All rose with health, all bright with glee —  
 If others shone, oh ! did not she ?

I felt, as doted there my eye,  
 I could forswear all mortal joy ;  
 Hopes, home, and kindred all resign,  
 To clasp that precious form as mine !

I join them, and our dinner o'er,  
 We clamber round the rising shore :  
 We cross the lake in boats, we land ;  
 Dig sparkling crystals in the sand :  
 In silent pools, a bright surprise,  
 The water-lily glads our eyes :  
 First gem of flowers the sense that greet,  
 As snow-drop white, as jasmine sweet,  
 In emerald cup of scalloped brim,  
 Moored on the lake to rock and swim.  
 I plucked one virgin blossom there,  
 And placed it in her raven hair.

Embarked upon the stream once more,  
 We rowed all round the craggy shore :  
 Beside a tiny isle we float,  
 Scarce larger than our clumsy boat,  
 Of huge columnar prisms composed,  
 In all their truth of form disclosed :  
 Emerging rudely from the flood,  
 The pile of stony crystals stood ; [push  
 Between whose pinching joints would  
 The wild-flower stalk and hungry bush.  
 Here landing, Julia first, with me,  
 The rest push off in sportive glee :  
 Beyond our reach they haste ; they 're  
 Leaving us helpless there alone. [gone !  
 She sat upon the islet's crown,  
 Myself reclining farther down.

Oh ! bright Romance, whose glass of rose  
 A bloom on rudest objects throws,  
 And kindles even in skies most fair,  
 A gleam of sunset glory there :  
 I could not view that scene, that maid,  
 Nor wish some fitting words were said :  
 I gazed, but lost in absent dream,  
 She musing watched the silent stream :  
 Her lips asleep, I had no heart  
 By sound or touch to wake, and part  
 Such loving, sweetly-clinging mates,  
 To ope such ruby barrier-gates ;  
 Scarce for a herald word to tell  
 The rendering of the citadel.  
 Not long my heart impetuous coyed,  
 Leaving that rose-time unemployed :  
 I spake, scarce wishing for reply,  
 But more to guide her reverie :  
 'How sweet if like a buoyant boat,  
 This isle around the world could float !  
 Ourselves the only crew to mark  
 All strangest regions from our bark !'  
 As dropped my words, a vacant smile  
 Broke into dimples for a while ;  
 But soon the rippling waves there raised,  
 Grew calm as those whereon she gazed.

It chanced ! oh ! chance to me most dread,  
 Her hand lay near, too near my head :  
 No charm so robs me of command,  
 As such a round, soft, snowy hand :  
 There lay the pearl more prized than gold,  
 That I would part with all to hold !  
 My eyes sailed every vein of blue,  
 Down to the tips where roses grew,

And nails of sea-shell tint would peep ;  
 Paused on the silken down to sleep,  
 On wavy dimples rose and sunk,  
 Till, with indulgence dizzy drunk,  
 My lips so near — could man resist ?  
 Forgive me, Wisdom, if I kissed !

If from those craggy rocks among,  
 And adder's fang her hand had stung,  
 She had not more revolted sprung !  
 'What means this rudeness ? hence ! be-  
 Insult me thus, because alone ! [gone !]  
 Shame ! thy advantage to abuse,  
 And put to such unworthy use !'  
 Crushed, dumb-struck — for what could I  
 My dropping head I hid away : [say ?]  
 Which waked more mercy in her eye,  
 Than had my cunningest reply ;  
 For soon relenting at my shame,  
 She softening said : 'I would not blame  
 Thy fault too harshly ; come ! be friends ;  
 Here is my hand — our quarrel ends :  
 I pardon what has past before,  
 But never show such rudeness more !'

Oh ! woman ! bright when flashing pride  
 High on thy cloudy brow doth ride ;  
 But ah ! more sweetly, truly fair,  
 When Mercy's bow is bended there !  
 I take the hand that caused my woe,  
 Yet will not, cannot let it go :  
 Then to her wondering face uprise  
 Imploring, meek, my brimming eyes ;  
 For in love's furnace-heat at hand  
 Tears ever ready-melted stand :  
 Touched with her kindness to the heart,  
 I could not bear unheard to part,  
 With charge of rudeness on my head,  
 So foreign to my nature, laid :  
 And bent to wipe that stain away,  
 I said — all that I should not say :  
 'Oh ! 't was not rudeness that profaned  
 The hand these burning lips have stained :  
 No coarse desire the blame can share,  
 Which love, and love alone must bear :  
 Nay, start not ! thou shalt hear me first ;  
 My swelling heart must gush, or burst :  
 If deepest longing for thy sight,  
 If fever-flame by day and night ;  
 A flame with tortures though alive,  
 'T is all the light that earth can give ;  
 If will to part with all I prize,  
 To follow, worship, watch thine eyes ;  
 In harm to shield, in pain to heal —  
 If this be love, 't is love I feel !  
 'Oh ! struggle not, but hear me speak :  
 If truth like this thy bosom seek,  
 Uncouth, unworthy though I be,  
 Not all unheard, I've prayed to thee !'

Wonder and rage were on her brow ;  
 I saw the lightning as it broke,  
 And shuddering wait the thunder-stroke :  
 'Unhand me ! what ! forgiven but now,  
 To heap fresh insult on me thus !  
 Unmanly act, and tyrannous :  
 With no retreat, no rescue near,  
 Compelled thy loathesome suit to hear !  
 Speak not ! — forever from me go !  
 I must protect myself ; but know

I seek no mate to match with me,  
 And least of all, a mate like thee !  
 With swelling form, and rigid head,  
 Up to the topmost rock she fled ;  
 She stood — she towered ! — while in her  
 Shone like a star the lily fair : [hair,  
 Some drops of pity gemmed her eye,  
 Which pride disdainfully dashed by ;  
 With waving hand and piercing note,  
 She bids return the wandering boat :  
 It comes, but breathless with amaze ;  
 Still at the glorious form I gaze :  
 As to the burning mountain's light,  
 The hapless peasant turns his sight ;  
 Charmed at the fire-tide's fall,  
 Though soon to crush and overwhelm his all :  
 So I, unfelt the ruin near, —  
 Adored my bright consumer there,  
 Entranced ; but 't was not long, not long,  
 Soon rushed the lava-terrors strong,  
 And raging, boiling, breast and brain,  
 Blistered with tortures —

September 17.

SPURNED, shamed, dishonored, trampled  
 down ! [frown :  
 Revenge ! — there's none for woman's  
 Oh ! that some busy fiend were nigh,  
 To lend me charms to win thine eye,  
 Till Passion's cords had bound thee fast,  
 Then cast thee off as I am cast !  
 Oh ! that some rank and foul disease —  
 Some pest, some variola, would seize,  
 And like a ravening vulture, peck  
 The smoothness of that cheek and neck ;  
 And dig, in countless loathsome pits,  
 About the throne where beauty sits,  
 The graves of all the charms you cher-  
 ish,  
 There in their pampered pride to perish :  
 What'er will raze their hated bloom,  
 Disease or ruin — let it come !

Oh ! I am mad — oh ! God, forgive [live ;  
 The curse that stabs what thou mad'st  
 That mars one smile which thou hast  
 curled  
 Round Beauty's lips to glad the world !

September 18.

BARREN thought ! bright thought ! — what  
 need of curse, [worse ?  
 When hurrying Time is threatening  
 Ay, age will bring thee down more low,  
 Than even my maddest wish could go :  
 How the bright thought my soul per-  
 vades ! [fades :  
 Just Heaven ! I thank thee ! — beauty  
 This proudest flower of earthly growth,  
 This triumph of all-boasting youth,  
 May show the rainbow's wealth of  
 bloom,  
 But dies the rainbow's death, in gloom :  
 'T is here eternal Justice speaks,  
 In tones of thunder ; for the cheeks  
 Where beauty's damask seal is set,  
 For the rich gem 'owes Heaven a debt,  
 That must be paid in after years,  
 With slighted charms, and idle tears.

Oh, woman! 'tis thy darkest doom  
To weep the wreck of beauty's bloom :  
To find the smile, the flash, the sigh,  
Like blunted darts rebounding fly :  
To find the eye all powerless move,  
Whose early glance had kindled love,  
And won the wish as by a spell,  
Of all on whom its moonlight fell !

Then toss thy head, my haughty friend,  
The time will come when this shall end ;  
My charms no withering horrors threat,  
And age will make us rivals yet ;  
And I shall spurn as thou dost now :  
Sneer on ! — soon time shall bring thee  
Uncurl the scorn thy lips maintain, [low ;  
And all their ruby juices drain : [wrath,  
Unsheathe thy lightnings ! send thy  
Like flaming swords across my path !  
There is a winter drawing nigh,  
Wherein no lightning shaft can fly :  
Pour forth from sunny eyes in streams  
Thy golden flood of noontide beams !

Ope all the sluices where the hoard,  
The treasure, of thy smiles is stored !  
Soon, soon the reigning hour is o'er  
Of smiles and glances, when no more  
Upon the gazer's cheek appear  
The bloom of hope, the blanch of fear,  
As now in the full pride of power,  
Where'er thy dazzling eyebeams shower :  
None, none that feels, can meet thy  
brow,  
Nor at the sunlike vision bow !

And wrinkles, sneers of Time, shall  
streak  
The marble of that brow and cheek,  
And o'er thy charmless visage crawl,  
Like reptiles in a ruined hall,  
Of all, save them, untenanted —  
Queen Beauty's palace ere she fled :  
There shall they make their dwelling-  
Upon the site of perished grace ; [place  
Usurp the realm of beauty's wiles,  
And grin upon the throne of smiles !

END OF PART I.

## THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

### CHAPTER IX.

AMONG OTHER THINGS SHOWS THE BAD EFFECT OF ENTERTAINING TOO GOOD AN OPINION OF OUR OWN SPECIES.

JEREMIAH and our hero rose refreshed from their hard couches, and went out to perform their morning ablutions at the moss-covered horse-trough at the tavern door. But neither of them murmured at having to go through with that necessary duty in such a place ; but on the contrary, they both acknowledged that it was more invigorating, and far pleasanter, to wash in the open air, from a clear mountain stream, than to perform the same office in a confined chamber, with stagnant Manhattan water.

Although it was cold and stormy the night before, the sun was now shining bright and warm ; the wind had died away, and the soft balmy air was filled with the pleasant and cheerful notes of myriads of twittering birds. The tavern was situated in one of the pleasantest valleys in Massachusetts, with a shallow but swift and sparkling stream running close by the door. The hills, which rose to a good height on either side, were covered to their very summits with beautiful trees, while all the level lands were under a high state of cultivation ; and although the white farm-houses which were scattered along the valley did not wear a very comfortable appearance, on close inspection, yet they were highly picturesque at a distance. There were large flocks of snowy sheep feeding upon the delicate white clover that grew upon the hilly fields, and numerous herds of fat and lordly-looking cattle were grazing in the rich meadows by the side



of the little stream. Jeremiah declared he had never looked upon so fair a scene before, and he thought that the demon of avarice must have a strong hold upon a man's heart, to cause him to leave the pleasant hills and valleys of New-England, to seek for richer soils in the flat prairies of the West.

'I know it is very fine,' said John, whose taste for the sublime and beautiful was not fully matured, 'but for my part I should much prefer to look upon a good plate of toast, and some hot coffee, for I am very hungry.'

'And so am I,' said Jeremiah; 'this fresh air, and these pleasant sights and sounds, have given me a very keen appetite.'

Our travellers now returned to the tavern, where they found the breakfast table spread, and a lady and gentleman, whom they had not seen before, just sitting down. John looked upon the table and smacked his lips, as his eyes took an accurate inventory of the good things with which it was covered; there were eggs and fried ham, apple-pies and waffles, butter and cheese, and rye-and-Indian bread, together with a great variety of dishes of the composite order, the names of which he did not know. But neither he nor Jeremiah offered to sit down, because there were but two chairs in the room, and they were occupied by the lady and gentleman, who apparently wished to be quite exclusive, and who certainly gave proofs, by their conversation, that they were not common kind of people.

As our hero had never seen the inside of a New-England tavern before, he took particular notice of the painted floors, the wooden-bottom chairs, the green paper curtains at the windows; of an old-fashioned mahogany secretary, with a large Bible and two or three hymn-books placed with religious care on top; and of the profiles of the family, cut in white paper, and hung up in black frames around a yellowish sampler, with the name and age of the feminine prodigy who worked it somewhat ostentatiously emblazoned in gilded letters upon the glazing; and of several other little matters, which appeared very odd to him, as every thing will appear to travellers, which they may not have been in the habit of seeing at home. But all these curiosities did not divert John's mind from the breakfast upon which he feasted with his eyes, until his appetite increased to such a degree of intensity, that he came very nigh behaving with great rudeness. A modest little hazel-eyed girl waited upon table, and poured out coffee for the gentleman and lady.

'Young géur!' said the lady to the little waiter, 'does your father keep this establishment?'

'Yes m'am,' replied she.

'Then have the kindness, if you please, Miss,' said the lady, 'to request him to come to me.'

The little girl tripped out, and in a few minutes returned with her father.

'Are you the proprietor of this hotel, Sir?' inquired the lady.

'Wal, I own this house, I believe,' said the tavern-keeper.

'Do you?—ah, very well,' said the lady; 'I wished to inquire if these eggs are fresh laid.'

'Wal, I can't exactly say as to that,' said the tavern-keeper, 'but you can try and see.'

'That is my lady, Sir,' said the gentleman, starting upon his feet; 'she is very choice in her eggs, and she is n't up to that kind of talk.'

'Wal, then I guess she might about as well go where she can get better,' replied the landlord.

Here the gentleman gave evident signs of strangulation, upon which the lady exclaimed, 'Do n't, my dear, get excited; do n't, I beg of you, for *my* sake; do be composed; I would rather eat addled eggs, and rancid butter, and stale bread, and drink muddy, horse-footy coffee, all the rest of my days, than to see you unhappy.'

The gentleman then assured his lady, that for her sake he would be patient, but that nothing but a due regard for her peculiar situation could induce him to remain quiet under such treatment. 'However,' said the gentleman, shaking his head, 'I'll put the whole affair in the papers, as soon as I return to the city; if I do n't, my name aint Jacobs, no how you can fix it!'

'My dear!' exclaimed the lady, 'what do you mean?'

'I mean my name aint G. Washington Mortimer, no how: I am blest, my dear, if I warn't thinking of your maiden name, when I spoke.'

The lady and gentleman continued to eat their breakfast, and to find fault with every thing before them. But the tavern-keeper left them to make such comments as they pleased upon his provisions.

Jeremiah followed him out, and explained to him the cause of his being placed in such an unpleasant situation, and requested breakfast for himself and companion upon credit; promising to pay as soon as he could get an answer to a letter he had just sent off by the mail stage. The tavern-keeper hesitated a long time, but at last consented to give them a bowl of bread and milk in the kitchen.

Our travellers now went into the kitchen to get their bread and milk, where they found the tavern-keeper's wife, a very different sort of person from her husband. She was very fat, with a florid complexion, and a thick short neck, which was ornamented with a string of gold beads, about the size of gooseberries. She was seated in a capacious arm-chair, and one of her hands was employed in holding a large horn snuff-box, while the other was occupied in conveying the yellow dust to her nostrils. Altogether, she appeared disposed to take the world very easy. 'Do tell me,' she said, addressing Jeremiah, 'if you are all the way from York?'

'Yes, madam,' said Jeremiah; 'we left there the day before yesterday.'

'Well, I want to know if York is n't quite a place?'

'It is a large city,' said Jeremiah.

'Well, I should n't wonder if it was,' said the lady; 'do tell me if you know a man that keeps a shoe-store in Chatham-street?'

'Perfectly well, madam,' replied Jeremiah.

'Well now, do you know he is our son-in-law?'

'Is he indeed,' said Jeremiah; 'what is the gentleman's name to whom you allude?'

'Well, it is Pinkum, to be sure,' said the lady.

'Then I do n't know him,' said Jeremiah.

'Do tell me!' said the lady; 'I thought you said you did.'

'But there are several shoe-stores in Chatham-street,' said Jeremiah.

'Do tell me if there are!' said the lady; 'I want to know! What a pretty creature that young man is!' — looking at our hero; 'I want to know if he is your brother!'

'No, madam,' replied Jeremiah.

'Well, I thought you did n't look much alike,' said the lady. 'Do tell me if his mother war n't dreadful sorry to let him leave her?'

'He has got no mother,' said Jeremiah.

'I want to know!' said the lady; 'precious soul! Huldah, bring out a currant pie. And do tell me if either of you has ever experienced religion?'

'I am afraid not,' replied Jeremiah.

'Do tell!' replied the querist; 'what a pity that such a sweet pretty creature should n't get religion! Huldah, bring out some ham and coffee, and give 'em. Precious souls!'

So our travellers made a hearty breakfast; and then the kind-hearted landlady called our hero to her side, and having smoothed down his hair, she gave him a kiss; and begged him, for her sake, to try and get religion, which he promised to do; for he felt very grateful for his breakfast, and would have promised to undertake any thing that he might have been requested to.

Jeremiah met the gentleman, whom he had seen at the breakfast table, smoking a segar on the piazza after his breakfast, and he told the stranger of his mishap, and of the unpleasant situation in which he found himself in consequence.

'I see you have got a watch,' said the stranger; 'why do n't you pledge it with the landlord, and then you will be under no obligation to him.'

'I would not do that upon any account,' said Jeremiah, 'because the watch is not my own; it is one that I borrowed from a fellow clerk.'

'Is it valuable?' inquired the gentleman.

'I believe it is,' replied Jeremiah, showing it to the stranger.

'Yes, it's very valuable,' said the stranger; 'too much so to put into the hands of such a rascal as the keeper of this house is, any how. But I will tell you what I will do for you. I am going to rousticate here with my wife some time, and I'll keep it for you, and come under obligation to the landlord for your expenses, until you get your remittance by mail.'

'I should be very thankful if you would,' said Jeremiah; 'and as I am going to take a ramble in the woods with my young companion, you would oblige me by taking care of it until I return, for I should be extremely sorry to injure it.'

'With the greatest pleasure in the world, Sir,' replied the stranger, 'and I will give you a receipt for it, to prevent accidents.'

'That will be quite desirable,' said Jeremiah, 'as we are strangers to each other.'

Accordingly the gentleman took out his memorandum-book and wrote a receipt for the watch, and Jeremiah bade him a good morning, and went to look after our hero, who was having fine sport with a large watch-dog in the stable. And then they set out on a ramble in the woods, and a long way they rambled too, and much longer they

would have continued to do so, but they began to grow hungry, and were obliged to leave all the pleasant allurements of the woods, to return to the tavern for their dinner. But when they got there, dinner was over, and Jeremiah being too modest to make a bustle, especially as he was living upon credit, they had to wait a long time before they could get any thing to eat; and then it was given to them very grudgingly. The fat, good-natured landlady was taking her afternoon nap, and Jeremiah told the tavern-keeper that he need be under no apprehension about getting his pay for their board, as he had put abundant security into the hands of Mr. Washington Mortimer, who would be responsible for all charges.

'Wal, Mister,' said the tavern-keeper, 'I thought you said you was from the city?'

'So we are,' replied Jeremiah.

'Wal, I never knew before that any green-horns *quite* as green as you, ever came from there,' said the tavern-keeper.

'What do you mean!' exclaimed Jeremiah, a sudden suspicion flashing on his mind; 'you don't mean to say that Mr. Mortimer has gone!'

'Wal, I expect he has,' replied the tavern-keeper; 'he started off in his shay more than four hours ago.'

'And has he taken his baggage with him?' inquired Jeremiah.

'Wal, all the baggage he had was that she-critter of his'n, and he took her,' replied the tavern-keeper.

'O, oh!' groaned Jeremiah; 'he has taken my gold watch, that I borrowed from one of the clerks! What shall I say, or what can I do!'

'Never mind, Jeremiah,' said our hero, 'I will give you my watch in the place of it, when I get it from the watch-maker's.'

But Jeremiah was so much overcome at this intelligence, and at the recollection of his want of discretion, that he could not eat his dinner, and he left our hero and went away by himself; and when John saw him again, his eyes were red, as though he had been crying. That night the tavern keeper gave them a bed, but the next day he was so cross and surly, that Jeremiah told our hero he would not stop another hour in the tavern, but that he would travel on foot to Willowmead Academy, and send a conveyance back for him. But John would not listen to such a proposition; he insisted on accompanying Jeremiah, and accordingly they set out on their journey toward Willowmead, which was forty miles distant. As their road lay through a pleasant country, the time passed swiftly, and they travelled a long distance without feeling at all weary. Sometimes they would stop to slake their thirst in a clear running brook, and sometimes they would stretch themselves out on the dry leaves, beneath the shade of a sycamore or a walnut tree, until they were refreshed, and then they would continue their journey again. At last, however, they were driven by hunger to beg for something to eat at a farm-house door. The farmer's wife civilly asked them to walk in, and then placed before them, on a nice white table, a piece of cold veal, some brown bread and cheese, and a pitcher of hard cider, of which they partook heartily, and having thanked the good woman for her kindness, they continued on their way; but night overtook them at a desolate-looking

place. It was on the summit of a bleak hill, with but few signs of civilization around them. There were no farm-houses near; and to add to their uncomfortable prospects, the sky became suddenly overcast with heavy clouds, and sudden gusts of wind seemed to forewarn them of an approaching storm. Jeremiah now bethought himself that they had done a very foolish thing in leaving the tavern, as he had directed Mr. Tremlett to write to him at that place, and it was probable that a letter with money would arrive there for him that very evening. But it was too late for them to return, and they had no other alternative but to push ahead, until they should arrive at a farmhouse or a tavern. Having looked about them in vain for some signs of a dwelling-house, they began to descend the hill, which was very rugged, although it was a gradual slope. By the time they reached the bottom, it was pitch dark, and the rain had begun to pour down in torrents; and notwithstanding it was in the summer time, the weather was very cold, the wind blew fiercely from the north-east, and the big drops of rain struck upon the flesh of our travellers with such force that they thought it was hail.

'Poor Jack!' exclaimed Jeremiah, 'I am afraid you will not be able to bear up under this pelting storm. I do not care for myself; this cold rain and these rough roads do not make me feel half as uncomfortable and wretched as I have often felt, when under the warm shelter of a roof, at the harsh replies I have received from a brutal employer. Indeed I do not know, Jack, that I should feel very bad, even though I were certain that I should never see the sun's light again, for there are none who would shed a tear over me when they heard of my death. But there is one, at least, who would weep for *you*, and for his sake as well as your own, I hope we may soon find a shelter.'

'And there is one that would weep for you, Jeremiah,' said John; 'for I should cry very hard if any thing should happen to you. So cheer up, and do n't be cast down on my account, for I do love you, indeed I do.'

By this time they had reached the foot of the hill, when they soon came to a wooden bridge which crossed a mill-stream, that foamed and fretted over its rocky bottom, and made a much louder noise than does many a deeper river. As soon as they crossed the bridge, they discovered a mill, and a little farther on they perceived a small but bright light glimmering through the darkness. They ran toward it, and very happy they felt when they discovered that it proceeded from the kitchen-window of a large farm-house. The numerous out-houses and a large barn gave promise of good quarters, and our travellers entered the house with great confidence of a kind reception. As they opened the door, a truly pleasant sight met their eyes. A long table was spread on the floor, and a bright, cheerful fire, of good stout hickory sticks, burned in the capacious fire-place; a steaming tea-kettle and a frying pan, full of thick slices of ham, which sputtered merrily, gave assurance that supper was nearly ready. And long shelves full of tin pans and pewter dishes, as bright as silver, reflected back the bright light which the hickory fire threw out. A buxom, rosy-cheeked girl, with a blue-striped long-short, and arms bared to her elbow, was busied around the fire-place, while an elderly woman,

with three or four young children, were seated on one side of the chimney corner.

Jeremiah took off his hat, and related his necessities in a few words ; and the woman told him and his companion to draw up to the fire and dry themselves. The preparations for supper were carried on with great spirit by the buxom young woman in the striped long-short, and John thought he had never seen a comelier looking young lady. Presently three or four young men came in, apparently the farmer's sons, and shortly after the master of the house himself made his appearance. He was a very saintly-seeming personage, and Jeremiah, with his accustomed ingenuousness, inwardly congratulated himself upon falling into the hands of such a pious-looking individual ; for he never could learn to put a just estimate upon outward appearances. But a keener sighted man than Jeremiah might have been deceived by the very smooth exterior of the farmer. He wore a very plain coat, with horn buttons, which seemed to indicate that he was a Friend, and his glossy hair, cut with mathematical precision, and his plain language, left no doubt in the minds of our travellers that such was the fact. Upon hearing Jeremiah's story, Friend Hogshart, for that was the farmer's name, smoothed down his hair, and hemmed two or three times portentously.

'Although we are without money now,' said Jeremiah ; 'yet we shall have it in our power very shortly to pay you well, if you will allow us to sleep here to-night.'

'Doubtless thee will,' said the Friend, 'but we do not keep a house of entertainment except for Friends at yearly meeting ; and then the discipline of our society does not allow us to receive money.'

'It is a generous discipline,' replied Jeremiah ; 'but I hope it will not debar you from taking money from us, for we should be loth to enjoy your hospitalities without discharging the obligation you would lay us under, with such means as were in our power.'

'Thee is very kind,' said friend Hogshart, 'but we have got no spare beds in the house, and it is not in conformity with our customs to entertain strangers.'

'I would not ask you to do so,' said Jeremiah, 'but we are strangers upon the road, and the night is so inclement that I am apprehensive my young companion would not survive until morning, if he should be exposed to the weather.'

'Yes, that would be bad, I suppose,' said the Friend ; 'but thee does not expect us to depart from our established customs, because the night is stormy ? Thee sees that it would be very destructive of discipline, if we were to break one of our own rules because it happens to be raining hard.'

'I have no right to insist on remaining here,' said Jeremiah, 'but if you will have the kindness to allow my young companion to sit by the kitchen-fire until morning, I will very cheerfully sleep in your barn myself.'

'Thee is very plausible, my friend,' said the farmer, 'but if thee did not understand what I have been saying, I will repeat it again.'

'I understood perfectly,' replied Jeremiah ; 'but I hoped that you might be induced to alter your determination.'

'I perceive thee is a stranger to Friends,' said the farmer ; 'but as

supper is waiting for us, I will not detain thee from the prosecution of thy journey any longer : thee will find a house kept by world's people about two miles farther on ; probably they may be disposed to entertain thee.'

Even Jeremiah's gentle temper began to grow a little excited, and he put his hat on rather hastily, and taking hold of our hero's hand, drew him out into the pelting rain again. Friend Hogshart accompanied them to the door ; and as they emerged into the darkness, he said : ' Farewell, friends ; I wish thee good night ; farewell !'

Jeremiah's heart was too full to say farewell ; he could not speak ; but John said, ' I do n't care about the rain, Jeremiah ; let us walk as fast as we can, until we get to the house where the world's people live ; it is only two miles, and we can soon get there.'

' Ah ! John,' said Jeremiah, ' what can we expect of world's people, when these conscientious Quakers turn us out of doors, on such a night as this ! It has never been my lot to meet with aught but unkindness from the world, and I fear I never shall.'

' I should n't have cared at all about being turned out of doors,' said John, ' if that man had not bade us farewell so kindly.'

' We certainly ought to feel ourselves under obligations to him for civil language,' said Jeremiah ; ' it was certainly kind in him not to talk rudely to us.'

The wind now blew so fiercely in their faces, and the roads had become so bad, that they were obliged to stop and take breath : they could scarcely move ahead at all.

The blustering little river that they had crossed, was swollen to double its usual width, and the rickety wooden bridge threatened every moment to give way to the torrent. Fearful of losing themselves on the road, Jeremiah and John had retreated to the mill, and now stood under the lee of it, wet to the skin, and shivering with cold, when their attention was suddenly aroused by the sound of a carriage coming down the hill. Although they could distinctly hear the feet of the horses, and the rattling of the carriage-wheels, they could not see the carriage, it was so dark. But it approached them very rapidly, and the horses' hoofs were soon heard upon the hollow sounding bridge, and then a loud cry and a crash was heard, and Jeremiah and John perceived that the bridge had fallen, and that the carriage was precipitated into the stream. The white foam of the turbulent water enabled them to see the horses' heads and the body of the carriage, as they were hurried along toward the edge of the dam. John ran to the house, shouting for help with all his might, while Jeremiah ran down the stream, with the hope of being able to render some assistance ; but all he could do was, to encourage the driver, who still clung to his box, and bid him hold on, as help was at hand. John soon returned with Friend Hogshart, his two sons, and a lantern : the carriage had fortunately caught against some obstruction in the stream, and the driver was calling to them to hurry, for God's sake, as a gentleman inside would be drowned if they did not. The mill was a saw-mill, and there was a large pile of boards near at hand, with which they soon formed a raft, and reached the carriage, and having cut the horses loose, they broke open the door, and took out the gentleman, who proved to be the only passenger. He was almost

spent, but they hurried ashore with him, and carried him in their arms to the house, John supporting his feet and Jeremiah holding his head. Friend Hogshart very humanely waived all considerations of discipline, and made no objections to the return of Jeremiah and our hero. They laid the gentleman upon the floor, and began to rub him with flannels, while the farmer unlocked a little cupboard in one corner of the room, and took out a small vial of brandy, a few drops of which, with the aid of a spoon, he succeeded in pouring down the gentleman's throat; after which he began to revive, and as soon as he opened his eyes, Jeremiah fell upon his knees and exclaimed, 'Merciful heavens!' while John threw himself upon the gentleman's neck and kissed him. It was Mr. Tremlett.

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LINES TO AN ERRANT BUTTERFLY.

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BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

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'And this have I often pondered, as I have walked forth alone to commune with the visible works of the Creator, that the gilded butterfly, the radiant glow-worm, born of darkness, even the tiniest insect, the impalpable mote that glitters in the sunbeam, each had its lesson, which might be couched to edification by the thoughtful student of nature.'

FULLER.

WHEREFORE, little fluttering thing,  
With the rainbow-tinted wing,  
And the right at will to rove  
Sunny lawn and shadowy grove,  
Hast thou left such sweet demesnes,  
For the city's charmless scenes?  
Here's no fitting haunt for thee,  
Boon companion of the bee!  
Born, like her, with flowers to dwell,  
In the gay sequestered dell,  
And at Nature's board to sip  
Nectar from each blossom's lip.

Here, where 'neath man's iron tread  
Earth's green beauties all are dead,  
Thou wilt find no leafy screen  
From the day's meridian sheen;  
And at eve no waiting home,  
Like the lily's golden dome:  
Here, where Hunger's eager pain  
Pleads at Plenty's door in vain,  
Or, if heard, too often must  
Feel the scorn which flings the crust,  
Thou, gay rover, scarce shalt find  
Chartered feast, or welcome kind:  
For if man to man is stern,  
How wilt thou his favor earn?

Haste thee, then, where skies are fair,  
Fresh as Spring's the Summer air,  
Bright, as tears Affection sheds,  
Dews that gem the violet beds;  
Pure as morn, the perfumed breeze,  
Sweet the sylvan melodies,  
Soft the glow o'er hill and glade,  
Cool their very noon-tide shade,

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And where all of earth and air  
Freely Nature's banquet share!  
'Hold thee, now!' the bright-winged  
'Cease thy rural rhapsodies,' [cries,  
Till I briefly tell thee why  
Hither I came dancing by.  
Glance thou up the vista gay:  
Mark'st thou Fashion's proud array?  
Tinted silks, like autumn trees,  
Waving brightly to the breeze?  
Plume and wreath of varied dyes,  
Rich as sun-set's glowing skies?  
Ruby, pearl, and emerald green,  
Basking in the diamond's sheen?  
These are but my liveried pride,  
Tints and tinsel magnified;  
And where gaud and gloss abound,  
May not Nature's belle be found?

'Mark again the pageant throng,  
By thy side that sweeps along,  
With so gay and smiling guise,  
One might gaze with wondering eyes  
For some sphered Elysium near,  
Whence such shapes had lighted here.  
Born when Fortune's starry cope  
Cast its brightest horoscope,  
Heirs of leisure, wealth, and will,  
How should they their end fulfil,  
But by idlesse, fancy, show,  
As we rural insects do,  
Whom they sometimes deign to visit?  
And both rhyme and reason is it,  
That we too should not contemn,  
In our turn, to visit them,  
Nor ourselves unwelcome see,  
Where our kith and kindred be.'



## DISCURSIVE THOUGHTS ON CHOWDER.

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'THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

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WHEN the soul of man, relieved from the last trace of materiality, as that term is understood on this nether side of Uranus, shall revisit the solar system and the earth perhaps, upon some excursion of pleasure from the realms of upper heaven; and all the latent affinities of nature are exposed, unveiled, before the piercing rays of its glorified existence; I often think it will be a vast satisfaction to know why a tree should live and burgeon in shady luxuriance under one man's planting, that will die if the hand of another place it in the same ground: why flowers flourish under one woman's care, that fade if another, perchance more beautiful, possess them: why dogs growl upon one man, and instinctively attach themselves to another not more kind toward them; and why, with the same ingredients, one man only out of a whole fishing party can build and season, and successfully concoct, a chowder.

The facts themselves are undeniable. No man of a certain age but has observed the truth; and no philosopher, but has wondered at it. Why is it, *humanly speaking*, as the Presbyterians say, why is it that the same alternate layers of pork, of haddock, and cod, and sliced potatoes, and the one onion cut into rings, and the same hard biscuit soaked for five minutes in cold water before it takes its place in the pot; with the same black pepper throughout; and salt if you will, when your pork is not salt enough; with the self-same flour and butter, shall refuse their charms under one man's management, that gratify, with a joy and a flavor, and a fragrance untasted and unknown before, the careless and unhesitating distribution of materials that form these successive strata of good things from the hand of one of these favorites of nature? *Favorites of Nature!* — the word is a good word! No member of the family of the Blenkinsops could ever blow out a candle; none but a Creole could ever make a pepper-pot; and the chowder-builder and the poet must alike be born, each to his 'art unteachable, untaught.'

Dear, dear JIM! — the cove of dark rocks upon that shore in the old Bay State, near which our boat had grated upon the harsh and pebbly sand, is before me at this moment; the hum of cheerful voices thrills upon my ear, and the glow of youth — youth, sparkling youth that borders upon immortality, and is almost as free as it is from ache or care — again warms the old heart that loved thee in its better days, thou *Favorite of Nature!* I never thought that any idea connected with a pot of chowder; or as thou wert wont to explain the etymology of this uncouth word, a *chaudière*; styling it the best of those ragoûts à la matelote, which French culinary art has derived from the happy invention of the sailor; I never thought that any recollection of the sort could have been otherwise than gay or joyous; and yet at this moment my hand falters, and the air has not breath enough for me, as I remember how thou wert taken from us in a

moment of such youth ; thou, our pride ; the beautiful, the gifted, and the brave ! God bless thee ! The universe contains no constellation too bright for thine abode ; and when I look up at night to Heaven and love a star, I fancy it to be thine own !

We were all despatched by thee, I remember, on different errands ; some to shoot sand-snipe, and others to collect drift-wood for fuel along the shore, or to stroll about and do nothing, if we preferred it, so that we were kept out of the way of interfering with thy functions ; equipped as thou wert in a moment in a linen jacket ; a napkin round the waist ; a face of calm determination ; the gazette of the day (called the *Columbian Centinel*,) curiously folded as thy cook's cap, and resting on thy dark rich locks ; the smoke of the lighted fire slowly tracing its way upward by the precipitous rocks as by a chimney, and thyself kneeling beside the chaudière, with fish and implements about thee, and the boatman in attendance at thy side.

Nature turns over to the ordinary journeymen of her busy workshop the countenances of most of the human race. Dough-faces are they for the most part, shaped with a trowel ; the point of which, being inserted, cuts to the required length the aperture, which is called, by courtesy, a mouth. But she watches, in her studio, with a jealous care over the features of her *favorites*, her artists, her poets, the man of taste that is to be, the intuitive being chosen to decorate and to refine society ; and her chisel was in her own right hand, and her thoughts were dwelling upon the bow of Cupid unbent and held horizontally, when she marked out the contour of thy mouth, and planted its terminations deeply in the cheek, and saw that her work was beautifully done ; and, with a kiss, light as the fall of the damask rose-leaf that she left upon thy lips, awoke thee into life, dear chowder-builder !

I mention this feature of Jim's countenance particularly, because my heart insists upon it ; and yet his eyes were singularly fine, and changed like a thought from falcon into dove, as he turned from man to rest them upon woman.

Do the words vibrate deeply on the chords of the heart of any one who hears me, when I repeat from one of the grandest effusions of the human mind, 'THERE SHE STANDS ; LOOK AT HER !' Then I shall be understood when I say, that upon the ocean-shores of Massachusetts, every noble passion of the soul may find a tongue ! The illimitable reach of waters ; the azure sky that over-canopies it ; the waves inviting man to enterprise or to command ; the distant sail half-gilded at the approach of sunset, and the unbroken glories of the rising day ; and then the long anthem peal that often, when the shores are calm and tranquil, takes possession of the air, and tells of the distant or the approaching storm. The sea-birds come for refuge near us at the sound ; the cattle leave the distant pasture, lowing for shelter at the hand of man ; and even to himself the joys of home, his own free home, rise with an unwonted delight as the roof of his dwelling then opens to his returning gaze. These are among the objects and the thoughts that 'feelingly persuade us what we are,' or that occupy the soul with cheerful musings, during the cookery of a chaudière.

JOHN WATERS.

## STANZAS.

'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' . . . 'And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'

## I.

Joy for the blessed promise! life immortal  
Glow through its numbers, with unclouded light,  
And Heaven's eternal walls and golden portal  
Rise into prospect on the enraptured sight.

## II.

Come to the waters! though thy heart be gushing  
With childhood's spirits, unrepressed by pain,  
And the fresh tide of life be freely rushing,  
Like mountain streamlets, through the youthful vein:

## III.

Come to the shores of Zion's hallowed river!  
While life is bright with innocence and truth;  
Turn from earth's blessings to their bounteous Giver,  
Drink of the fount, and know eternal youth!

## IV.

Come to the waters! thou whose locks are hoary,  
Thou patriarch sire, whose cares will soon be o'er;  
Turn from the earth and seek unfading glory,  
Drink of the waters!—drink and thirst no more!

## V.

Child of affliction, in the weeds of mourning,  
With spirit heaving in unceasing throes,  
Come where the lamp of life is ever burning,  
Drink at the heavenly stream, and end thy woes.

## VI.

Come to the waters! to the crystal fountain,  
Purer than that which followed Moses' rod;  
The stream of Life, from Zion's holy mountain,  
Fast by the ever-glorious throne of God!

## VII.

Come to the waters! though life's path be dreary,  
And earth's allurements no delight can give;  
Lay down thy burthen, traveller worn and weary,  
Lay down the oppressive burthen, drink and live!

## VIII.

Lo, the lone wanderer, as he sadly traces  
The lengthening sands on Lybia's burning waste,  
Exults in joy, to find a green oasis,  
Springs to the sparkling pool, and stoops to taste.

## IX.

Thus, on life's path, the oases of the spirit  
Cheer the sad pilgrim toward his heavenly goal,  
Whither he gladly hastens, to inherit  
The glorious mansions of the ransomed soul.

## X.

Ends of the earth, ho! come ye to the waters!  
Give up, thou East, and hold not back, thou West;  
Princes and peasants, parents, sons, and daughters,  
Approach, partake, and find eternal rest!

## THE DAY-BOOK OF LIFE.

BY E. A. DUYCKINCK.

## I.

NOTHING can happen in the world, that may not interest the cultivated mind : even the fopperies of fashionable life have a true side and an untrue one.

## II.

THE world is full of meaning. There is nothing really insignificant in Nature : no blade of grass but points as certainly to the sky, as the highest pine tree.

## III.

THE *humanity* of Nature has not been enough dwelt upon, compared with her grandeur, beauty, grace ; elements, indeed, of the first. We look upon Nature according to the mood of our own minds at the moment ; but she soon cherishes all that is good in us. If we have the capacity to feel sorrow in her presence, she has power to change the sorrow, through gentle melancholy, into joy. We do well to imitate the miser, and keep a hoard of pure gold, the heart's best affections, to visit sometimes in the depths of the wood.

## IV.

NATURE is not enough : we need men and cities ; we must join, in a certain way, in the throng and tumult ; we must retire from solitude : the wave must return with the tide, or it is lost upon the shore.

## V.

'KEEP moving,' is the practical secret of greatness. Move not either altogether out of the current, for there is much there to help the way. The man is wrong who has not much sympathy with his times.

## VI.

THE poet will sometimes make an exception for himself, since he deals with *man*, not *men*. What has he to do with the world that he has left behind ? 'He can neither understand,' says COWLEY, 'nor speak the language of the place : a naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there : they are likelier to devour him than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits.'

## VII.

THE daily existence of large cities affords an argument for the general better qualities of human nature. There is even very little jostling, and the police is an inadequate force, reaching, perhaps, every five-hundredth man. The rest take care of themselves and of one another.

## VIII.

THE solitude of crowds is often said to be more solitary than lonely nature. It is not so. There is something companionable in the

dullest face of the most unsocial man that meets the eye. Trees and stones are less *suggestive* materials. In crowds, we catch, whether we will or not, a part of the enthusiasm of the day. The mind is excited by the frequent impressions.

## IX.

THE misery and sorrow which appear in large cities, and turn many away, should only speak of humanity and equality, for all are equal in suffering.

## X.

THERE are some thoughts that can never be gained in the crowd, and in most instances the mind must seek in retirement for fineness and delicacy of perception. In solitude, we separate the real from the untrue, and so return to the world to handle its topics with more strength ; to seize the heart of the subject with greater directness.

The only way to respect the feelings and sensibilities of others, is to gain a knowledge of ourselves. We reason of others from our own stock of ideas, and feel for them in proportion to our possession of home-felt passion.

Solitude, by itself, is chastening. To know the air silent around us, that there is not a voice within hearing through the palpable darkness, is to be conscious of an awful presence, kindred to the stillness of the grave.

We should come forth from retirement not unsocial misanthropists, but like the prophet of old, our very countenances radiant with benevolence, to shine upon the world.

Let the man then be spared and revered, who finds his aliment in solitude ; who cares more for the feast of his own thoughts, than for the tables of rich citizens ; who thanks God for his leisure, and weaves dreams of happiness for mankind.

Remember the solitude of Milton in his blindness.

## XI.

THE greater part of the world, most men of business, are never *alone* one half hour out of the day. Is it a wonder that there is a lack of individuality in society, or that so few men are ever in advance of the circumstances of life ?

## XII.

THE word *Vulgar*. This word has done a great deal toward keeping up a social prejudice against much honesty, integrity, and worth, in the poorer classes of society. What is low-lived is said to be vulgar, from the Latin *vulgus* ; but this meaning has been altered by Christianity, by the improvements of society, from physical causes, and the diffusion of education generally, since the Romans.

By 'vulgar' should be understood 'whatever is lax, because it is untrue, or opposed to the laws of propriety.' It is vulgar not to speak to a man in a common dress, if he can tell you something new. It is vulgar to laugh at a man, when you should weep with him.

There is a vulgarity of soul as well as of manners. The highest instance of vulgarity is unmitigated contempt. Lying is extreme vulgarity.

Vulgar is the antipodes to Noble ; and the use of the latter word may throw some light on the former. Noble is a word no longer confined to a nobleman by birth ; it has descended to all classes, while the other word should have risen as well.

## XIII.

ASSERTING the truth confidently, on all occasions, does not needfully imply proselytism, by which I mean, *personal* conversion to some particular tenets. The truth may be felt, without the man who utters it being seen. Proselytism is a local spirit ; Truth is universal. One is of man, the other is of God ; one may be wrong, the other will secure the right in the end.

## XIV.

GENTLENESS of mind is the foundation of good manners, for a man may very easily be more clownish with his tongue than with his legs, after he has learned all that the dancing-master can teach. Some people have an awkwardness in their tone of voice. The mind is as much out of its place in untimely or improper curiosity, as the legs would be on the table.

## XV.

SOME persons must be *alone*, to do any thing. They must have it all to themselves. They are advocates for Truth, and yet loth that any one should join them in defending it. This is not necessarily selfish. The mind is so delicate in its perceptions, that it is over nice ; so cautious of itself, that it distrusts others, and loves the truth it has itself sought out, so well, that it suspects — with the jealousy of affection — the zeal of others not to be so pure and devoted.

## XVI.

THE *habit* of criticism may easily be carried too far ; though the best class of critics are the most tolerant persons. Many things must be received as they are, with open hands, trustingly, confidingly, without our being aware that we are even tolerant. We must leave the reflex satisfaction of the wise man, to be happy with the fool. They who are not sometimes satisfied without being critical, are like those unhappy kings who will never eat of a dish for fear of getting poisoned, till they have somebody to taste it for them.

## XVII.

It is commonly people who are half-educated, that are guilty of affectation. The clown is genuine ; so are the deep scholar, the poet, and the true wit.

## XVIII.

THE best opposition to error, is the assertion of truth without controversy. This is the Gorgon's shield, that turns all her enemies to stone. It was said by the Highest Truth, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'

## XIX.

As we are brought up in society, it requires much Art to get back to Nature : to clear away prejudices, common-places, and treat a

subject in a natural, easy manner; not formal art, but that care and study supplied best by the cultivation of Taste, which is enough of a natural faculty, to preserve us from the artificial.

## XX.

THE way to be just, is to honor genuineness and sincerity, *wherever* we find it; and the way to be wise, is to test this habitually.

## XXI.

THE pursuit of Truth is like the act of swimming. You must first trust yourself to the waters, to be borne up by them.

## XXII.

SENTIMENT is to passion what, in the intellectual faculties, fancy is to imagination.

## XXIII.

THE first early sunshine after rain, 'the childhood of the day,' or the rainbow at even, are promises that after clouds, 'joy cometh in the morning.' Fear not doubts or depression. The heart is elastic, and cannot be crushed: in its lowest state, the hour of *death*, poor humanity is only about to put on its best garments. The religion which saves man from fear, and does most for Hope and Love, the directness and grasp of Faith before the uncertain issues of Intellect, is the best; and this is the day-spring of the New Testament.

## XXIV.

SENTIMENTAL people are often hypocrites, or rather contradict their professions, because when the image of a vice is once brought before the mind, whether to condemn or approve, it cannot be let go, without a little tampering. The only way is, to flee vice altogether. Observe how naturally denunciations against scandal, for instance, are followed by a few examples of it in notorious persons; and so the evil tongue, that was a moment ago so fair-spoken, is now let loose.

## XXV.

THE couplet of Wordsworth's ode,

'Still by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended,'

Should be worn on the breast of the poor pilgrim of earth, like an amulet. It is a charm, a *prestige*, that calls out the finer order of nature, with calm ideas of morality and elevated joy.

## CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE.

THEY falter not, nor quail. The Christian's breast  
Is like some land-locked haven still at rest;  
Around it and beyond it skies may scowl,  
The tempest triumph, and the whirlwind howl,  
Yet all is sunshine here: that placid eye  
Proclaims the great sustaining Deity.

## LINES TO MY MOTHER.

## I.

By Thrasyménē's lake,  
I sit me down, to watch its waters blue,  
I hear its ripples on the pebbles break,  
Its fair isles meet my view.

## II.

But what are these to me,  
Though bathed in glory by Italia's sky ?  
Over the hills and waters wide, to thee,  
My thoughts in gladness fly.

## III.

By old Byzantium's walls,  
Mid Pæstum's relics of departed time,  
In sad Athena's long-deserted halls,  
Where flourished mind sublime ;

## IV.

Beneath the 'wondrous dome'  
That scales the heavens on Tiber's classic shore,  
Amidst thy mouldering piles, eternal Rome !  
Eternal, though no more :

## V.

Where treads the mountaineer,  
On Snowden's top, or proud Ben Ledi's side,  
Where falls the glacier, thundering on the ear —  
The Switzer's home of pride :

## VI.

My wandering feet have strayed ;  
Yet there, where Art and Nature's majesty  
In all their pomp before me were arrayed,  
My heart returned to thee.

## VII.

O, in my younger years,  
When life was sun-light, and its hours were bliss,  
When childhood's sorrows, all its pains and fears,  
Were soothed by thy soft kiss :

## VIII.

Then did I love thee well ;  
And, though the lines of manhood on my brow  
Are written, yet my bosom's heaving swell  
Tells that I love thee now.

## IX.

What though in toil and care,  
Those sure attendants in a world like ours,  
What though its conflicts and its woes I share,  
Life still is strewn with flowers.

## X.

Yes ! it is joy to feel  
I still can claim one treasure from above,  
One gem, unchanged, undimmed, through wo or weal,  
A mother's deathless love !



*John Samuelson, Esq.*

## OUR VILLAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'AMERICAN IN PARIS,' 'LETTERS FROM LONDON,' ETC.

NUMBER THREE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR : What shall I say you are intent upon, these burning Ides of June ? Anxious, no doubt, whether VAN or the GENERAL may win the honors of October, and whether the old or a new set of rogues had better mismanage the republic ; wondering what IRVING will delight us with in the next KNICKERBOCKER, and whether the Great Western will not soon arrive, bringing us Boz, and Hook, and Blackwood, and *Sonnet May* ; in deep meditation with your friends, the serious day being ended, whether it is better to dine on a surloin at Paine's, or on *petits plats* at Delmonico's ; tempering the 'Syrian heats' of the evening in a matrimonial promenade, and refrigeratory ices at Niblo's.

Take my advice, and deceiving your clients by the postern gate, leave the trader to cheat his customers, the politician to wear his conscience out in lying, and his understanding in cavilling ; the penurious niggard to watch upon his hoarded chests ; and pass a month of the year with me and the turtle-doves, in the quiet nunnery of our village. Country air dissipates the bad humors engendered by the luxurious city ; and occasional fits of poverty are grateful and genteel recreations, and have been commended by the poets :

——— 'gratæ divitibus vices,  
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum  
Cenæ.'

Reclining rashly under the hemlock, perfumed 'as to our locks' with the bay-rum or fragrant cologne, we will eat *pic-nics* upon the green turf, the champagne stretching its long neck over the margin of the basket ; and then we will talk — gods and goddesses ! — not of the tariff, or 'opium wars,' or abolition of negroes, or how much of national glory, or acres of territory, may accrue from the 'Boundary Question ;' or whether rags may be a fit representative of the precious metals ; or of that nonentity, an honest and well-governed commonwealth ; but of what lies within the sphere of human comprehension and human affections, and of which it is shameful to be ignorant ; of what brand is the wine ; which has the prettier eyes, Blaise or Helen ; or which, perchance, is the more aerial and elastic, Fanny Elssler or the mountain mist ; and which the sweeter, Caradori's smile or the morning rays upon the moist roses. Why, dear friend, waste our thoughts upon indefinite reasonings, or torture our minds with cares for a life needy of so little ; and why encourage appetites that are insatiate, since all that is necessary to happiness and rosy health, (I call to witness the nine hundred Dutch virgins of Schuylkill county,) is to eat *sour-kraut*, and talk Dutch ? That you may know to what delights you are invited, and choose the period of your visit, I will give you briefly an outline of our seasons and their enjoyments.

Our choice season is the Autumn. The mountains and sloping hills being now decked in their choicest rural imagery, 'sored by the mellowing year;' the deep yellow poplar, and purpled oak, and beech of vivid red, and the infinite lighter hues blending sweetly with the pine; the mourning of summer, and dress of winter, the green and never-fading pine! The picture is embellished, too, with the most fanciful sunsets, and an ever-changing and luxuriant drapery of clouds; now scattered in gray specks, or blots upon the firmament, and now piled upon the horizon in a compilation of huge mountains, jutting out into craggy cliffs and promontories; and now hanging on the west, fleecy or azure, fringed richly with the sun, and 'turning their silver lining on the night;' a landscape that would have tempted Claude himself to forsake his beloved Italian skies; and one that should least of all be discredited by hobbling and irreverent prose.

The village puts on its snowy mantle in November, proud as a maiden of her bridal robes. Now sleighs course up and down, with jingling bells; and school boys and girls, instinct with new life, fill up the plains and avenues. Some drag their sleds slow to the summit of a long hill, and some skim the oblique plain, rapid as the birds' flight; others skate on the thick-ribbed ice; or arrayed in squads, awaiting the signal, stand armed with the frozen element,

'While Jove descends in magazines of snow.'

Their loud whoop falls upon the ear as the voice of one's childhood. The season, with the new year, grows more dismal; the woods now are bare and desolate, stripped by the rude fingers of the Storms. The sky looks grim, and frowns like an angry demon over head. Æolus has opened wide the portals of his cave; Boreas, his hair crisped with frosts, and moustached in icicles, grins from the flanks of the Sharp Mountain; and Notus and his blustering brother, and all the family of the Winds, rushing from the north, with their brooms sweep off the snows from the hill-tops, and mischievous pile them on the high-ways and miners' sheds. Men are frozen in bed at the side of their cold wives. You look out upon the disconsolate prospect, and are oppressed; the heart quails, and the tear hangs frozen on the cheek. The marble of the grave-yard seems colder, and now and then a ghost rises up in the terrified fancy, and shakes its winding sheet! At other times, it is sweet to sit by your window, and look out upon a snow-storm among the pines; now dropping in a slow and constant monotony through the branches; now raving and blustering with the north-west winds, and now coursing and crossing playfully, or quivering and reposing as light feathers in the air; sometimes retrograding, and then falling softly and silently upon the earth. He has missed seeing one of the prettiest exhibitions of the elements, who has not seen a snow-storm at Pine Hill.

Nor is less enchanting the spectacle of the grove emerging from a wintry rain; its branches incrustated with the pure crystal; its long hair hanging in icicles, and fretted with the hoar frosts, glittering and gorgeous as an Eastern tale; or of the night, when the moonlight reposes upon the snow and piny leaves; when the stars seem set in

the pure marble of the sky; and the village lights, kindled at the unclosed windows, have set up their little rivalry with the starry firmament; the miners, too, coursing about the hills with lamps upon their brows, and the smelting-furnace vomiting flames from its top, and glowing from its liquid-hearth. All which I would sing in a divine strain; but alas! what can I do? Our Castalian springs are frozen over seven months of the year.

And now, with what pleasures of the village shall I tempt you? What dishes shall I set for you upon this pure napery of winter? There are dances; will you flutter to an air of Rossini? There are village fêtes, where the chatty *villeggiatura* sits over her tea and gossips. The pheasant perches upon the shumac, awaiting the sportsman; the rabbit puts his nibbling snout into the noose, and is hung; and the dappled deer sweeps through the forests of the Broad Mountain, about to figure on your chafing-dishes, with currant-jelly. Or do you affect sleigh-matches in the night, when Cynthia, as a lady in her furs, walks in fleecy clouds through the milky way? Believe me, it is not a pleasure to be despised, to scud along the summit of these wild hills, wrapped warm; you in a buffalo, and your sweetheart in the downy wool that once grew upon the pastures of Cashmere, and look out upon the wide and wintry desolation of snow. We will sip the spicy bowl of mulled-cider, or wine, upon the Broad Mountain top, with our companions, who will have flown in on all sides in sleighs, laden with ladies and minstrels; and there dance out the stars of heaven, and return home repentant in the morning. If you will allow my grateful Muse, she will relate to you the death of Negro Sam — an event of two winters ago. Till night had clomb midway in the heaven, he had cheered the dance, and bowed his fiddle, and kept time with his right leg; but returning home, and wandering from his way, he was smothered by the storm and died. After many days, he was found immersed, save one arm, in the snow; and this arm, outstretched, (the ruling passion strong in death,) grasped the fiddle. It was saved from the elements, and the winds sighing in sweet Æolian notes among the strings, sang the funeral dirge of Negro Sam. Poor Negro! for the joy he afforded the nimble feet of men and women; for his skill in his art, (for he had 'a reasonable good ear for jigs,' though for sonatas, and such like, they gave him, the spleen,) and for his untimely end, he merits from all who visit this mountain the tribute of a tear!

When March comes, the snows, yielding to returning spring, descend through the Schuylkill, sweeping away bridges, dams, and the hopes of the husbandman, and sometimes houses and their tenants, in the impetuous torrent. The clown stands upon the bank, amazed to see the tiny stream he had played with as a kitten, now raging like a roaring bull. The brooks babble as loud as any gossip's tongue, and a thousand streamlets are drilling their little gullies along the mountain flanks. March is not safe for ladies in prunellas. They had better bring their parabous, or clogs. To cross the streets formerly, when yet pavements were not, a sturdy youth bore the slender maid, feet and legs dangling, upon his shoulder — his bust only out of the mud. Alas, rosy-bosomed May! Winter retires reluctant to his den, and rallies often his ruffians, and the most forward buds are bitten.

June confirms the year, and sets off the mountains in all the painted pomp of rhododendrons. Now Hymen walks forth in his yellow sock and saffron robe, and the shepherd sings bucolics on his oaten straw. The gardens are spruce and trim, and lift their shrubby bosoms to the morning dew, and the air is aromatic with fragrant flowers. You would wish, like Catullus, (talking of his mistress,) to be all nose, to smell them :

—— ‘ *Deos rogabis  
Totum ut te faciant, Fabelle, nasum.*’

July and August bring the dog-star raging ; but the hot day is followed by refreshing nights ; asking for bachelors and maids the protection of a blanket. It is tempered too by frequent showers, and purified by the electric fluid ; the thunder now riving the oak into splinters, with a vertical crash ; now growling or muttering along the horizontal flinty ribs of the mountain ; and now in a continuous roar, as if Jove drove his car overhead ; and sometimes in echoes, banded from hill to hill, and expiring at length in almost a whisper in the low and distant valley. Dust, ‘ the thirsty sister of mud,’ as somebody calls it, now usurps the tyranny of Centre-street, spoiling ladies’ tempers and their furniture ; and the heat descends upon the village roofs unmitigated. Not a leaf interposes between them and the angry heavens ; yet the village stands where ten years ago one crept hardly through the intricate wood ; where the spreading chestnut sheltered the traveller under its leafy canopy, and the tall pine hung its green hair, fanned by the luxurious gales. The hills too in the vicinity are every year growing more bald and deformed ; the stately oak and hemlock being inhumanly felled to supply props for the mines, or into

—— ‘ *ignoble broomsticks made,  
To sweep the alleys they were born to shade.*’

Instead of a forest, rich in all its virgin beauties, we have a field of deadened trees that never die, or a black and dismal prospect of unrooted stumps. The melancholy heath that covers Hownslow has yet its flowers in August. Necessity in part justifies this ravage ; but trees, destined to be the pride of the forest, are daily cut into peasticks, and to prop as many beans as would make a supper for Pythagoras ; and entire woods are prostrated, to gratify a mad propensity to destructiveness. He must have fed his infancy upon garlic, who dared fell them thus wantonly. The wretch ! no cypress or willow shall hang upon his grave : his bones shall bleach upon the commons !

Now is the time to wake with the morning’s opening eye-lids, the dew hanging in pearls upon the rose, and cull posies for the village maids ; or at noon sit in a bower of honey-suckles, to read,

‘ *Or sport with Armarillis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neëra’s hair ;*

or stroll by the Tumbling Run, trickling over the smooth pebbles, or tumbling down from rock to rock, in murmuring cascades : not Mincius, or Arethusa, or the Pierian springs gushing from the side of Helicon, are sweeter than the Tumbling Run ; or to stand upon a

rock, thrusting its beak over the stream, and fish the sly trout from the quiet Mill-creek ; or wander where fire-spitting furnaces light up the lonely vale of the Catawissa.

But what region will bear unqualified praise for July and August ? Not even Pottsville. Our literary employments are almost in total suspense ; offering perhaps a lecture of Combe upon heads at the Lyceum, or a debate at the Students' Club to settle up such knotty questions as past ages have left perplexed and undetermined. And social amusements are in no better condition. Patriotism only, which stands the dog-days better than any of our virtues, pretends to assemble a few of our gravest citizens. These gather daily about the door of 'The National,' ready to die in a minute for their bleeding country and a fat office ; and in the cool of the evening, squint Suspicion and Scandal, her tongue well glibbed with lies, go out, hand in hand, to tea. The mid-day air, too, is singed ; and the bats with their leathern pinnions grapple to the walls of the dripping mines, or fly about the summer chambers, terrifying out of their wits the squalling fair sex. The streams grow lean and sickly ; the Schuylkill, the father of rivers, has scarce strength to run down a hill ; the miner's wives use him up in washing the dishes. Scouts are sent nightly from Guinea-Hill to rob your milk-houses ; they leave you but your eyes to weep your strawb  ries, and sell you your own fatted turkeys next morning, impaled in the market.

There are still delights enough, however, to reward your visit, even at this season. If you are pious, we have all the religions, down to the 'Jumpers ;' or if you have learned, like me, the secret of finding sermons in stones, there is literally no place in which you can be so independent of the church. You will have rides and drives in pleasant equipages, or the high-climbing mountain will conduct you on foot, where the earth touches heaven ; and the miner rooting up the bellies of the hills, approaches the stygian darkness,

'Stygisque umbris  
Effodiuntur opes.'

You can descend thither, or send your card. We count also among our miracles a volcano, where sulphurous smoke oozes through the earthy pores, withering the trees ; it burns like a maiden's love, with concealed fires. The flame is visible at night, and would be famous in a more poetic latitude. It would be famous, if some Lord Nelvil and Corinne would but pay it a visit. We have no water scenery above the dignity of a dam ; but a dappled mist sleeps in the low valleys, seeming, in early morning and moonlight, to be an arm of the sea, or a lake. It is pleasant to see this vapor at sunrise, in its retreat up the flanks of the Sharp Mountain. You may hear the roar of ocean among the pines. A thunder-storm, now 'roules' across the heaven with such convulsive fits, that both poles, as the poet Nabbes elegantly expresses it,

'Do seem to kiss each other's ends.'

One more temptation. There is no place you can visit in July and August, with such sober certainty of being well. Health drops down among these piny hills, as manna once in the happy Araby. The

grave-yards are bankrupt, for want of customers. Should you stay in New-York till age snows upon you, come hither, and you are young again, as if you had got into Medea's kettle. Come then, speedily, and bring GEOFFREY CRAYON with you. I will set sofas under the trees, and lamps to glitter the night long in their branches. I will teach the birds a sweeter minstrelsy, and softer murmurs to the wizard Schuylkill. But, read you no farther; the rest I design exclusively for himself. Dear Geoffrey! By what arts shall I dare to entice you from the romance of your 'Sleepy Hollow,' to our scraggy hills? I will give you two oxen broken to the plough, a hive of fragrant bees, a calf ready to be weaned, and two tamed pigeons, who will teach you, if you know not, how to love. Do not despise us because we are rustics, and inhabit the rough mountains. The muses too, inhabit the mountains, and the gods sometimes left 'their ambrosial heaven for the mountains of Arcadia.' Nor because we are men of iron. The fair queen of Love had for her husband an Iron-master. The iron itself draws the adamant:

'Placidusque Chalybs cognoscit armores.'

I will introduce you to Roxalana, and it is no slander to the eglantine to say she is sweeter.

If the Muses delight you more, you shall have books, and a chamber that looks down through the silvery pines upon the village-roofs. Thais shall bring you flowers in full baskets; ivy for your brows, and a sprig of laurel; and for a bouquet, the merry snow-drop, and sweet savory violets. We have the mignonette too, sweeter than Cytherea's breath, and we have lilies that 'neither sew nor spin;' and, sleeping in ten thousand buds, the incomparable rose:

'Dal verde suo modesta, e virginella,  
Che mezzo aperta ancora, e mezzo ascosa;  
Quanto se mostra men, tanto è più bella.'

Or, if you would woo the sad nymph Solitude, I will conduct you where the grove hangs its long piny hair, softly fanned by the little Winds; where the earth is covered with a leafy carpet, and not a footstep is heard upon its silent walks; a grove yet in its untouched virginity, unviolated by the axe, unvisited by the sun. Or you may set insphered with the angels upon the heaven of the Sharp Mountain, or wander by the rock-bosomed Schuylkill, which, as if walking in its sleep, moves cautiously along, where the chestnut stoops its branches, and the oriel swings its cob-web hammock on the stream, rocked by the idle winds.

Here are no galleries of paintings; no Dolchis, nor Caracchis, nor Domenichinos; but we will make Nature sit to herself with the Daguerreotype. Here are no Italian warblers, no Grisis, no Caradonis, nor Rubinis; but there is music in the whispering breezes, in the waters when they meet in the still night, in the virgin's voice, 'that babies lulls to sleep,' and music of the grove, no where sweeter. Early up, the restless robin bids you 'sweet good morrow;' the blackbird salutes your window with his '*chink! chink!*' and the pe-wee, pe-wit, and plover, his voice louder than the bull's, and

the ravishing boblink, itself a full choir, low-roosting like the lark, rises up,

— 'guidée du zéphire,  
Sublime en l'air vire revire,  
Et y decliqué un joli crie,  
Qui rit, guerit, et tire l'ire.'

The orchestra is in full chorus at nine. The partridge in his hazel copse listens, then sings '*Bob White!*' and the mocking-bird from its cage, sweeter than the nightingale, more cackling than the goose, responds; and the daw with piteous cry, supplicates mercy for its young. The chatty brood of the barn-yard join in. *Cluck! cluck!* the hen, and like a busy old woman, hastens back to the nest. Turkeys gobble; the 'gallant chanticleer,' on the high fence, crows his victory, or in a shrill voice warns his mates of the hawk; and the wood-pecker flies to a neighboring tree, and sets up a laugh.

Why do the male birds only sing? 'In joy,' said a malicious Greek, 'at having silent wives.' It is the male dove only that *coos*; the female sometimes *coo-koos*!

If you are fond of the insect performers, they are here also in full band. Our best *basso* is the humble-bee, in his golden corslets, making love to the tulip; our *mezzo-soprano*, the honey-bee, sipping the buckwheat, and shedding music from his fragrant wings. The grasshopper, alas! who sang so cheerily to the Greeks, is now tuneless as the swan; a mere bait for a fish-hook. Ladies say the flea has a little musical sound in its step, as if walking on clacks; a *hip-o-ti-clinch* kind of music, that predisposes to dancing. The mosquito rarely favors us with his divine *adagio*, being unfriendly to the mountain air. At midnight, the lone wife sits by the grate, while the spider's death-watch ticks, awaiting her loitering husband, and listening for the music of his footstep upon her door-sill; or to console her, the merry cricket chirps, and sometimes the sober clock toddles out, and rattles his castanets. I often repose in a bower of thick interwoven trees, in the hot noon, and hear the gray-fly wind his sultry horn; or, if in a poetic mood, solitary upon the little porch, entwined with the wood-bine and jessamine, and hear,

When the ev'ning is still,  
The tree-frog's solemn monotone,  
And now and then the beetle's drone,  
And wailing whip-poor-will:

Or by the hedges hid,  
Listen to the song,  
For the whole night long,  
Of the katy-did.

I write without books or memory, and am obliged, as you may easily perceive, to make my own poetry.

Nor is this all the music I have in store for you. When the clapper has given its last thump to the cracked sides of the Presbyterian bell; when seated alone upon a couch, silent and meditative, of a Sunday morning, the family at prayers, the Æolian harp from a distant window, tuned by the whispering winds, will swell its wild notes softly, then to a frantic scream, then die away gently upon the

breeze. The quiring strings shall lodge, too, in the crannies of grottos and copses through the garden, and while flowers embrace your feet, fill the air with ravishing melody. I have found out, also, where the 'unseen nymph' lives in the mountains; where a whisper is heard from one alcove in the rock to another, at fifty feet. I will put Rox. in the one, and from the other you may hold a little conversation of echoes—if you can, for she takes a little after Congreve's girl, who had to die before echo could catch the last word.

To give one a nicer sense of all these harmonies, five hundred dogs used, about midnight, to set up a general howl, and wake up the village. Is it not strange that a dog in a state of nature only whines, and that barking is an acquirement he attains among men? I have read that pigs, too, though they perhaps grunt in the wild state, sleep upon moss, eat delicate food, and bathe in the clear stream; and that they fall into the filthy practice of wallowing, from their intercourse with our species. But the dogs having on one occasion woke up our chief burgess, last winter, he has had them all poisoned off with medicated sausages, and the cynical notes are now curtailed from the village choir.

I say nothing of that rural musician *par eminence*, 'who counts the night-watches to his feathery dames.' The Romans tolerated this music in their city. Lovers were warned to escape, and clients consulted their attorneys, *sub galli cantu*. But the Sybarite police banished all cocks, as ours dogs, out of town. I would not call the the attention of our Councils (being married men) to the subject. Nor have I said any thing of forge-hammers and anvils, so common here, and upon which Pythagoras invented the gamut; or of puffing engines and smelting furnaces. I dislike all puffing, and smelting too, unless it be the rubies on Næra's lips.

The ass, however, performing so many useful duties beside his *choragic* functions, in our community, cannot be respectfully omitted. He is called a bad vocalist, though some amateurs prefer him to the mule; but he is perhaps underrated. There are many notes which alone are shocking to the ear, that have in concert an agreeable harmony. The gabble of the goose is not unpleasant in the orchestra of the barn-yard, and there are many instances, no doubt, in which braying would improve harmony. If one looks close into nature, he will find nothing, not even the gargle of the frog-pond, created in vain. At Musard's, they often improve the spirit of a *gallopade* by the sudden clank and crash of a chain upon a hollow platform, with now and then a scream like the war-whoop of the Seminoles. It has quite a pleasurable effect upon the nerves of a *Mardi gras*, and gives great briskness to the dance. You have perhaps a much greater obligation, dear Geoffrey, to us scribe . . . (I must not digress.) What the Italians understand, and what most other nations do not, is the harmonious composition of discordant sounds. If a general concert of nature could be formed, the crow, as well as the nightingale, would be necessary to the perfect symphony; and it is likely even the file and hand-saw might be made to discourse excellent music. But even in a *solo*, the ass, according to Coleridge, has his merits. He has certainly the merit of execution. He commences with a few prelude notes, gently, as if essaying his organs, rising in a progressive swell



to enthusiasm, and then gradually dies away to a pathetic close; an exact prototype of the best German and Italian compositions, and a living sanction of the genuine and authentic instructions of the Académie de Musique.

Long enough upon one string. When the churls are asleep, you will walk out under our 'nice moon,' and think it made for yourself. Plague on the world for stealing! I found the other day where Shakspeare pilfered his pretty line:

'Fronde super viride, quàm blandè luna quiescit;'

Almost as sweet as the copy. This beauty of nature, the moon, is no where so perfect as at Pine-Hill; the silvery light falling against the hill, sloping southwardly, among the evergreen boughs, you may gather it from the piny leaves. Mothers may lap their babies in it. At your chamber-window you will sit for hours, and look out upon the ravishing scene; upon the dainty stars, faint glimmering, and ask:

'Who filled these lamps  
With everlasting oil!'

You will see the little elves that sleep by day in the rose-buds and butter-cups, playing hide-and-seek among the shrubbery; and now and then flitting by, a ghost, wrapped in a moonlight shawl. Poor Helen! and her seducer; why can I not tell you of their unhappy loves? Here they wandered through the grove, with 'knit hands,' and slept linked in each others' arms at night. Here he fell in the conflict; and here by his grave she sat, under the unwholesome stars, and sang, and her senses raved in sweet madness as she sang. . . . I have reached the utmost margin of my space, and must end. If you will not come, nettles and 'burrs will grow upon these pretty lawns, and the turtle will sit mute upon the withered bough; no music will be heard but the adder's hiss, or deadly rattle of the rattle-snake: the winter will come back, and

— 'Hoary-headed frosts  
Fall upon the fresh lap of the crimson rose.'

#### FAREWELL.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE GERMAN OF GOËTHE.

I.

LET my eyes take that farewell,  
Which my faltering lips ne'er can;  
Hard, *how* hard, to bear it well!  
And yet still I am a man.

II.

Mournful grows in hour like this  
Sweetest tie that Love can seek;  
Cold is from thy mouth the kiss,  
The pressure of thy hand is weak.

III.

Once when these by theft had met,  
What enchantment did it bring!  
Joyous as the violet  
That we pluck in early spring.

IV.

No wreath cull I for thy brow,  
No rose evermore for thee;  
Frances, dear! 't is spring-time now,  
But the winter, ah! for me!

## FOREST SPORTS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET, AUTHOR OF 'THE FOREST WALK,' 'SPEARING,' ETC.

• THE village is stirring with bustle and fright,  
The shriek of the panther was heard overnight;  
And Tyler told Larkin, that down by the drink  
The wolves howled so loudly he slept not a wink;  
While Meech, the big hunter, was heard to declare  
He yesterday almost fell over a bear.

Good lack! what a gossip o'er knitting and tea;  
In store and in tavern, what throngings we see!  
The grannies the tales bear, each farther from truth:  
The codgers rehearse the bold feats of their youth;  
Round scamper the urchins, and yell in their play,  
'Look out for the panther, he's coming this way!'  
Tom Evans drops in, all his features a-twist,  
And tells of a beautiful yearling he's miss'd;  
Joe Mason counts over, with 'blast' and with 'darn,'  
The sheep that lie dead in the yard by his barn;  
And Smetus describes, in a sorrowful tone,  
His hives topsy-turvy, and honey all gone.

The rifles are taken from rafter and wall;  
The pouches are heavy with powder and ball,  
Hurrah for the forest! come Tom and come Joe,  
The heifer and lambs cry aloud 'To the foe!'  
Load, Smetus, your weapon, come Tyler and Meech,  
And bear, wolf, and panther, more manners we'll teach!

Our hounds beat the swamp; we our weapons prepare:  
The wolves through the day hold their rendezvous there;  
Emerging at midnight, to prowl, and to slay  
Each luckless merino that falls in their way.

A rustle of boughs; ha! a buck springs to sight!  
But death strikes the proud one while bounding in flight;  
The beautiful creature sinks under his ban,  
Eluding the wolf-pack, to perish by man.

But music, hound-music, bursts shrill from the swamp;  
Crash, flutter the thickets, with rush, and with tramp:  
Our gaunt robber-foes are arous'd, and we seek  
Each rifle his station, just vengeance to wreak;  
We hear their fierce snarls, while vain battle they wage,  
And the click of their jaws as they snap in their rage:  
They dart from their coverts, with horrible cries,  
Hair bristling, teeth gnashing, and red gleaming eyes;  
Pursuing, Joe plunges head-first in the bog,  
And brings death to nought but a great staring frog;  
Tom stumbles o'er Lufra, who, yelping beneath,  
Avenge the wrong by a gripe of his teeth;  
The rest ply our weapons, fast, steady, and true,  
And earth with their dark shaggy figures we strew:  
With hearty hurrahs then, we push on our way,  
Their scalps as our trophies to boast of the fray.

The hounds are now scenting yon hemlock, whose sides  
A yawning and deep-sunken hollow divides:  
With snort and with blow, Bruin springs to the day,  
And, scorning his company, waddles away.  
The hounds overtake him; he stops and he rears,  
And Lufra lies flat, from a box on his ears;  
The black wrestler hugs, in his terrible grasp,  
Poor Juno, who writhes, and drops dead at a gasp:

But quickly a bullet is wing'd through his brain,  
And Bruin is mark'd on our list of the slain.

We climb the wild mountain; look well, as we tread,  
The panther might bound from some branch overhead.  
Hark! list his low whining! gaze up, but beware!  
Or dart-like his fierce form we'll see in the air.  
Ha! there sits the monster, with close-crouching frame,  
And fiendish eyes glaring, like balls of red flame.  
Our rifles point upward; he bristles his back;  
The thick branches shield him; we'll wait his attack:  
His muscles contract; with a leap down he darts,  
His shriek, fierce and keen, thrilling cold through our hearts;  
One hound is dash'd dead by a stroke of his paw,  
Another is crushed in the grasp of his jaw!  
What fury, what wild tameless fury, he shows,  
As dauntless, he dashes and bounds mid his foes!  
One rifle its bullet unerring has driven,  
His tawny form quails not; new strength it has given:  
Another cracks sharply; blood flows from the wound;  
Another, another; it rains on the ground;  
And not till a ball through his forehead has flown,  
He rolls with a shudder, and dies with a groan.

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#### A LEAF FROM FLORIDA.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MAJOR DART.'

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ABOUT three miles west from the town of Tallahassee, is the ruin of an old Spanish fort, which in by-gone days bore the name of San Luis. Its site is a ridge of land somewhat higher than the surrounding country, bounded on three sides by a narrow stream of running water, and on a fourth descending by a gentle slope, until lost in the thick mazes of a swampy hammock at its base. The crumbled walls embrace an area of near twenty acres of ground, on which may yet be traced the narrow streets of a small village. Three or four hundred yards to the north of the principal work, and connected with it by a covered passage, is a large square redoubt, with small bastions. The ancient parapet has long since crumbled to a mere mound of earth, and borne trees of more than a century's growth, whose decayed trunks now half fill the ditch at its foot. From the remains of an old postern, a path leads down a steep bank to a small spring of clear water, which was arranged to supply the garrison, when not confined within the walls of the fort.

Various points in the vicinity of Ochlockonee river were fortified by the earliest settlers of Florida, but the discouragements attendant upon the settlement of a new country, and the untiring hostility of its treacherous inhabitants, caused them one after another to be deserted. In middle Florida, San Luis is said to be the last which resisted the power of the red men. It was strongly fortified, and admirably situated to resist an Indian attack; and long after other places in its vicinity had been yielded by their inhabitants, the garrison and people of San Luis continued to dwell in fancied security. But the Indians were determined to drive the intruders from their soil; and after much disagreement and quarrelling among themselves, they appeared in thousands in the vicinity of the fort, cutting off all communication

between the garrison and friends without, and leaving no mode of escape. They could not, however, reduce the place by assault; and the Spaniards, equally aware that they could not long support so strict a siege, and without a hope of succor from their friends, after much difficulty, made a treaty with the hostile tribes, by which they were permitted to leave the country without molestation from their enemies; promising on their part never more to return.

It was a day of sadness, almost of despair, on which the commandant of San Luis announced to the garrison the provisions of the treaty. They had left their native land in all the buoyancy of gallant cavaliers, 'seeking adventurous enterprise.' Lured by the glory of conquest, and the hope of sharing in the glittering spoils of the new world, they had sacrificed every thing to the spirit of adventure. Parents waited in trembling anxiety the fate of their children, and many a dark-eyed maiden mourned the absence of her plighted lover; but all in the cheering hope of a speedy return, laden with inexhaustible wealth and renown. And now were they to be miserably disappointed! They had confidently expected a golden harvest, which the country no where presented to them; but ever on the watch for the marvellous, as one object vanished, another not less alluring presented itself; until fatigue and suffering taught them contentment with the more moderate hope of founding a colony in the new world. They had first seen the land in all the freshness of early summer, when the forests of the country are redolent of perfumes from flowers of every hue; and filled with admiration of a scene whose gorgeous loveliness surpassed even their wild conceptions, they were ready to imagine every nook of this land of flowers a realization of the garden of Eden, and every spring that gurgled forth in the wilderness, a fountain of perpetual youth! But the flowers faded, and many a gallant fellow sickened and died: the crystal waters had no power to save him. And now was their last hope withered, as the flowers which had faded around them; and destitute and forlorn, they were to be driven from the land which fancy had painted in the glowing colors of an Arabian tale.

On the morrow succeeding the conclusion of the treaty, while the thick morning mists enveloped the fort in obscurity, the morning gun of San Luis was echoed for the last time by the surrounding wilderness, and the cheerful bugle-note which merrily bade farewell to the resting place of the adventurers, seemed like adding the mockery of rejoicing to the desolation of despair. Silence reigned in the ranks of the Spaniards, as mile after mile of their toilsome retreat was accomplished. They had nearly arrived at the coast, when, as they emerged from a thick hammock, they were startled by the well known yell of the Indians, accompanied by a flight of arrows and missiles, which threw them into confusion, and thinned their ranks of several of their stoutest warriors. A few moments, and amid heaps of their enemies, the last of the Spaniards lay stretched upon the soil which they had trod with alternate feelings of ecstasy and despair.

Some hours after the departure of the garrison, the Indians, with yells of exultation, had rushed into the fort, to riot in the last stronghold of their enemies. A mine which had been fired by their own carelessness, or the treachery of the Spaniards, exploded in the midst of their revellings, and many of the vast number within and around

the fortress, were victims of the explosion. Whether accident or design were the cause, they were little disposed to examine; but charging all to the hostility of those whom they regarded as the natural enemies of their race, they followed them to near the mouth of the Ochlockonee, and avenged the death of their people by the blood of the last white man who remained in their land.

Thus perished the garrison of San Luis; and as I walked upon its ruined walls, in the midst of a dense wood, and thought of the years that had passed since it was the strong-hold of the conquering Spaniard, the whole scene seemed enveloped in solemn mystery; and the surrounding forest, with its drooping garlands of hanging moss, seemed decked in funereal weeds for the fate alike of victor and vanquished.

Every place which has been the scene of bloodshed, must have, of right, its tutelary ghosts and goblins; and the old Indian, as he rehearses the story of San Luis, as tradition has preserved it among his people, becomes doubly mysterious, as he ventures to speak of the spirits which rise from the old well of the fort, to 'walk post' upon its ruined parapet. 'And at times,' he adds, 'when the thick mist hangs over the fortress, you may hear the merry winding of the bugle, as the ghosts file through the old postern, on their retreat:' but as I have a friend who sometimes hunts in the vicinity, it is possible that the bugle was intended for the dogs; but the spirits are doubtless *real* spirits.

P. B.

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### CHEERFULNESS.

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FROM SALIS, A GERMAN POET, QUOTED BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

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OPEN the soul to the bliss that illumines:  
Hear! it is heard in the linnets' low song;  
Breathe! it the thicket of roses perfumes,  
Feel! it is rippling the small brook along:  
Taste! in the juice of the soft grape it glows,  
Seasons the fruits in the wild rural bowers;  
See! in each herb and leaf greener it grows,  
Paints us the view of the Valley of Flowers.

Friends! why is gliding the womanly tear  
Over the cheek of your ripening bloom?  
Fit then for men do weak longings appear?  
Crave you as cowards the mould'ring tomb!  
Nobler things still to achieve must we stay,  
Much that is good too not yet has been  
done;  
Duty's fulfilment does cheerfulness pay,  
Peace shadows ever the goal that is won.

Manifold troubles and manifold smart  
Pain us in truth, and the fault is our own;  
Hope is a balm to the sore-smitten heart,  
Patience will strengthen the patient alone.  
Gayer when shadow of pensiveness grows,  
Lift, to the stars, then, the low-drooping  
mind;  
Foster but manly and lofty repose,  
Once at the end, there success you'll find.

Let us with joy see creation so fair,  
God's blessed nature is charming all o'er!  
But let us silence the needy man's prayer,  
Joys of beneficence charm us still more.  
Love too, for love is the impulse most sweet,  
If but by innocence blest be its glow; [meet,  
But you must love too with love wise and  
All that is good, fair, and noble below.

Work! for through business the wise man  
is seen;  
With it are glory undying, and praise:  
Mark with your deeds then the giddy routine  
Of the swift cycle of on-rolling days:  
Bless the great circle that arches us round,  
Use its advantages, too, as each may;  
All then in silent enchantment is drown'd!  
Oh! this can brighten the gloomiest day!

Courage! for woes are, when once at an end,  
Balm to the soul, as to meadows the dew!  
Tombs o'er which cypresses lowly depend,  
Soon are adorn'd by Forget-me-nots blue.  
Friends! to rejoice we assuredly ought;  
Joy is the Father's exalted command:  
Joy has to Innocence ill never wrought—  
Smiles she through roses, when Death  
is at hand.

## BULL-FIGHT AT SANTA MARIA.

BY GEORGE HILL.

THE twenty-fifth of July, being the festival of St. James of Compostella, we left Cadiz at an early hour, and crossed the bay, to witness the bull-fight, which, in honor of that worthy, was to take place at Santa Maria.

At four P. M. we entered the theatre, an immense edifice, the circumference of which could not have been less than two thousand feet. The arena, or pit, was encircled by a barrier five feet high, in front of which, and at short intervals, were planted small out-posts, as points to which the foot-combatants might, in case of danger, retreat, and as stations for the guards. Behind the barrier, rose, to the height of from twenty-five to thirty feet, tiers of seats, in the manner of steps, and above and beyond them a double gallery. They were together capable of containing from ten to fifteen thousand spectators, and long before the commencement of the performance, were completely filled.

From the groups below, our eyes were soon turned to the more attractive, though less picturesque, spectacle, in the upper seats, where rows of beautiful women, their necks, arms, and hands loaded and sparkling with jewelry, were seen rising one above another, like flowers in a conservatory. Suddenly the hum of voices subsided; the water-venders ceased their cry; and a flourish of trumpets announced the entrance of the Governor. There was a second flourish; the door at the opposite extremity of the list opened; a detachment of soldiers were marched in, and having seen the arena cleared of its last straggler, stationed in pairs at the out-posts. They were followed by the combatants, consisting of the Picadores, or pikemen, on horseback, and the Chulos, Bandarilleros, or dartmen, and Matadores, on foot. Having advanced and saluted the Governor, they were divided into two companies, and drawn up in a line, one on each side of the door by which the bull was to enter.

The Picadores wore low-crowned, broad-brimmed, drab-colored hats, at the sides of which were fastened knots of white and yellow ribbon. Their jackets were of red cloth, laced with gold; from the waist to the feet they were heavily clad in buck-skin, lined with cork.

They were mounted on high-peaked Morisco saddles, with shovel stirrups, and bore each a long lance, or pike, the ends of which were armed with short iron points. Of all the combatants, the Picadore, the Matadore perhaps excepted, incurs the greatest hazard; and it is to his skill, courage, and encounter with the bull, that the spectacle mainly owes its interest. The dress of the Chulos, dartmen, and Matadores, consisted of jackets and knee-breeches, of green or blue cloth, laced with silver, light cloaks or mantles, of different colors, red sashes, white hose, and sandals.

The combatants having taken their stations, all eyes were now turned and fixed on the door by which the bull was to enter. Most of the spectators had, in their eagerness and impatience, started to

their feet : a single voice was heard to exclaim, ' The bull ! the bull ! ' but was instantly hissed into silence. The moment at length came. The trumpets sounded, the door opened ; he bounded into the arena, and was received by a shout which shook the theatre to its foundation. He was a gigantic yet beautiful specimen of his tribe, to which, compared with the animal that commonly bears his name, he indeed seemed hardly to belong. A short iron barb, to which strips of red and white ribbon were attached, had, just before he entered, been driven into his back. He seemed not to feel it, but having been pent up for weeks like a felon in his cell, and subjected to a preparatory course of torture, to be conscious only of a wild and exulting sense of freedom. It was, however, of but short duration. At the sight of the barrier, and the thousands who filled the seats behind it, he paused, surveyed them with a look of wonder and distrust, and then wheeled and retreated to the door. Finding it closed, he sprang furiously toward the barrier, but, as if in despair of clearing it, stopped short, and facing the Picadores, dropped his head, with the intent, apparently, to provoke or defy their attack. At this instant there was a third flourish, as a signal for the Chulos to advance. Holding his cloak closely folded in his left hand, the one nearest the bull now quickly ran up, and when within a few feet of his horns, grasped and displayed it with his right, and was instantly pursued by him, and driven for shelter to the out-posts. A second then left his station, at the opposite side of the ring, and being hard pressed in his retreat, dropped his cloak, and leaped the barrier. The bull seemed to regard the garment as a part of the man, and gored, trampled, and tossed it in fragments about the arena. The rest, then, one by one, advanced, till at length he was encircled by the whole troop, now one and now another running up and fluttering his cloak, or with it streaming behind him, or let fall as he fled, nimbly escaping, though often but by a well-timed and dexterous leap of the barrier, from the horns of his enraged and headlong pursuer. One of them had the mishap to stumble and fall. The bull rushed on with an intent to gore him, and a shriek was heard from some one — probably his *chère amie* — of the women in the galleries. The fellow had the presence of mind, however, to seize his cloak, raise it at arm's length above his breast, and thereby so far divert the aim of the bull, as to escape unhurt. Ashamed of his mishap, and encouraged by the cheers of the spectators, he sprang nimbly to his feet, seized the bull by the horn, leaped over his back, and amid a thunder of applause, escaped to the nearest out-post.

The Picadores had till this moment remained at their stations, and taken neither part, nor as it seemed interest, in the game. The signal was now made for them to advance ; and having raised their pikes, and spurred their horses into the ring, they galloped them in a circle about the bull, till roused and exasperated by the irruption of this fresh band of assailants, he at length wheeled and selected the object of his attack. Thus menaced, the rider reined up his horse, and presented his pike. The bull dropped his head, charged and received the point of it in his breast, but despite the resistance of man and weapon, drove his horns into the body of the horse, let out his entrails, and laid him, with his rider, rolling and writhing in the dust. At

the instant of the attack, the Chulos ran up and endeavored, by fluttering their cloaks, to divert it. He now turned and drove them one by one to the out-posts. He then rushed on the nearest horse, forced him against the barrier, beat in his ribs, plunged his horns into his vitals, and laid him, with the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils, dead at his feet. The rider had disappeared, and I expected nothing less than to see him dragged out, crushed and lifeless, from under the carcass of the animal he had but the moment before so gallantly bestrode.

He was at length extricated, and though so badly hurt he could neither well move or stand, a fresh horse having been brought, he was lifted into the saddle, and having grasped his pike, and adjusted his sombrero, seemed, as he sat grim and upright, covered with blood and dust, to defy not only the bull but the devil. A murmur of applause ran through the theatre, and truly if stoicism be a virtue, he deserved it. The next Picadore was more fortunate, having succeeded, though not without a long and desperate struggle, in turning the bull, and thereby saving his horse, a feat for which he was rewarded by the plaudits, loud and long, of the spectators. These, however, I observed, were for the most part, as they should have been, reserved for the bull. Of the six horses which he next encountered, two were killed, and the rest repeatedly gored and thrown, and at length so far disabled as to be with difficulty led off alive, or left pawing the earth in agony, and making desperate but unavailing efforts to rise. In several instances, a horse was galloped about, with his entrails trailing in the dust, till they were torn asunder by repeated strokes of his hoofs, and in this state compelled, as he best might, to sustain a fresh attack.

The trumpets again sounded, the Picadores withdrew to their stations, and the Bandarilleros advanced, grasping each a brace of barbed darts, the long, heavy shafts of which were enveloped in a loose net-work. Running quickly up, till they came nearly in contact with the horns of the bull, they let fly their missiles with the intent to fix them deeply and firmly in the fore and upper parts of his shoulders. The first attempt was a failure, and the assailant withdrew, amid the hisses of the spectators. It indeed seemed to be a feat, the right execution of which required no small degree of strength, courage, and skill. At one time a dart would strike the bone and recoil, with its barb either bent or broken; at another, be so slightly infixed, as to become detached by its own weight, or a single shake of the bull's brawny neck. He was now wrought up to a pitch of rage and torture little short of downright madness, and ran wildly about the arena, goring and tossing aside such of the dead horses as lay in his way, and putting to flight the whole troop of Chulos and dartmen. At length he stopped short before one of the out-posts, and having for an instant fixed his blood-stained eye on the group it sheltered, drove his shaggy head against it, as if determined to prostrate it by a single blow, or dash out his brains in the attempt. Foiled in this effort, he plunged headlong toward the door, near which the Matadore or death-man, whom he at length confronted, had already taken his stand.

He was a short, but thick-set, sinewy, well-made man : a red cloak  
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was thrown across his left arm ; in his right hand he held a long, slender sword. At the blast of the trumpet, he stepped forth, and having passed before and saluted the Governor, addressed himself to his task. Approaching the bull, with a deliberate yet firm step, and a watchful but determined eye, he so placed himself as to be able, by a slight movement to the right, to receive the thrust of his horns on the cloak, and having levelled the point of his sword at a part of the neck just forward of the right shoulder, resolutely awaited the shock. It came ; the weapon failed to take effect, and was hurled, as the bull sprang past him, into the air. A murmur of displeasure ran through the assembly, and cries were heard of 'fool !' 'coward !' 'away with him !' He seemed not to heed them, but with a composed, resolute look, resumed his position, and presented his sword. The bull rushed on, the blade was buried to the hilt in his vitals, and having staggered toward the door, he fell, with the blood spouting from his mouth and nostrils, and was instantly despatched by the stroke of a knife in the neck.

The trumpets now sounded, the door at the opposite extremity of the list was thrown open, and four spirited horses, richly caparisoned, sprang in abreast, and were lashed, tossing their heads and jangling their bells, at full speed across the arena. The shaft of their traces was then made fast to the horns and head of the bull, and he was dragged out at a gallop.

The dead horses having in like manner been removed, others were brought in ; and notwithstanding the crippled state of the Picadores, most of whom had been repeatedly thrown, they were instantly mounted and galloped to their stations. The trumpets once more sounded, the door opened, and in bounded the second bull. As if apprized of the fate of his fellow, and determined, without loss of time, to avenge it, he did not wait for the attack of the Chulos, but sprang furiously at the horse of the nearest Picadore, gored him under the right flank, tore out his entrails, and threw him with such violence against the barrier, that he fell and expired without a struggle. His rider, covered with blood and dust, his pike-staff broken and sombrero crushed, was dragged out from under him, and borne off ; whether dead or alive, I was unable to learn. A second and third horse were in quick succession, and in like manner, despatched ; their riders grasping their pike-staves with both hands, driving the points of them into the breast or shoulders of the bull, and struggling with all their might to repel or turn him, till hurled headlong from their seats, or with violence against the barrier.

A few of the women now retired, and one fainted. They were, I observed, ladies of a certain age, and not remarkable for their good looks. The young and handsome kept their color and their places.

From the total overthrow or dispersion of the combatants on this side of the arena, the bull now crossed to the other, a frightful yet pitiable object ; his nostrils spread, his eyes flashing, his horns dyed, and his forehead, breast, and sides, bathed in blood. Nothing daunted, however, one of the Picadores on that side rode up and presented the point of his pike. His horse was instantly gored, lifted from his feet, thrown with his rider across the back of the bull, and thence headlong to the ground. Of the five horses which he afterward attacked,

three were killed on the spot. Assailed by the dartmen till his shoulders bristled like a quiver-head with their shafts, he was at length encountered by the sword of the Matadore, who, at the first trial, drove it to his heart. Even after receiving his death-blow, he neither quailed nor retreated, but fell with his eye confronting, and his horns levelled at, his antagonist, as if bent on collecting all his remaining energies for a last desperate assault.

Six bulls were afterward let in, and in like manner encountered and killed. The number of horses killed was eighteen, and of twenty more, the greater part were led off more dead than alive. The courage and strength of the fifth bull seeming to flag, the nettings of the darts were charged with fire-works, and he bounded madly about the arena, astounded and tormented by their exploding contents, and enveloped in a cloud of flame, sparkles, and smoke.

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### THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

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BY MARY E. HEWITT.

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'She is buried in that part of the court-yard facing the sea, close by the ramparts: no stone marks her grave; it is not even raised above the level of the yard; and were it not for the few recently placed bricks, it would be difficult to find the spot.'

JOURNAL OF CAPT. HERRPATE.

I come to thee a stranger,  
O England! — Fatherland!  
There's a cypress garland o'er the lyre  
I am holding in my hand;  
And I will strike to thee, to-night,  
The mighty chords of soul,  
Till the swelling tide of long pent thought  
Triumphantly shall roll!

There is joy in all your palaces,  
There is feasting in your halls,  
Where the noble and the beautiful  
Are gathered mid the walls;  
And ever on the midnight air  
Glad music pours along,  
Where the hundred harps of England  
Lift high the voice of song.

Mid festive lamps and garlands,  
I wander sad and slow,  
And I list in vain the lay I loved,  
In the days of long ago;  
While aye yon laurel'd lyre  
Seems mournfully to swell,  
Means low beneath its veiling leaves,  
Like the wailing ocean shell.

I have flung off the myrtle,  
There's a flush upon my cheek,  
There are burning words upon my lip,  
And thoughts I fain would speak;  
I tear the mournful cypress  
That enweathes thee, O! my lyre!  
And I strike to England's maiden bard  
The glowing chords of fire!

Oh! listen! Harp of England!  
There's a dower that to thee clings,  
And a fadeless wealth of laurel  
Entwining all thy strings; [chords,  
And woman's hand hath smote thy  
With a stroke all bold and free,  
Till the mighty flood of English song  
Hath gone o'er every sea!

Long in your noble minsters,  
With your dust of heroes kept;  
'Neath sculptured urn and cenotaph,  
Your nameless dead have slept;  
While she who cull'd fresh buds of song,  
Your ancient crown to grace,  
Rests coldly shrined in stranger earth,  
No stone to mark the place!

Far o'er the dark blue waters,  
With their measured, onward sweep,  
Hymned by the dirge-like voices  
Of the melancholy deep;  
Trod 'neath the passing footstep  
Of the felon, and the slave,  
There by the sea-beat ramparts lies  
Her lone, unhallowed grave!

Oh! wreath ye fadeless chaplets  
For the earth that shrouds her breast,  
And raise the enduring marble  
Above her place of rest;  
And lift for aye the harp of praise  
High o'er her laurel'd head,  
Till o'en the Ethiop honor thee,  
In thine illustrious dead!

## THE ROYAL FAMILY OF STATEN-ISLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FOUR-BEARS,' THE MANDAN.

It has long been the general belief, that the Gipsy race, which is found every where else, has never yet penetrated into America; but the opinion is erroneous. There is a family on Staten-Island, whose history and habits prove their Zingaro descent, despite the counter evidence of their white skins, patches of which may be seen through the rents of their tatters, like intervals of blue sky in a clouded empyrean.

The patriarch of the horde was, in his life-time, reputed an Englishman; although upon this point no intelligence exists in any parish register or book of heraldry; a matter the less to be regretted, that his birth is not likely to be disputed by rival nations or cities. All that is certainly known of him is, that he made his appearance on the island about forty years ago, an incarnation of laziness and pauperism, accompanied by a biped of the feminine gender, whom, as God made her, we are content to call a woman: they evinced no desire to hold fellowship with their kind; but immediately plunged into the woods, where they pertinaciously hid whatever talents and merits they possessed. Probably the world used them ill, and like Timon, they had left it in disgust. They built themselves a hut of brushwood, and lived, unknowing and unknown, upon the wild products of the soil and the sea-shore, the world forgetting and the world forgot. No one was favored with any notice of their former history; they wrought not for hire, nor did they seek to render themselves in the slightest degree useful to their fellow creatures. They were satisfied with a bare, mysterious existence, the objects of wonder and pity; and only proved themselves human, by increasing the population of Staten Land with ten sons and daughters.

In time the he-patriarch died, and his fame died with him; but not till he had so indoctrinated his hopeful family, that they have ever since followed his praiseworthy example. A short time since we paid these Children of the Mist a visit at their residence, profiting by one of a thousand changes of abode which brought them within an easy walk of the Quarantine-Ground. Others may seek objects of interest abroad; we are content with what may be found near home; and in this singular family we found a happy practical illustration of the Golden Age, which poets so much regret, and agrarian politicians so devoutly hope and expect to restore. By the margin of a stagnant swamp, rife with malaria and intermittent fever, embosomed in thick woods, stood a pen of rough boards, obtained Heaven knows how, about ten feet square, into which about fifty specimens of animal life, human and canine, were crowded. The den was roofed over, and refused entrance to the sun; but was by no means so inhospitable to the rain. The four winds of Heaven sought and found free ingress and egress through the chinks; the floor was not; and altogether we have seen much better appointed pig-styes. We first discovered our proximity to this Temple of the Winds, by the

greeting of a herd of sorry curs, who made a great noise, but retreated snarling, and with averted tails, at the first exhibition of a stone or a stick, as the dogs of the aborigines are wont to do. A shrill, cracked, but clear voice from within, uplifted in energetic oburgation, stilled the clamor, and we entered upon a scene that beggars and defies description. We had seen poverty before; but had never an adequate conception of its extreme until now.

A bundle of rags, endowed with suspicious and alarming powers of locomotion, advanced to do the honors of the mansion. An unearthly squeak, that would have driven a parrot of any ear distracted, proclaimed that the thing was human; and after close inspection, we made out a set of features which we could only have supposed to belong to Calvin Edson, or the Witch of Endor. The head surmounted a withered atomy, from which every muscular fibre seemed to have dried away. There was nothing left for Decay to prey upon: a particle more of waste, and the fabric must have evaporated, or been scattered with the first puff, like a pinch of snuff. This was the worthy mother of the brood. Age could not make her head whiter. She must have been more than a century old, and yet hearing, vision, speech, every faculty, was unimpaired, and she was as brisk as any of the horde. According to all appearances, Time had lost all power over her, and she may yet live longer than the everlasting pyramids. Fancy a mummy stalking from its case, and you have some idea of this spectral apparition.

Around the den were arranged without arrangement four rude bedsteads, guiltless then and forever of beds, or any succedaneum therefor; these being unnecessary and enervating luxuries, in the opinion of the inmates. Not one of these was born in a bed, or had ever pressed one; and why should they not do as they had ever done? The only purpose of the frames seemed to be to keep them from dying on the bare earth. The whole score and a half of humanities might have possessed some four or five thread-bare and tattered blankets, such a stock of clothing as might have furnished forth one respectable scare-crow, and perhaps half a shirt among them; but of the latter item we are somewhat uncertain, as we considered any particular scrutiny especially indelicate. The hut was literally full of trumpery, the use of most of which it were difficult even to guess. The following, as nearly as memory serves us, is a correct inventory: An old worn-out saddle; three steel-traps; fifteen dogs, bitches, and puppies; about a crate full of damaged crockery and pottery; an iron pot, without a bale or cover, and two legs off; a tin-kettle, with three holes in the bottom; a fish-spear, an axe, a dozen fishing-rods and tackle; as many rags as would set up a paper mill; about a peck of clams, a damaged bucket, and a great variety of other things nameless and indescribable.

These true philosophers all appeared to enjoy the most robust health, with one exception, who was shaking with a paroxysm of ague on one of the frames before mentioned. The men were stout, hearty fellows, who might do their country good service at the tail of a plough, or the end of a musket; but their ambition does not soar so high. They literally take no thought for to-morrow, though they

very well know what a day must bring forth. They justly consider themselves

—— ‘out of Fortune’s power ;  
He that is down, can fall no lower.’

Once in a great while they may be persuaded to perform a day’s labor ; but these are rare and painful occasions, always followed by regret and repentance ; and when their immediate wants are supplied, they immediately return to the luxurious *far niente*, which is their second nature, and which they enjoy in a perfection only appreciable by the Neapolitan lazzaroni. When they have thus been compelled to pass a night under a roof, it has been remarked that no human logic can persuade one of them to submit to the abhorred contact of soap and water, or to sleep in a bed ; supposing any person could be found willing so to accommodate them. They own no boats, and they neither hire nor borrow them. Such property requires care and trouble, and rowing is laborious. A cow was once the apex of their ambition ; but hunger knocks often at their door, and was fatal to poor Brindle. They are not rich enough to buy a gun. The conies, partridges, snapping-tortoises, frogs, squirrels, and such small deer, are their flocks and herds, and the earth produces wild artichokes and other esculent roots. As for their religion, they believe in beef and bread, and go to church, like parasitical insects, as often as they are carried. They believe that the earth is flat, and that the city of New-York and the Narrows are its limits. To be hung up in a cage in the sunshine, with license to scratch themselves, and to be well fed, constitutes their notion of heaven ; and the county alms-house, where able-bodied people are constrained to work, is the purgatory of their imagination, or something worse. They think it is better to sleep than to be awake ; to lie than to sit ; to sit than to stand ; to stand than to walk, and to walk than to run. Dancing is to them an incomprehensible abomination. They own no lord, they heed no law. They have nothing, and they want nothing. To cold, heat, rain, etc., they are perfectly indifferent, and their only known evil is pain, which comes to them only in the shape of hunger and intermittent fever. Nerves and delicacy they never heard of. Thus have they ever lived, and thus they will die.

The women, at the time of our visit, differed from the men only in attire, a superior volubility, a natural, rough-hewn coquetry, and the possession of certain brass trinkets, faded ribbons, and other fantastic fineries. None of them were either young or handsome enough to mark them as victims of man’s villany ; nor could any injury be done them in that respect, were it otherwise. The smaller fry about their wretched cabin attest that they have not neglected the first command of God to man, though no priest or preacher can say that he has received a wedding fee on account of either of them. Their usual employment is to loll upon fences and gather berries, and they are also said to be skilful in roots and herbs. Some of them sometimes go to service, for a time ; but they soon return to their lair, like a sow to her wallowing in the mire. The alms-house has also afforded them an asylum in cases of emergency ; but they invariably escape from it as soon as there is any work to be done. They toil not, neither do

they spin ; and assuredly Solomon, with all his wisdom, never dreamed of such a thing as one of these !

Many have asked, as we did, and many more will ask, ' How do these people live ? ' Ask him who feeds the ravens, for no one else can answer. That they do not work, is certain ; that they neither beg nor steal, is to be inferred from the fact that their fellow Statenlanders have never accused them, and that they have never undergone the rebuke of the law. They are as harmless and inoffensive as they are useless. They are proverbially good-natured and honest ; they do not get drunk, or abuse tobacco ; for although some of them have a relish for these luxuries, it would cost too much trouble to earn the price of them. Otherwise, they are the very Yahoos of Gulliver.

Some philosophers have taught that content is the grand desideratum, the *summa bonum* of earthly felicity. The contentment of savages and of negro slaves is brought to support their position. It is true that these are happy under their painful and degrading yoke ; but what of that ? Simon Stylites was no doubt happy on his pillow of torment : an ox, on the same principle, and for the same reason, is happier still, and the life of an oyster is bliss superlative. ' The Royal Family of Staten-Island ' are an example, before our eyes, to show how closely contentment may be allied with the extremes of degradation.

#### SIMPLE JOE: A SIMPLE SKETCH.

In a village rude,  
There lives a man, whose neighbors call him Joe :  
Honest he is, and small are his effects ;  
A three-legged stool, which once hath been a chair ;  
A pair of small-clothes, and some coarse habiliments,  
Such as his humble station doth require.  
This good old man, whom now I tell you of,  
Hath wedded been 't is now some two-score years :  
His Joan is simple, and but simply skilled ;  
She roasts his 'tatoes and his cider warms,  
What time the bitter frost a signal gives  
For a hot supper. But of this enough.

This aged swain once with his neighbor Jones  
Wrought till the sun was set : when he had done,  
The worthy man insisted he should take  
A friendly draught : quick passed the hours away,  
Until, on looking at the clock, behold  
The time was half-past eight ! On that he rose,  
And bidding them good eve, he ' out his stick,'  
And in the dark did homeward plod his way.  
His stick was useful ; but while slow he groped,  
A bucket, which some careless slattern left  
Before his idle neighbor John Smith's door,  
Crossed his unwitting limbs, and — barked his shin !

While lately standing at his door,  
To keep my best coat from the drizzling rain,  
I saw the bruise —

His worthy consort Joan  
In one officious hand did kindly hold  
Brown paper, steeped in vinegar —

— I turned away,  
Affected at the sight.

## O U R I D E A L S .

'This hour of spiritual enfranchisement is even this: when your ideal world, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed and thrown open.'

CARLYLE.

And must these glories fade?  
These haunting dreams of bright and holy things  
That flit about the soul in joy and shade —  
Mysterious visitings?

In busy scenes of life,  
When care and passion chain the mind to earth,  
Will these not hover o'er the storm and strife,  
In hues of Heaven's own birth?

Where rude cliffs blacken round,  
The spring-flower opens its petals to the skies,  
And far amid the forest depths, unfound,  
Earth's beauteous offerings rise.

Though wild and drear the vale,  
Mid flowery banks the sunlit brook runs shimmering,  
The summer sea, light heaving to the gale,  
Beneath the moon rolls glimmering:

The approach of morn and even  
Blazon their glories on the o'erarching sky,  
Wreathing the bright and beautiful of heaven  
O'er earth perennially.

Is barren life alone  
A thing round which no joy or beauty clings?  
A dream whose shadowy glories hurry on  
With ever-restless wings?

For Truth my mind has wrought,  
Through lore and science tracked her flight sublime;  
Sought her in all the great and good have thought,  
Or acted, in all time.

My heart has burned with love,  
And opened its treasure cells at beauty's shrine,  
Thrilled with the joy that mutual truth can move,  
And blessed its spell divine.

Honor has fired my soul,  
And the mild glory that enwreathes the good,  
Hope, such as spurs the pilgrim to the goal —  
Faith, beyond death's dark flood.

Must these sink in decay,  
Be stars struck out, while we, through deeper gloom,  
Light after light thus perishing away,  
Dark stumble to the tomb?

Far better to believe  
The soul's high promptings will not perish here,  
But shower their blessings on our path, then leave  
For their eternal sphere!

## THE CRAYON PAPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: The following letter was scribbled to a friend during my sojourn in the Alhambra, in 1828. As it presents scenes and impressions noted down at the time, I venture to offer it for the consideration of your readers. Should it prove acceptable, I may from time to time give other letters, written in the course of my various ramblings, and which have been kindly restored to me by my friends.

Yours, a. c.

## LETTER FROM GRANADA.

MY DEAR ———:

Granada, 1828.

Religious festivals furnish, in all Catholic countries, occasions of popular pageant and recreation; but in none more so than in Spain, where the great end of religion seems to be, to create holidays and ceremonials. For two days past, Granada has been in a gay turmoil with the great annual fête of Corpus Christi. This most eventful and romantic city, as you well know, has ever been the rallying point of a mountainous region, studded with small towns and villages. Hither, during the time that Granada was the splendid capital of a Moorish kingdom, the Moslem youth repaired from all points, to participate in chivalrous festivities; and hither the Spanish populace, at the present day, throng from all parts of the surrounding country, to attend the festivals of the church.

As the populace like to enjoy things from the very commencement, the stir of Corpus Christi began in Granada on the preceding evening. Before dark, the gates of the city were thronged with the picturesque peasantry from the mountain villages, and the brown laborers from the Vega, or vast fertile plain. As the evening advanced, the Vivarambla thickened and swarmed with a motley multitude. This is the great square in the centre of the city, famous for tilts and tournaments, during the times of Moorish domination, and incessantly mentioned in all the old Moorish ballads of love and chivalry. For several days the hammer had resounded throughout this square. A gallery of wood had been erected all round it, forming a covered way for the grand procession of Corpus Christi. On this eve of the ceremonial, this gallery was a fashionable promenade. It was brilliantly illuminated, bands of music were stationed in balconies on the four sides of the square, and all the fashion and beauty of Granada, and all its population that could boast a little finery of apparel, together with the *majos* and *majas*, the beaux and belles of the villages, in their gay Andalusian costumes, thronged this covered walk, anxious to see and to be seen. As to the sturdy peasantry of the Vega, and such of the mountaineers as did not pretend to display, but were content with hearty enjoyment, they swarmed in the centre of the square; some in groups, listening to the guitar and the traditional ballad; some dancing their favorite boléro; some seated on the ground



making a merry though frugal supper ; and some stretched out for their night's repose.

The gay crowd of the gallery dispersed gradually toward midnight ; but the centre of the square resembled the bivouac of an army ; for hundreds of the peasantry, men, women, and children, passed the night there, sleeping soundly on the bare earth, under the open canopy of heaven. A summer's night requires no shelter in this genial climate ; and with a great part of the hardy peasantry of Spain, a bed is a superfluity which many of them never enjoy, and which they affect to despise. The common Spaniard spreads out his manta, or mule-cloth, or wraps himself in his cloak, and lies on the ground, with his saddle for a pillow.

The next morning I revisited the square at sun-rise. It was still strewn with groups of sleepers : some were reposing from the dance and revel of the evening ; others had left their villages after work, on the preceding day, and having trudged on foot the greater part of the night, were taking a sound sleep to freshen them for the festivities of the day. Numbers from the mountains, and the remote villages of the plain, who had set out in the night, continued to arrive, with their wives and children. All were in high spirits ; greeting each other, and exchanging jokes and pleasantries. The gay tumult thickened as the day advanced. Now came pouring in at the city gates, and parading through the streets, the deputations from the various villages, destined to swell the grand procession. These village deputations were headed by their priests, bearing their respective crosses and banners, and images of the blessed Virgin and of patron saints ; all which were matters of great rivalry and jealousy among the peasantry. It was like the chivalrous gatherings of ancient days, when each town and village sent its chiefs, and warriors, and standards, to defend the capital, or grace its festivities.

At length all these various detachments congregated into one grand pageant, which slowly paraded round the Vivarambla, and through the principal streets, where every window and balcony was hung with tapestry. In this procession were all the religious orders, the civil and military authorities, and the chief people of the parishes and villages : every church and convent had contributed its banners, its images, its reliques, and poured forth its wealth, for the occasion. In the centre of the procession walked the archbishop, under a damask canopy, and surrounded by inferior dignitaries and their dependants. The whole moved to the swell and cadence of numerous bands of music, and, passing through the midst of a countless yet silent multitude, proceeded onward to the cathedral.

I could not but be struck with the changes of times and customs, as I saw this monkish pageant passing through the Vivarambla, the ancient seat of modern pomp and chivalry. The contrast was indeed forced upon the mind by the decorations of the square. The whole front of the wooden gallery erected for the procession, extending several hundred feet, was faced with canvass, on which some humble though patriotic artist had painted, by contract, a series of the principal scenes and exploits of the conquest, as recorded in chronicle and romance. It is thus the romantic legends of Granada mingle themselves with every thing, and are kept fresh in the public mind.

Another great festival at Granada, answering in its popular character to our Fourth of July, is *El Dia de la Toma*; 'The day of the Capture:' that is to say, the anniversary of the capture of the city by Ferdinand and Isabella. On this day all Granada is abandoned to revelry. The alarm-bell on the *Terre de la Campana*, or watch-tower of the Alhambra, keeps up a clangor from morn till night; and happy is the damsel that can ring that bell: it is a charm to secure a husband in the course of the year.

The sound, which can be heard over the whole Vega, and to the top of the mountains, summons the peasantry to the festivities. Throughout the day the Alhambra is thrown open to the public. The halls and courts of the Moorish monarchs resound with the guitar and castanet, and gay groups, in the fanciful dresses of Andalusia, perform those popular dances which they have inherited from the Moors.

In the mean time a grand procession moves through the city. The banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, that precious relique of the conquest, is brought forth from its depository, and borne by the Alferéz Mayor, or grand standard-bearer, through the principal streets. The portable camp-altar, which was carried about with them in all their campaigns, is transported into the chapel royal, and placed before their sepulchre, where their effigies lie in monumental marble. The procession fills the chapel. High mass is performed in memory of the conquest; and at a certain part of the ceremony, the Alferéz Mayor puts on his hat, and waves the standard above the tomb of the conquerors.

A more whimsical memorial of the conquest is exhibited, on the same evening at the theatre, where a popular drama is performed, entitled *AVE MARIA*. This turns on the oft-sung achievement of Hernando del Pulgar, surnamed *El de las Hazañas*, 'He of the Exploits,' the favorite hero of the populace of Granada.

During the time that Ferdinand and Isabella besieged the city, the young Moorish and Spanish knights vied with each other in extravagant bravados. On one occasion Hernando del Pulgar, at the head of a bandful of youthful followers, made a dash into Granada at the dead of the night, nailed the inscription of *AVE MARIA*, with his dagger, to the gate of the principal mosque, as a token of having consecrated it to the Virgin, and effected his retreat in safety.

While the Moorish cavaliers admired this daring exploit, they felt bound to revenge it. On the following day, therefore, Tarfe, one of the stoutest of the infidel warriors, paraded in front of the Christian army, dragging the sacred inscription of *AVE MARIA* at his horse's tail. The cause of the Virgin was eagerly vindicated by Garcilaso de la Vega, who slew the Moor in single combat, and elevated the inscription of *AVE MARIA*, in devotion and triumph, at the end of his lance.

The drama founded on this exploit is prodigiously popular with the common people. Although it has been acted time out of mind, and the people have seen it repeatedly, it never fails to draw crowds, and so completely to engross the feelings of the audience, as to have almost the effect on them of reality. When their favorite Pulgar strides about with many a mouthy speech, in the very midst of the

Moorish capital, he is cheered with enthusiastic bravos ; and when he nails the tablet of AVE MARIA to the door of the mosque, the theatre absolutely shakes with shouts and thunders of applause. On the other hand, the actors who play the part of the Moors, have to bear the brunt of the temporary indignation of their auditors ; and when the infidel Tarfe plucks down the tablet to tie it to his horse's tail, many of the people absolutely rise in fury, and are ready to jump upon the stage to revenge this insult to the Virgin.

Beside this annual festival at the capital, almost every village of the Vega and the mountains has its own anniversary, wherein its own deliverance from the Moorish yoke is celebrated with uncouth ceremony and rustic pomp.

On these occasions, a kind of resurrection takes place of ancient Spanish dresses and armor ; great two-handed swords, ponderous arquebusses, with match-locks, and other weapons and accoutrements, once the equipments of the village chivalry, and treasured up from generation to generation, since the time of the conquest. In these hereditary and historical garbs, some of the most sturdy of the villagers array themselves as champions of the faith, while its ancient opponents are represented by another band of villagers, dressed up as Moorish warriors. A tent is pitched in the public square of the village, within which is an altar, and an image of the Virgin. The Spanish warriors approach to perform their devotions at this shrine, but are opposed by the infidel Moslems, who surround the tent. A mock-fight succeeds, in the course of which the combatants sometimes forget that they are merely playing a part, and exchange dry blows of grievous weight : the fictitious Moors, especially, are apt to bear away pretty evident marks of the pious zeal of their antagonists. The contest, however, invariably terminates in favor of the good cause. The Moors are defeated and taken prisoners. The image of the Virgin, rescued from thralldom, is elevated in triumph ; and a grand procession succeeds, in which the Spanish conquerors figure with great vain-glory and applause, and their captives are led in chains, to the infinite delight and edification of the populace. These annual festivals are the delight of the villagers ; who expend considerable sums in their celebration. In some villages they are occasionally obliged to suspend them for want of funds ; but when times grow better, or they have been enabled to save money for the purpose, they are revived with all their grotesque pomp and extravagance.

To recur to the exploit of Hernando del Pulgar. However extravagant and fabulous it may seem, it is authenticated by certain traditional usages, and shows the vain-glorious daring that prevailed between the youthful warriors of both nations, in that romantic war. The mosque thus consecrated to the Virgin, was made the cathedral of the city after the conquest ; and there is a painting of the Virgin beside the royal chapel, which was put there by Hernando del Pulgar. The lineal representative of the hair-brained cavalier has the right, to this day, to enter the church, on certain occasions, on horseback, to sit within the choir, and to put on his hat at the elevation of the host, though these privileges have often been obstinately contested by the clergy.

The present lineal representative of Hernando del Pulgar is the

Marquis de Salar, whom I have met occasionally in society. He is a young man of agreeable appearance and manners, and his bright black eyes would give indication of his inheriting the fire of his ancestor. When the paintings were put up in the Vivarambla, illustrating the scenes of the conquest, an old gray-headed family servant of the Pulgars was so delighted with those which related to the family hero, that he absolutely shed tears, and hurrying home to the Marquis, urged him to hasten and behold the family trophies. The sudden zeal of the old man provoked the mirth of his young master; upon which, turning to the brother of the Marquis, with that freedom allowed to family servants in Spain, 'Come, Señor,' cried he, 'you are more grave and considerate than your brother; come and see your ancestor in all his glory!'

WITHIN two or three years after the above letter was written, the Marquis de Salar was married to the beautiful daughter of the Count——, mentioned by the author in his anecdotes of the Alhambra. The match was very agreeable to all parties, and the nuptials were celebrated with great festivity.

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'T H Y K I N G D O M C O M E . '

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

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Thy kingdom come! but where shall it be?  
 In the sweet, wild groves of Araby,  
 Where the citron flowers and the date-tree grow,  
 Where the fair and thornless roses blow,  
 Where the sunlight falls in radiant streams,  
 And the moon on forests of palm-trees beams?  
 Fair are its roses and clustering vine,  
 And its kingdom is bright — but it is not Thine!

Thy kingdom come! shall it be in the land  
 Where the wrecks of the mighty and valiant stand;  
 Where the temples, once by the heathen trod,  
 Resound to the holy name of God;  
 Where the fallen pillars and sculptured stone,  
 Are 'midst sweet wreaths of wild flowers thrown?  
 It hath a sad grace, that land so fair,  
 But thy kingdom — thy kingdom is not there!

Thy kingdom come! oh, wilt thou reign  
 Within some grand and mighty fane?  
 By the work of our hands we will raise the pile,  
 We will strew with flowers the vaulted aisle,  
 We will toss the silver censers around,  
 And a thousand voices of sweetest sound  
 Shall breathe at once; but it may not be —  
 Such a kingdom accepted is not by Thee!

Thy kingdom come! in our cottage homes,  
 We will give thee our hearts, by our kindred's tombs,  
 By the rippling streams, in the ancient woods,  
 Alike in crowds and in solitudes:  
 When the sun in his glory is beaming on high,  
 When the moon and stars are lighting the sky,  
 Our souls shall be breathed in praise and prayer,  
 So Thou wilt make thy kingdom there!

## A COMMON CHARACTER.

My neighbor in each deed, and thought, and speech,  
Still strives the lofty and the grand to reach ;  
Not over wise, for he could ne'er descend  
To seek instruction from his bosom friend :  
He would be proud ; but place them side by side,  
With him Religion higher stands than Pride ;  
So high, she occupies his *head* alone,  
And there exalted sits, as on a throne,  
But ne'er descends, to melt the *heart*, or free  
The liberal hand, or bow the stubborn knee.

## THE TOMB OF THE FORAGERS.

THERE are few Americans, of the higher classes, who have ceased to feel an interest in any thing that pertains to England as she is, or as she has been. Notwithstanding the deadly feuds which have arisen between the parent and the child, now that years have tempered its asperities, they are fain to extend the mutual hand of forgiveness ; and many years may it be, before they shall forget that their common ancestors formed the constitution of old England, built its time-worn castles, and now lie entombed together in the common embrace of death !

Early in the eighteenth century, a family of very considerable distinction, of the name of Sterling, emigrated from England, and settled in Connecticut. Interests and friends that had been left behind, caused so frequent correspondence, that up to the time of the American revolution, the relatives of the family on either side felt for each other all the warmth of friendship which had existed a half century before. Just before the breaking out of hostilities, the future Lieutenant Sterling of Connecticut visited Yorkshire, partly to see his relatives in the land of his ancestors, which his parents, by continual reference thereto, had made a mere appendage to his own home, and partly for the sake of finishing his education. His education, however, was soon completed, by his falling in love with his beautiful cousin, Julia Fordham, whose uncle had also settled in America, near New-York.

A few weeks of happiness passed away with the affianced pair ; such happiness as is rarely suffered to exist beyond a brief hour. They visited together the hall of their forefathers ; criticized the family pictures, which seemed to look down from the canvass upon their descendants with smiling approbation of their coming nuptials. The association of feelings that flows from the knowledge of a common ancestry, and of course a common history, if that history be an unblemished one, has much to do with cementing the ties of affection, especially between two who are taught to believe that a patrician ancestry is necessary for each other's happiness in wedded life.

Cornet Fordham, Julia's brother, had just received his appointment, the duties of which he had now returned from the continent to assume. These cousins and contracted brothers-in-law met now for

the first time; and an equality of age, neither being more than twenty, and a fondness for similar pursuits, cemented a friendship that existed until they were entombed together in a strange land; without, on the one hand, an affianced bride to staunch the fatal wound, or an angel sister to wipe from a brother's brow the blood that oozed away his life. But I am anticipating.

As they were looking from the window upon the lawn in front of the house, to mark the birds gathering in the scattering trees, Julia sighed, pensively; and upon being questioned wherefore, she replied: 'Although, cousin, I am willing to go with you to the ends of the world — for all that is dear to me on this earth is concentrated in you — yet to leave my parents, my brother, the tenants whom I visit weekly, and who are so much attached to me; to think that I shall see this beautiful lawn, and these birds no more, that hover nightly near my apartment, as if seeking my protection; these things enshroud my soul in grief!'

At this moment, a letter was placed in Mr. Sterling's hands. It bore a trans-Atlantic post-mark; and its contents imported that there were serious disturbances in Boston, between the authorities and its citizens, and every thing bore the appearance of disaffection and blood-shed. The letter concluded by directing young Sterling home. It was from his father, and was not to be disobeyed. He informed Julia's parents that he must take the first packet bound for America, and that he should return the moment the difficulties between the factions were arranged. The pain of parting was almost counterbalanced by the joy of the anticipated return.

'Down with the helm; brace up the yards fore and aft; haul her close on a wind!' roared the captain. 'Light ho! broad off the lee bow!' bawled the chief mate. A pilot was soon on board, and in a short time, Sterling was once more on his native soil. Difficulties began to thicken; in a few weeks blood was shed; and preparations for a sanguinary contest were made on either side. Troops came pouring into Boston; an army landed on the southern extremity of Long-Island, and soon occupied New-York. The husbandman clad himself in the habiliments of war, breathing vengeance to the foe, and 'death to tyrants!'

On Sterling's return to Connecticut, he found no neutrals there. He soon caught the infection. He applied for, and was appointed to a lieutenancy of dragoons. His squadron was ordered to take position in the southern extremity of the Highlands, to prevent supplies being passed from the country to New-York, and to look after the Cow-boys, who fought those who had most to be plundered of.

Late at night, in the latter part of October, an officer, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Long-Island, and exchanged, called at the quarters of Sterling, bringing him a letter from Fordham, stating that he had learned with pain his taking sides with the rebels; that he trusted that he, Lieutenant Sterling, would be careful and not let his sister know, as it would break her heart even to suspect that he was in a position hostile to himself; that it was natural to construe difficulties favorable to one's own native land; and that while he regretted its necessity, he approved the decision. The

letter was accompanied by a picture of Miss Fordham, which had been promised as soon as a proper artist could be found. Sterling pressed the miniature to his heart. It brought with it a thousand reflections. The image of all he loved was before him. The cold moon slept upon the Hudson; the howl of the wolf in the mountain, and the wailing owl in the deep forest, called to his mind feelings that seemed to partake of other worlds; feelings, that the miserable creatures of traffic, whose souls are absorbed in the accumulation of gain, can no more appreciate, than can the blind the effulgence of the mid-day sun.

Amid these reveries, the trumpet sounded 'to horse!' and as the blast went echoing from hill to hill, the dragoons came yawning from their tents, girding on their cutlasses, and re-priming their pistols. In a few moments, one hundred and fifty troopers, under the command of Major W —, were in full gallop to Westchester, to drive in a party of foragers.

Just as the day began to dawn, they met a Cow-boy, who stated that a large foraging-party, with a guard of two hundred dragoons, was about a mile in advance, not far from the Kingsbridge road. The troop was commanded by their gallant leader to dash on, and when within two hundred yards, to deploy into line under full speed, and to get among the enemy before he could form. Immediately after the hostile parties discovered each other, they formed and charged at full speed. The shock was awful: at least one half of either party were unhorsed, who fought in squads on foot, while those who retained their seats, were fighting man to man, friend and foe intermingled.

A voice was now heard: 'Rebels! surrender!' which was answered in tones of thunder: 'Freemen! never yield to slaves!' This added fuel to the flames, and the murderous conflict continued more deadly than before. Men mortally wounded, extended upon the earth, were employing their dying struggles to extinguish a few moments sooner the lamp of life in their expiring adversaries. As the day fully broke upon the affray, the few who survived, sickened at the awful havoc, mutually retired from the scene of death.

The day after the conflict, a few men with an officer on either side, were detailed to bury the dead. The officer who had delivered the letter from Fordham to Sterling, was the one sent with the American party. Among the slain he recognised both Sterling and Fordham; and when the dead had been thrown in one common grave, he caused them to be laid side by side together. The miniature was wet with blood, upon which it remains to this day.

A few years after the war, a female of about twenty-five years, bought near the spot where the dead were buried, an acre of ground, and built a small cottage upon it. Her conduct was strange, and many supposed she was crazed; for in summer or autumnal nights, she would frequent the knoll where the dead lay; and how keenly soever blew the winds, still she would be there, talking to herself: 'They will come by and by! I wonder they stay so long! I am *sure* he received the miniature.' He was to come with my brother: cruel cousin! and such incoherent sentences. The poor creature in a few years *er*self to death; and as the place she visited was a favorite her neighbors laid her there in death.

Reader, would you see the mound where the Foragers were buried, and where Sterling and Fordham, and Julia rest, go to Rose-Hill, in the manor of Fordham; and when you come to the old manor-house, advance to a small hill, about an hundred rods north-west: there you will find it; and if you have still any doubts, the removal of one foot of earth will reveal their dry bones. B.

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THOUGHTS RETURNING HOMEWARD.

As Summer lights chase Summer shades — *yet more!*  
 As sunbeams clouds remove —  
 Joy and Reflection course each other o'er  
 The *face* of my true love.

Her Joy is like the happy Reaper's Song  
 With Harvest-moon above;  
 'Tis cheerfulness that never dreamt of Wrong,  
 The *joy* of my true love.

Showers, o'er a Wilderness of Roses red,  
 Drop gently from above;  
 Thus gently, from her gracious lips, are shed  
 The *words* of my true love.

And though those showers of orient pearls were made,  
 And iris'd, from above,  
 Not richer were they than the thoughts, display'd,  
 The *thoughts* of my true love.

Yet when these thoughts to her again are shown,  
 So far from self above  
 Is she, their beauties seem to her unknown;  
 Such *pearls* hath my true love!

Thus pure, thus sweet, thus precious, and thus free,  
 Her poet's praise above,  
 Seems all she thinks, or speaks, or does, to me —  
 The *heart* of my true love!

Her wishes upward tend — her hopes, her cares  
 Are fix'd on Heaven above;  
 Earth never holds, contains, nor hardly shares  
 The *soul* of my true love.

The orchard's dewy grass is green, clust'ring  
 Hang blossom'd boughs above;  
 Such images of her doth absence bring,  
 Telling of my true love,

And of the balmy fruitfulness of good —  
 With Heaven in smiles above —  
 That hath the frosts and blight of Spring withstood —  
 Thus painting my true love,

And naming her, THE BEAUTIFUL OF THOUGHT!  
 Of *sense* so far above,  
 I cannot chuse, though only of Love taught,  
 But sing of my true love.

JOHN WATERS.



## THE POET.

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 DONE INTO PROSE FROM THE VERSE OF NICOLAI.
 

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ONCE upon a time, (I like that old-fashioned way of beginning ; one incurs no chronological responsibility,) once upon a time, then, a poet, staff in hand, and knapsack on back, came to Paris from Lyons. His pocket contained only a few sous, but his knapsack held a precious treasure ; a tragedy, each line of which was to be as productive as those gainful verses in the *Æneid* ; ' *Tu Marcellus*,' etc. After many goings and comings, during which his sous transformed themselves into 'liards,' his piece was presented. The troop of course criticized pretty freely. This was against nature, that against the unities ; and all his humble attempts at explanation were overwhelmed by Aristotle and Boileau. Nevertheless, his piece was accepted, and the night of the representation fixed.

Like the unlucky vender of crockery, in the *Arabian Nights*, or the more modern milk-maid, our poet dreamed of laurel crowns, and heaps of gold. Visions of smiling beauties swam before him, and invitations to sumptuous dinners rang in his ears. On this last point his dreams dwelt especially. Kind Nature, unable to give him a meal during the day, did her best to satisfy his hunger at night.

At five o'clock, (the play began at seven,) he stood before the theatre, and watched with delight the augmenting 'queue,' whom he inwardly apostrophized as 'Witnesses of my Triumph !' At length the door swung open, in rushed the crowd, and our poet, tandem felix, as the grave-stones have it, sat himself down in a conspicuous seat, drinking in every word of his composition, with the same eagerness that old Saturn is said to have displayed in devouring his offspring.

But hark ! what sound is that, which 'breaks upon the ear ?' A shrill whistle, a groan, loud hisses, destroyed his pleasing reverie ! On all sides yawning jaws, or compressed hissing lips ! The tumult thickens ; the actors can no longer be heard. His dream was at an end. His piece was damned !

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His visions were not 'couleur de rose' this night. 'Ah,' he cried, 'Racine himself never composed with so much fervor ; and these men call themselves critics ! Good God ! Does the life or death of us unlucky poets depend upon *such* judges ?'

When he awoke the next morning, he descended the seven pair of stairs, and betook himself to the *Barrières*. Weary at length, and sad, he sat himself down upon a stone bench, slouched his hat over his eyes, and began an ode to unhappy Genius. An old man stopped, bared his hoary head, and bowed low. Our poet started. 'Where could the good old gentleman have seen me ? Who can he be ? He must have taken me for some other person.'

So he relapsed into the search of a rhyme for genius, when lo ! a second halted, and saluted, and twenty others, who followed, went through the same ceremony. There sat our friend upon the bench, his hat in his hand, smiling, and nodding, and bowing thanks to every passer-by.

'Not so unknown as I thought myself!' said he; 'how delightfully they all bend before me! These men, I will wager, were pleased with my tragedy, and now are nudging each other, and saying: 'That is the author!—there he sits! Hail all powerful genius!' Am I to be pitied, then, since I have charmed so many? These, these good folks, shall be my judges. The hissing proceeded from the serpent-tongues of envious brother bards. A plot! I see through it all!'

Hardly had he made this discovery, when a well-known author of the delightfully awful school, and a scoffer at religion withal, passed by. His hat never moved.

'Bah!' ejaculated our Racine; 'mean and contemptible envy! But what care I for *him*, when a hundred hats are flying?'

An old dried-up fish-woman came next, fell upon her knees, and began a feeble muttering. Touched to the heart, our poet sprang up: 'No, no,' he cried; 'I am a mortal, like yourself, Madame; Voltaire himself is not worthy of being worshipped.'

The fish-woman muttered on. He took her skinny hand to raise her up; *she* resisted; but full of mild condescension, he persisted in pulling.

'Que diable! What are you doing with that old hag?' asked a peasant, with a loud peal of laughter; most ill-timed, the poet thought; 'she is as deaf as a post; mon cher!'

With conscious pride, tempered by a becoming modesty, the demigod related the whole affair, and concluded by saying: 'See, my friend, thus does the Gallic race show its veneration for its glorious bards!'

The jolly peasant grinned again, and rejoined:

'Do n't be a fool, my friend! Look at that niche over your head. Do you see the Virgin, and the burning torches? The passers were bending to the Mother of God.' He laughed louder than before, and then vanished.

The old hag of Mucklestane-moor was not more suddenly transformed into stone, than our poet. He heard the laugh long after the peasant had departed. What a cruel fall! Imagine Vulcan's sensations at reaching Lemnos. He soon came to himself, however, for there was no time to be lost. He knew the greedy appetite of the Parisians for good jokes, and dreaded the boots and hisses of so vast a pit. So he wisely packed up his bundle, and sneaked off to Lyons, starting for three days at the rustling of a leaf. J. B.

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'UNDE ET QUO.'

I.

FROM *whence* to *where* we know not, sent,  
A fever'd dream to try,  
Then sink from darkness into night,  
This 'tis to live, and die!

II.

CHRIST touched those ears that could not hear,  
And eyes that could not see,  
And said: 'Leave *whence* you came, to God,  
But *where* you go, to Me!'

## THE FORSAKEN HEART.

## A LIFE-SKETCH.

## I.

SHE is not happy ! She hath taught her brow  
 An aspect calm and passionless to wear ;  
 Her tears are checked ; but driven back, they flow  
 Into her heart again, and centre there :  
 Burning, though silent, like a lava lake—  
 Oh ! 't were relief, if that sad heart would break !

## II.

It may not be ! She shall abide her time,  
 In silent suffering ; and it may be, long :  
 The blossom, though its hues fade in its prime,  
 Perhaps is as another rooted strong :  
 Yet if she thought the next would be her knell,  
 How gladly would she hear that vesper bell !

## A DISCOURSE BY DEMOCRITUS, HIS DISCIPLE.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,  
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,  
 That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,  
 For they are actions that a man might play ;  
 But I have that within which passeth show ;  
 These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.'

HAMLET.

NOTHING in social life needs reform so much as DEATH. Start not, reader, at the seeming inconsistency, but 'lend an ear to my Discourse.' Death, however philosophically considered, will always excite sad emotions ; but with us, the solemn is so mixed up with the ludicrous and the hypocritical, that it is next to impossible to distinguish the true from the false. For my part, 'I like to hear where words come from,' as the Indian said to Woolman, the Quaker.

No Christian can mourn that a friend has left this world of care for 'mansions of eternal bliss ;' at the same time, a kind heart cannot avoid suffering under such an affliction ; and this all think creditable and praiseworthy. But why should the afflicted proclaim their grief to the world ? Why freshen painful recollections, by the constant view of 'mourning ?' Since the idea of death is so repugnant to the living ; since no lamentation can recall the breath to the lifeless clay ; it is not only rational, but an absolute duty, to let passionate grief give place to those calmly-melancholy remembrances, which are wholesome to the heart, and do not embitter existence. '*Scio me mortalem genuisse*,' said the sage, when he heard that his son was dead. An admirable lesson.

When the soul that we loved has vanished, what does Common Sense suggest should be done ? To convey the body to a suitable

place of interment, silently, mournfully, unobtrusively. Custom plays the undertaker differently. Before the warmth has left the corpse, she sends off a notice to the daily papers :

'Died, at his residence in — Square, after a long and painful illness, JOHN SMITH, in the — year of his age. His friends, and those of his third cousin, Mr. THOMAS SMITH, are invited to attend the funeral on Thursday afternoon, at four o'clock.'

The friends, six of whom are presented with linen scarfs, just a pattern for a shirt, meet at the house, and talk of stocks, steam-boats, and Fanny Elssler. Meanwhile the 'mortal coil' of John Smith is borne forth in a mahogany coffin, decorated with a silver plate, which records his name and age, as a 'carte' to announce to a certain convocation of politic worms,

'all six feet under ground,'

the title of the dish they are to banquet upon. The hearse receives it — dismal, gloomy, hung with black ; the horses are black too. Slowly moves Death's chariot along the crowded street ; and a beggarly account of empty hackney-coaches closes the procession. Common Sense would have omitted the scarfs, and the empty hackney-coaches, and given the money to the widow.\*

Now what is going on in John Smith's house ? Look in at that back room, dimly lighted, through the closed blinds. There sit the disconsolate widow and her daughters. 'Well, they are weeping, I suppose.' Not at all. 'What then ?' Sewing ; yes, sewing. To-day, to-morrow, all the week, they will measure, make patterns, cut out, hem, stitch, baste, plait, iron, and try on. Meanwhile, in their distraction, they do not perhaps think of their loss. How could a lady *mourn*, without 'mourning ?'

Once upon a time, men imagined that negligence in attire betokened grief. They are wiser now. They spend a week in making grave-clothes ; in putting on Death's livery ; in rendering their persons gloomy to themselves and to others ; and then haunt the streets, walking *memento moris* to all whom they meet. Do not, as Boileau happily expresses it,

'Pour honorer les morts faire mourir les vivans.'

The rustling of a crape dress sounds to me like a raven, croaking out his ominous bodings.

'But what would be the use of mourning, if we staid at home ?'

True ; I had forgotten that.

It is very strange, that we who live in hope of eternal life and happiness beyond the grave, should paint Death in such sad colors ! The ancients, whose ideas of the future were so indistinct and cheerless, invested Death with a poetical charm, which robbed the mighty 'king' of half his 'terrors.' Listen to LONGFELLOW :

'In the temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother Death

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\* THE Massachusetts Puritans, who were far in advance of their age in all matters disconnected with church forms, enacted, in the year 1724, a law especially prohibiting, under the penalty of twenty pounds, the practice of presenting a scarf to every guest who attended a funeral.

were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funereal monuments of the ancients, the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded, and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms, did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent Death.'

How beautifully the repose of the tomb is expressed by the folded wings! Here is something equally good, from CHATEAUBRIAND: 'Fille de René,' says the Indian girl to the sleeping infant, 'en cas que tu viennes à mourir, j'irai le matin respirer ton âme dans les parfums de l'aurore.' The idea of Death is certainly 'tout adoucie peu cette gracieuse croyance.'

The butterfly that hovered over the urn of the deceased, or the fair-winged Psyche that reclined upon it, are more poetical and more Christian, methinks, than the Death's-head and skeleton which occupy similar positions with us. Verily, we may learn many things from the heathen.

We might safely grant permission to genuine Grief to veil itself in black. Very few, if hearts could be searched, would be found worthy of the dress. By far the greater number of our 'mourners' hide hypocrisy beneath the black veil, and have long since made color a barometer of feeling. Fashion, omnipotent Fashion, has established a code, which it is treason to transgress. So powerful and universal are these regulations, that if true Sorrow neglects them, she immediately is stigmatized as heartless. Our rude Saxon ancestors affixed a price to every class of men. It was three hundred marks for a cörle, and so on up to a king. Fashion has followed their example, and affixed different periods and forms of mourning to different degrees of relationship:

For a father or mother, one year,	. . .	deep black.
A brother or sister, nine months,	. . .	deep black.
An uncle or aunt, three months,	. . .	blue-black.
A grandfather, six weeks,	. . .	blue-black.
A brother-in-law, three weeks,	} . . .	half-mourning.
A cousin resident, two weeks,		
For a country cousin, one week,	. . .	half-mourning.

And yet for a friend, an intimate and dearly-beloved friend, we are not expected to 'mourn' at all; a conclusive proof that the mourning-dress is an empty ordinance of Fashion, totally disconnected with real grief.

I never knew but one instance of a non-relation putting on 'weeds.' Though somewhat ludicrous, it is not the less true. A lady who had lost an infant of eighteen months, shrouded herself and spouse in the dusky garments of wo, and then proceeded to make sombre dresses for a writing-desk and a candle-box which stood in the room! 'Hung be the heavens in black!'

We were acquainted, too, with another family, the head of which had been a paralytic for six years, and had gradually sunk into a state of woful imbecility. They did not *mourn* for the loss of the soul, because the world did not demand it. But when he died at last; when their morning and evening prayer, for six long years, had been heard; when their hearts were full of joy, and the prospect of future

pleasure dawned upon them ; they loaded themselves with crape and bombazine, as the very vestments of grief !

You certainly cannot lament the death of your father ?

'By no means ; we have longed for it these many a year.'

Why then make up so much mourning ?

'Because the world demands it : if we did not, we should be taxed with want of feeling, and disrespect to his memory.'

I have somewhere seen a caricature of a cat in deep mourning, weeping at the death-bed of a mouse ; a capital illustration of the prevailing fashion. A foolish regard for the opinion of a few gossiping busy-bodies, who constitute this 'world,' produces daily instances of the rankest hypocrisy. 'Every one knows this,' you will say. Then why do you not dare to oppose such a custom ? One family in our city has set you the example. Go thou and do likewise ! The 'CLARK' will now please to dismiss the congregation.

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A S C E N E A T S E A .

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'I saw the ship go dancing on, before the favoring gale;  
And like the pinions of a swan, was spread each swelling sail:  
But ere again uprose the sun, rose many a shriek and wail;  
Ere morn, the gallant ship was gone — vanished the snowy sail!'

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THE ship rode far upon the silent main ; 't was night,  
A beautiful, still night ; no moon was there,  
But the bright stars were hanging overhead,  
In golden clusters ; and the breathless sea  
Gave them all back ; while the tall vessel seemed  
A fairy home, suspended 'twixt two heavens.  
And there were happy hearts within her then :  
That eve they had descried the distant shore  
Of their own land ; and all had gone to rest,  
In the dear hope that, ere another day,  
Their feet would press again their native soil :  
Then the rich merchant dreamed how his gay stores  
Would well reward his exile ; and the youth  
Thought of his loved one, and in fancy touch'd  
Already her rose-lips : while the fond sire  
Dreamed of his wife and children, and his hearth  
With their bright faces gathered round, like stars,  
To hearken to the marvels of his voyage.

There is a stillness over sea and heaven ;  
A placid calm, a holy peace : alas !  
Whence is that sudden cry — that rising flame  
That bursts from the fair vessel ? 'T is no fire  
Of heaven, no angry light'ning, that hath struck  
And blasted it ! A moment, and the scene,  
That was so fair, is changed : the heavens above  
And still as ever ; but the death-fire glows  
Upon the burnished waters ! Groans and prayers  
Rise up all vainly ! There's a sudden shriek,  
Like to an earthquake ; and the hopes and fears  
Of many hearts, the vessel and its freight,  
Are vanished — scattered into nameless things,  
And all is swallowed up and lost !

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**THE COUNTESS OF IDA: A TALE OF BERLIN.** By the Author of 'Norman Leslie,' etc. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Our readers would not thank us for devoting a very large portion of our space to a review of a work which, in critiques and extracts, if not in its entire form, has already been made familiar to the public. But we owe it to our friend and correspondent to say, that the volumes before us fully justify the estimate which his countrymen had formed of his talents, and realize the promise and improvement which were visible in, and anticipated from, his previous productions. The following clear synopsis of the story, we derive from a contemporary, from whose opinions we find little ground of dissent. The hero is Mr. Wyndham, an English gentleman, remarkable of course for talent and good breeding, as all heroes should be, but more peculiarly so for a degree of moral courage and self-command, which is not so often manifested by heroes, either in romance or reality. Our author has stepped out of the beaten track in making his courage consist in forbearing rather than in doing, in suffering rather than in violence. Mr. Wyndham is an orphan, ignorant of his parentage, and living on an annuity supplied by unknown hands. The scene is laid in Berlin, that beautiful city, of which most Americans know nothing but the name; and Mr. Far's long official residence there is a sufficient guarantee of the faithfulness of his descriptions. Mr. Wyndham goes into the best society in Berlin, and meets there an old aristocratic prig, Count Carolan, and his daughter, the Countess Ida, who is betrothed to Lord Elkington, a young English *roué*. Wyndham falls desperately in love with Ida, till warned of the folly and guilt of his conduct by Mrs. Wharton, the young lady's governess, who admires the young stranger's character, and takes a motherly interest in his welfare. Wyndham feels how wicked it would be for him, a houseless, nameless adventurer, to disturb the peace of a noble family, and separate an affianced pair. He resolves to put in practice the hard lesson 'to bear and to forbear,' and to atone for his ardor by equally extreme coldness. He is willing even to be despised by Ida, so she will cease to prefer him. His altered demeanor, and the slanderous reports which Lord Elkington spreads concerning him, lead her to believe that Wyndham never loved her, and is unworthy of her love; but his image is so deeply printed on her heart as to efface all others, and the marriage with Elkington is unaccountably but decidedly broken off. The ruffian hopes to get rid of his fancied rival by a pistol-bullet, and tries every means to provoke him into a duel; but here he is frustrated by Wyndham's coolness and self-command. Our hero endures taunts, threats, nay even a blow, with an unmoved courage, which, by a common error, is mistaken for cowardice by his acquaintance. His friend Denham, a man of fiery temper, interferes to prevent Elkington's rudeness, is challenged by him, and killed on the spot. The sad scene when he is brought home a corpse to his young wife, the despair and destitution she is made to suffer, and all the terrible consequences of his fool-hardiness, are powerfully told. The moral lesson inculcated is a high one; that of mastery of passion, forbearance under wrong, and forgiveness of injury. Such a story as that of the duellist Denham will preach a better sermon than many a treatise of morality. Wyndham is despised as a coward, and shunned as an adventurer; he is banished from society; his annuity is cut off; he falls into debt, and is thrown in prison. A friend, the only one he

can call by that name, releases him, and he sets to work with the proud determination of earning his bread by honest labor. The accomplished and admired Mr. Wyndham gives English lessons, and lives in contented poverty; but his means fail, he is again cast into prison, and utter ruin stares him in the face. He struggles manfully against the pressure of misfortune from without, and despair from within. Fortune at last grows tired of persecuting him, or to speak more reverently, the unseen hand of Providence becomes visible. He entered that prison a penniless schoolmaster; he leaves it as Earl of Beverley, for it is discovered that the Mrs. Wharton, who loves him so well, is his own mother, the first wife of the Earl of Beverley, abandoned by him on groundless suspicion, and supposed to be dead. Thus he attains, as rightful heir, the title and estates usurped by his enemy Elkington, and retribution begins to visit the innocent and the guilty. Before this discovery, however, he is fortunate enough to rescue Ida from the fury of a madman; and even Count Carolan is forced to admit that a man is not necessarily a coward, because he has fixed principles, and acts up to them. Wyndham is once more surrounded by splendor and by troops of summer friends; but he finds small comfort in the change, for Ida is carried off to Paris by the count, who has entered the service of Louis XVI. The revolution is at hand, with all its horrors; but Wyndham determines to seek Ida out, and save her at all hazards. His adventures in Paris, the many trials to which the lovers are exposed, and his courage in every emergency, are well depicted. Wyndham has an opportunity of serving the famous Danton, who more than repays the debt, by enabling him to escape to Holland with the count and his family. From Holland they proceed to England, where the earl of Beverly enjoys rest and happiness after his trials, by the side of his beloved Ida. Even the old count, subdued by misfortune, lays aside his *hauteur*, and condescends to be good and affectionate.

There is one prominent objection to the 'Countess of Ida'; an error of taste rather than of execution: the distress of the hero is too prolonged, and unvaried; in this particular reminding us of one of those modern melodramas, in which the principal character is 'clothed with suffering,' from the first moment he presents himself before the audience; in which the whole performance consists of scenes of 'piled-up' agony; and in which the scene-shifters come in now and then to pick up the dead bodies, and sweep the stage for more distress in the next act. A judicious and tasteful novelist, like *BULWER* or *DICKENS*, would have put our friend upon such an allowance of dolor as would have given to mainly kindred scenes the advantage of surprise and relief. But fault-finding apart: 'The Countess of Ida' is a well-written production, and every way worthy the talents and reputation of the author. To such of our readers as have not perused the volumes, we cordially commend them. A speedy second edition attests the favor with which they have been received by the public.

THE WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING. In two volumes. pp. 1050. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE large, clear type, fine paper, and beautiful printing, of this edition of Mr. IRVING's works, render it one of the most convenient and desirable we have ever yet encountered. It contains the 'Sketch-Book,' 'KNICKERBOCKER's History of New-York,' 'Bracebridge Hall,' 'Tales of a Traveller,' 'A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,' and 'The Alhambra.' We shall not so far question the intelligence of our readers, as to add a word in commendation of productions which, not to speak of numerous translations, have made the author *affectionately* known wherever the English language is read or spoken; which have won for him, from the highest critical sources in Europe and America, the distinction of being the first writer of English prose, since the days of *GOLDSMITH* and *ADDISON*; and which have done so much to diffuse a delicate and refined taste, on both sides of the Atlantic. A faithful engraving from *STUART NEWTON's* excellent portrait embellishes the work.



**THE PROSPECTS OF ART IN THE UNITED STATES.** An Address before the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia, at the Opening of their Exhibition, in May, 1840. By **GEORGE W. BETHUNE.** Published by Request.

We welcome this Address with no ordinary pleasure; and may reasonably hope that the admirable spirit which it breathes will be widely awakened and stimulated in the bosom of every lover of American art. A few extracts, with a brief and desultory chain of commentary, will enable the reader to share the conviction which prompts our eulogy. The good effects of associations for the exhibition of native pictures, by exciting the public appetite for the pleasures of art, are well set forth. Epic composition, intermingled with the superabundance of portraits, from pencils capable of higher achievements, is urged upon our artists, and commended to public favor. Our author hails with pleasure the general diffusion of Art in its cheaper forms among us, as tending to lessen the *merely* utilitarian spirit of the age; to form a public taste; and to bring within the reach of many what must otherwise have remained the privilege of the few, and thus preparing the way for a wide-spread influence of higher art. In relation to engraving, as a kindred art with painting, our author observes:

"The painter should regard the engraver as his best friend, and one who, never aspiring to be a rival, is content to serve under his shadow, for a humble portion of the larger profit and praise which he assists to win. It is certainly most pleasing for the generous admirer of Art, and lover of human happiness, to think of the vast numbers whom the ingenuity of recent years has admitted to a share in his enjoyments. The prolific family of Annuals, long after their feeble literature has ceased to attract, amuse and delight by their elegant embellishments the vacant hours of those who have received those offerings of affection, and of the visitor who awaits, beside their centre tables, the anxious toilet's slow delay. The very bullionist smooths his brow while contemplating the bank note's graceful ornaments, and though lamenting that

'So fair  
A promise should deceive th' admiring trust,  
And be not what it seems,'

must confess that the vignette is worth something, though the security be never so doubtful. The invention of lithography, and the great advance in wood-cutting, beside the service they render to science, have enlivened with glimpses of Art the walls of many a humble dwelling, once poor and mean; and allure the tasteful school-boy through a flowery maze to orthography and syntax, which it required his utmost courage to approach. . . . The Penny Magazines carry to the poorest of the people, wood engravings of master pieces in Art, and specimens of natural history, which the most finished critic would not disdain to admire; and there may be as much heart-felt enjoyment in the evening circle of the poor man's home, around a fresh cut number of the weekly visiter, as an amateur can feel before a Correggio or a Claude. I have often thought that I could forego the pleasure of listening to Mozart's best overture, for the sake of witnessing the delight dancing in the eyes, and dimpling the cheeks of a group of country children around a Savoyard's hand organ, or some unwashed minstrel singing the songs of their far-off Rhine; but I am sure that I never see an Italian cast-monger staggering beneath his load of Graces and Napoleons, Tuscan vases and Dianas, without wishing him well, as an unconscious missionary of Art, come from his sunny land to minister pleasure to the lowly, and refinement to the rude; for, though the moulds from which they are taken be worn and old, his casts yet retain something of the stamp of genius, and give sufficient gratification to excite a wish for more. The lithographs may be rude and gaudy, cinerary urns he turned into flower vases, goddesses made to hold candelas, and cross-legged Cupids to read little books; but you will rarely find, in a humble family, a taste for these ornaments unaccompanied by neatness, temperance, and thrift. They are like the cherished plants in the window, the green creepers in the yard, or the caged singing-bird on the wall, signs of a fondness for home, and a desire to cultivate those virtues which make home peaceful and happy."

Cheap exhibitions, and a knowledge of the estimate placed upon Art by the ancient republics, and the best minds of all ages; 'the glory with which it has invested nations; the patriotism it has inspired, and the lucrative advantages it has secured;' will, the writer with good reason believes, cause our people to become as distinguished for a generous taste, as they are for a love of freedom. 'Obscure genius, which might otherwise have died unknown in some distant forest hamlet, may be called forth and encouraged into successful vigor, as was the talent of young West by a few engravings of Greveling; and each new aspirant after the distinctions or pleasures of Art, would be a centre of new influence over the minds of others.' In allusion to the future success of Art among a people who, when excited in any pursuit, allow no limits to their enthusiasm, Dr. BETHUNE remarks:

"Hitherto our attention has been compelled to engagements of more immediate usefulness, by the

necessities of our new confederacy and numerous state governments, the rush of our increasing population, the wealth hidden beneath our original forests, the facility afforded to manufactures by the rapid descent of many a broad stream, the desire of bringing distant points nearer together, and of interlacing our interests by rail-roads and canals, and the agitation of many questions in finance and political morals, which have never arisen elsewhere, but must be decided by us. Yet how great have been the honors already attained, I had well nigh said compelled, from the world ! The name which, by the unanimous suffrage of mankind, stands highest on the roll of uninspired humanity, is that of Washington. He who, since the day of Newton, has given the strongest impulse to the application of physical science, made his bold experiments on the lightning of heaven from the plains near our own city, and sleeps beneath his modest tomb in a corner of Christ Church burial-ground ; whether the stranger from every land, and the dweller in his own, turn their pilgrim feet to do honor to the memory of the Yankee adventurer, the apprentice printer, the poor man's honest counsellor, the Philadelphia editor, the American state-man, the baffler of European diplomacy, and the philosopher who taught the world. The authority of Marshall and Kent receives reverence from every great and just tribunal. Improvements in jurisprudence made among us, and especially within our own state, have been the basis (unacknowledged but not the less real) of extensive judicial reforms in that very country which claims to have taught us all we know. The name of Irving is already coupled with that of Addison ; and in a single day, as it were, Prescott has risen to take his place with Gibbon and Hume, while, for truth of narrative and benevolence of feeling, he is above them both. The genius of Bowditch burns brightly near the compass and the quadrant of almost every bark that tempts the trackless ocean. The mighty energies of steam, first successfully applied to navigation by our own Fulton, now speeds the flying car over the rail-ways of Europe, controlled and directed by the superior ingenuity of American skill. The exquisite invention of Daguerre, recent as it is, shall soon be returned to him from this western world, stripped of half its mechanical arrangements, and capable of a more ready and useful adaptation. These instances, snatched at random from a multitude, prove that there is among our people a boldness and originality of invention, which cannot fail to secure great success in the liberal arts, when more favorable circumstances demand their more zealous cultivation."

After some well-considered remarks upon architecture, and its improvements and requirements among us, our author proceeds to lay the lash upon a class of solemn asses, whom we have not unfrequently encountered, shaking their long ears, and discouraging the eloquent critical magic which filled them, to the great annoyance of every sensible person within hearing :

" There is a fault in our country, now less rarely met with, of condemning without measure or exception, every thing American. It is chiefly to be found among those who return

' from foreign tour,  
Grown ten times prater than before ;'

too good to be plain republicans, after having uncovered their heads to royalty, or stood within the threshold of an aristocratic ball-room ; who can talk of nothing but dinners at Very's, ices at the Café de Paris, or green oysters at the Rocher de Cancale : who have either not mind enough, or not heart enough, to love their own land above all others. These men will pass through your exhibitions, ' naso adunco,' full of scraps from foreign languages, and abusing, by misuse, the terms of Art, give you to understand that, in their opinion, nothing which you can produce, is worth looking at by one who has seen the Buckingham Gallery, the Louvre, the Vatican, or the Bourbon Collections. They will often parade upon their walls miserable dark daubs, imposed upon them by scheming picture-dealers, as works of the old masters, but cannot think for a moment of buying an American picture. *Head them not.* The true lover of Art sees some beauty even in an inferior picture, and can detect a latent power in the new and nameless pencil. He must prefer the best : but, as a critic and a patriot, he will acknowledge the good, if a countryman has produced it ; and, for Art's sake, he is sure to encourage merit, however slight it may seem at first to be."

A few sensible observations succeed, in relation to the injudicious laud which is too frequently passed upon the mediocre productions of our mediocre painters. The appetite for praise, though a generous quality, should not be extravagantly fed, unless, like that populace who smothered their patriot with the robes they heaped upon for his honor, we would destroy the artist whose promising talent we would rather foster and cherish. We cordially join our author in the hope, that the day is not far distant, when there shall be widely diffused an emulation in making collections of works by American artists, or those resident among us ; and we believe with him, that such collections, judiciously made, would supply the best history of the rise and progress of the Arts in the United States ; and would, more than any other means, stimulate artists to a generous rivalry.

" They would reflect high honor upon their possessors, as men who love Art for its own sake, and are willing to serve and encourage it. They would be gratifying in a high degree to the foreigner of taste, who comes curious to observe the working of our institutions and our habits of life. He does not cross the sea to find Van Dyke and Murillos. He can enjoy them at home ; but he wishes to

discover what the children of the West can do in following or excelling European example. The expense of such a collection could not be very great. A few thousands of dollars, less than is often lavished upon the French plate glass and lustres, damask hangings and Turkey carpets, of a pair of parlours, (more than which few of our dwellings can boast) would cover their walls with good specimens of American Art, and do far more credit to the taste and heart of the owner. Rich furniture, to say nothing of the bad taste of crowding it into such petty apartments, is little better than a selfish and rude ostentation of wealth, to excite the envy of guests; and it is not in human nature to think better of others, who insist upon showing that they are richer than we. Riches, though they gain, for obvious reasons, outward deference, when they are more riches without taste or refinement, are always secretly despised, and their possessors are, in the judgment of the world, like vile pottery upon which gold has been wasted in useless gilding. There are those who cannot look upon a mirror without seeing within it a beautiful picture, dearer to their eyes than any other upon earth; but many of us would prefer a landscape by Cole or Doughty, to any such personal reflections of ourselves; and care little whether we tread upon Brussels or ingrain, sit upon velvet or hair cloth, if we might, by the kind bounty of our entertainer, enjoy the genius of our dear native land. It has become, I am told, unfashionable to put pictures upon the walls, except it be in a gallery, which few can afford to have. If so, it is a bad habit, which should be amended; a habit which must lower us in the scale of true refinement, and greatly impede the progress of true taste."

We have not space to quote our author's undeniable arguments in favor of a liberal patronage of the Arts, on the ground alone of profit and utility. The examples he cites amply sustain his position. A consideration of the alliance between literature and the arts, so felicitously introduced by Dr. BETHUNE, and which was touched upon by our correspondent at Rome, in our last number, we are also compelled to omit. We cannot however, take our leave of this 'Address,' without a warm recommendation to the reader to possess himself of the entire performance, in which, with other relevant matters, he will find the above themes forcibly embodied.

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THE SIDEREAL HEAVENS, AND OTHER SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH ASTRONOMY. By THOMAS DICK, LL. D. In one volume. New-York; HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a work to be *read* rather than *reviewed*. A notice at all adequate to its deserts, we have ascertained, after repeated trials at condensation, would greatly exceed the space which we are accustomed to devote to the consideration of new publications. Peruse it, reader. Wonderful are its developments; sublime the mighty themes which it eloquently discusses; the stars, that, far beyond the visible planets, have from eternity looked down from their serene spaces, 'like Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man!' Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; yet Arcturus, and Orion, and Sirius, and the Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar! Truly may one exclaim, 'O LORD, how manifold are thy works!' and 'what is MAN, that thou art mindful of him!' As a shadowing forth of the views and deductions which have been derived from an attentive survey of the starry heavens, we commend the following passage, from one of the opening chapters:

"In our present habitation we are confined to a mere point in the infinity of space. Ample as our prospects are, it is not improbable that the views we have already attained bear a less proportion to the whole immensity of creation, than the limited range of a microscopic animalcule bears to the wide expanse of the ocean. What is seen by human eyes, even when assisted by the most powerful instruments, may be as nothing when compared to what is unseen, and placed for ever beyond the view of mortals. Since the heavens first began to be contemplated, our views have been carried thousands of times farther into the regions of space than the unassisted eye could enable us to penetrate; and at every stage of improvement in optical instruments, our prospects have been still farther extended, new objects and new regions of creation have appeared rising to our view, in boundless perspective, in every direction, without the least indication of a boundary to the operations of Omnipotence; leaving us no room to doubt that all we have hitherto discovered, is but a small and inconsiderable part of the length and breadth, and the height and depth of *immensity*. We may suppose, without the least degree of improbability or extravagance, that were the whole of the *visible* system of creation annihilated, though it would leave a void immeasurable and incomprehensible by mortals, it would appear to the eye of Omnipotence only as an inconsiderable blank, scarcely discernible amid the wonders of wisdom and omnipotence with which it is surrounded."

Numerous and good engravings on wood illustrate with clearness the descriptions of the author, and the volume is executed with the usual neatness of the HARPER'S press.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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'ERRONEOUS VIEWS OF DEATH.'—Some years since, we transferred to our notebook, for a few subsequent comments, the subjoined admirable passage by the gifted and lamented COLTON: 'In the whole course of our observations, there is not so abused and misrepresented a personage as DEATH. Some have styled him the King of Terrors, when he might with less impropriety have been termed the Terror of Kings. Others have decried him as an evil without end, although it was in their own power to make him an end of all evil. He has been vilified as the cause of anguish, consternation, and despair, but these, alas! are things which appertain, not unto death, but unto life. How strange a paradox is this! We love the distemper, but loathe the remedy; preferring the fiercest buffetings of the hurricane, to the tranquillity of the harbor. The poet has lent his fictions, the painter his colors, the orator his tropes, to portray Death as the Grand Destroyer, the Prince of Phantoms and of Shades. But can he be called a destroyer, who for a perishable state, gives us that which is eternal? Can he be styled the enemy, who is the best friend only of the best; who never deserts us at our utmost need; and whose friendship proves the most valuable, to those who live the longest? Can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades, who destroys that which is transient and temporary, and gives us that which alone is fixed and eternal? And what are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia, with which we surround him?—the sepulchral gloom, the mouldering carcass, and the slimy worm? These indeed are the idle terrors, not of the dead, but of the living. The dark domain of death we dread indeed to enter, but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it. But if they are rugged, they are short; it is only those which are smooth, that are wearisome and long. But perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life. Be it so. If the exchange be not for the better, it is not his fault, but our own: or he summon us late; the call is a reprieve rather than a sentence; for who would wish to sit at the board, when he can no longer partake of the banquet?—or to live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure? Tyrants can sentence their victims to death, but how much more dreadful would be their power, could they sentence them to life! Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is Death. What we call life, is a journey to death, and what we call death, is a passport to life. True Wisdom thanks Death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us then, like sentinels, be ready because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death, but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.'

These sententious and truly noble thoughts have been called to mind by the recent perusal, in an entire form, of a discourse on '*Erroneous Views of Death*,' from the pen of Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, of this city, a portion of which appeared in an early number of the Boston '*Christian Examiner*,' and has been widely copied and commended abroad. So forcibly have the reasoning and sentiments of this admirable discourse a second time impressed us, that we cannot forbear to lay before the reader three or four striking extracts. If to any one under whose eye these pages may fall, these passages shall seem not altogether new, his gratitude to us, we may believe, will not be less than theirs who

will here peruse them for the first time. After a brief consideration of the new views and feelings concerning death which were introduced by Christianity; the improper treatment which the subject often receives from the pulpit, at funerals, and at dying-bed sides, where abstruse questions of faith or of experience are not unfrequently agitated; and of the terrific attributes with which the theme is clothed, in the conceptions of the great body of mankind, Mr. Dewey observes :

'In the excess of fear, their imagination bodies it forth as an actual being. They speak of a person being 'struck with death,' as if there were some dread power that ruled over the last hour of mortal existence. Even this popular phraseology, though it may scarcely be thought to indicate any error to which reflecting minds are liable, is not unworthy of a moment's attention, in connexion with the errors that are prevailing on this subject. Death is the gradual exhaustion of our faculties, the sinking away of the powers of animal life, till they finally cease to act and to be. Now this process may be hastened or retarded; may have its progress and its different stages; one power after another may yield — the faculty of speech, of hearing, of motion; and to fix on one particular moment rather than another, and to say that *now* the deceased person is 'struck with death,' is to use language without any foundation in philosophy, or support from observation. There is no power — there may be precursors indeed, which the experienced may discern with greater or less certainty — but there is no power, that at any one moment strikes a fatal blow; that fastens a hold upon its victim, from which it may not be shaken; that sets its mark upon the diseased frame, as it were the mark of destiny; but 'where there is life there is hope,' and from any state of exhaustion the sinking faculties may rise to a briefer or a longer continuance of life. It is not, in fine, by some mysterious harbinger, that death announces its coming. All decay is but dying; all disease is a progress toward death; every beating pulse is wearing away the channels of life; every breath of the heaving bosom is preparing for the time when it shall breathe no more.' . . . 'It is thought that this final event passes with some dreadful visitation of unknown agony over the parting sufferer. It is imagined that there is some strange and mysterious reluctance in the spirit to leave the body; that it struggles long to retain its hold, and is at last torn with violence from its mortal tenement; and in fine, that this conflict between the soul and the body greatly adds to the pangs of dissolution. But it may be justly presumed, from what usually appears, that there is no particular nor acute suffering; not more than is often experienced in life; nay, rather, that there is less, because the very powers of suffering are enfeebled, the very capacities of pain are nearly exhausted. Death is to be regarded rather as a sleep than an acute sensation; as a suspension rather than a conflict of our faculties. Our Saviour once said in relation to this event, 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.' The martyr Stephen, we are told, 'fell asleep,' though he died amidst the blows and shouts of murderers. And the Scripture denominates the pious dead, 'those who sleep in Jesus.' Death is the sleep of the weary. It is repose, the body's repose, after the busy and toilsome day of life.

'We have all witnessed perhaps the progress of this change; and what was it? Let our senses and our understanding answer, and not our imagination. What was it, but gradually diminishing strength, feeble utterance, failing perception, and total insensibility? The change, as it passed before us, may have been attended with accidental circumstances of mental experience, or bodily sensation; but the change itself, death considered as an event, was only a gradual decline and extinction of the powers of life. This is all which we saw, or could know, as necessarily belonging to this crisis in the progress of our being. And yet, from this ignorance, we allow ourselves to be troubled by the phantoms of agitating conjecture. We imagine, and indeed it is common to say, that because 'no one has returned to tell us what it is to die,' there must be some mysterious and peculiar sensation, some awful physical experience, attending it. But we see nothing, we see indications of nothing, and we ought not to presume any thing, of this nature.'

Our author refutes the received opinion that death arouses the mind, in the last moments of its earthly existence, to the keenest attention, or to the most intense action of its powers. The exhausted faculties usually sink to their mortal repose as it were to nightly sleep; the convulsive struggles which are sometimes seen, being often as unconscious as those with which we sink to the slumbers of evening rest; and when delirium interposes, it is rather a blessing than an evil, where nature would be too weak, or faith too infirm, for the last trial. We commend the following to every bereaved mourner :

'We are apt to feel as if on the passage from life we parted with all that our thoughts had familiarized, and our affections cherished. But is not this an error? We take with us, so to speak, our thinking and conscious selves; and it is no vanity, but a simple truth, to say, in a very important sense, that *ourselves* is our all; for it embraces all our mental acquisitions and attachments, our joys and hopes, our attainments of piety, our treasures of knowledge, all elevated and holy contemplations that we may have indulged in, all our habits of thought and feeling that are estimable and pure, all that is precious in happiness, all that is sacred in memory, and the record of all this death will not erase, but will only impress upon it the seal of perpetuity. It has not erased these things, we may believe, from the venerated and pious minds that have gone before us. The dead; the departed, should we rather say — are connected with us by more than the ties of memory. The love that on earth yearned toward us is not dead; the kindness that gladdened us is not dead; the sympathy that bound itself with our fortunes is not dead, nor has it lost its fervor, surely, in the pit of an angel. No; if our Christian guides speak truly, it still yearns toward us, it would still gladden us. It still melts in tenderness over our sorrows. The world of spirits — we know not where it is, whether far or near; but it may as well, for all that we can understand, be near to us, as far distant; and in that fervent love which knows nothing of change or distance or distinction, it is for ever near us. Our friend, if he be the same and not another being — our friend, in what-

ever world, in whatever sphere, is still our friend. The ties of every virtuous union are, like the virtue which cements them, like the affections of angels, like the love of God which binds them to the eternal throne, immortal.'

The general conception of death, the writer contends, is vague and unreal; too much like the ancient poetic dreams of an Elysian land, and a Tartarean region; whereas it should be deemed but a necessary stage in the progress of being; a natural passage from the childhood to the maturity of our existence. We must change the form and mode of our existence, that we may exist in a higher sphere. The soul must drop its 'mortal coil,' that the now undeveloped, half-dormant powers that mysteriously sleep within it, may awake to their intellectual and immortal life. It may be as unconscious now of what it is hereafter to become, as the worm that crawls upon the earth is of rising to the air and light of heaven. The transformation may be as great, and as much more glorious, as intellect is more glorious than dark and blind instinct. In allusion to the departure of friends and kindred for another world, our author remarks:

'With a firm confidence in the perpetuity of all pious and virtuous friendships, there is much, surely, to mitigate the pain of a temporary separation. Let us remember, too, that we do submit to frequent separations in this life; that our friends wander from us over trackless waters, and to far distant continents, and that we are still happy in the assurance that they live. And though, by the same providence of God that has guarded them here, they are called to pass beyond the visible precincts of this present existence, let us feel that they still live. God's universe is not explored, when we have surveyed islands, and oceans, and the shores of earth's spreading continents. There are other regions, where the footsteps of the happy and immortal are treading the paths of life. Would we call them back to these abodes of infirmity and sin?'

We close our quotations with the following concluding passages from the pamphlet before us; and we call the attention of our readers to the extract, as one than which, in our judgment, none more eloquent and beautiful can be found in the English language:

'It seems to us strange, it seems as if all were wrong, in a world where from the very constitution of things death must close every scene of human life, where it has reigned for ages over all generations, where the very air we breathe and the dust we tread upon was once animated life—it seems to us most strange and wrong, that this most common, necessary, expedient, and certain of all events, should bring such horror and desolation with it; that it should bring such tremendous agitation, as if it were some awful and unprecedented phenomenon; that it should be more than death—a shock, a catastrophe, a convulsion; as if nature, instead of holding on its steady course, were falling into irretrievable ruin.

'And that which is strange, is our strangeness to this event. Call sickness, we repeat, call pain, an approach to death. Call the weariness and failure of the limbs and senses, call decay, a dying. It is so; it is a gradual loosening of the cords of life, and a breaking up of its reservoirs and resources. So shall they all, one and another in succession, give way. 'I feel'—will the thoughtful man say—'I feel the pang of suffering, as it were piercing and cutting asunder, one by one, the fine and invisible bonds that hold me to the earth. I feel the gushing current of life within me to be wearing away its own channels. I feel the sharpness of every keen emotion, and of every acute and far-penetrating thought, as if it were shortening the moments of the soul's connexion and conflict of the body.' So it is, and so it shall be, till at last, 'the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns unto God who gave it.'

'No; it is not a strange dispensation. Death is the fellow of all that is earthly; the friend of man alone. It is not an anomaly; it is not a monster in the creation. It is the law and the lot of nature:

'Not to thy eternal resting place

Shalt thou retire alone.

Thou shalt lie down

With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,  
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods, rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green, and poured round all  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,  
Are but the solemn decorations all,  
Of the great tomb of man.

'But of what is it the tomb? Does the spirit die? Do the blessed affections of the soul go down into the dark and silent grave? Oh, no! 'The narrow house, and pall, and breathless darkness, and funeral train,' these belong not to the soul. They proclaim only the body's dissolution. They but celebrate the vanishing away of the shadow of existence. Man does not die, though the forms of popular speech thus announce his exit. He does not die. We bury not our friend, but only the form, the vehicle in which for a time our friend lived. The cold impassive clay is not the friend, the parent, the child, the companion, the cherished being. No, it is not: blessed be God, that we can say, *It is not!* It is the material mould only that earth claims. It is 'dust' only that

descends to dust.' The grave! let us break its awful spell, its dread dominion. It is the place where man lays down his weakness, his infirmity, his diseases and sorrows, that he may rise up to a new and glorious life. It is the place where man ceases — in all that is frail and decaying — ceases to be man, that he may become, in glory and blessedness, an angel of light!

'Why, then, should we fear death, save as the wicked fear, and must fear it? Why dread to lay down this frail body in its resting-place, and this weary, aching head on the pillow of its repose? Why tremble at this — that in the long sleep of the tomb, that body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want nor the groans of distress — and, far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass lightly over it, and the elements shall beat and the storms shall howl unheard around its lowly bed? Say, ye aged and infirm! is it the greatest of evils to die? Say, ye children of care and toil! say, ye afflicted and tempted! is it the greatest of evils to die?

'Oh, no! Come the last hour, in God's own time! — and a good life and a glorious hope shall make it welcome. Come the hour of release! — and affliction shall make it welcome. Come the hour of reunion with the loved and lost on earth! — and the passionate yearnings of affection, and the strong aspirations of faith, shall bear us to their blessed land. Come death to this body! — this burdened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body! — and to the soul — thanks be to God who giveth us the victory! — to the soul come freedom, light, and joy unceasing! Come the immortal life! 'He that liveth' — saith the Conqueror over death — 'he that liveth and believeth in me, shall NEVER DIE!'

How do the akeptic doubts, and the thoughts of annihilation, which at times mingle with our apprehensions of death, melt away before such sublime views of mortality as these! Shall MAN alone utterly cease to be, while in the 'great circle of eternal change, which is the life of Nature,' nothing is that wholly dies! 'The drop,' says that thoughtful observer, CARLYLE, 'which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest it swept away. Already, on the wings of the north wind, it is nearing the tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught that God hath made, that is motionless, without force, and utterly dead?' . . . We have trespassed largely, though unwittingly, upon our space; but let us hope, in a less degree upon the reader's patience.

'OTSEGO HALL' AND 'WOLFERT'S ROOST'. — MR. L. P. CLOVER, Broadway, has published two large and beautiful colored engravings of 'Otsego Hall,' the residence of J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., and 'Wolfert's Roost,' the seat of WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq. The first presents a view of an imposing edifice, with high and spacious windows, heavy ornamental cornices and battlements, and low towers at the entrances. The verdant foreground has an appearance of velvet softness, characteristic of English rolled grass, and is relieved by two Indian figures, in costume, and slight shrubbery. Close in the rear, is a handsome park, where

— 'flowers and trees  
Seem bending to the whispering breeze.'

The view of 'Wolfert's Roost' is from a painting by Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, the distinguished landscape and miniature painter, who designed and superintended its renovation from the old VAN TASSEL mansion. The picture of the 'Roost' itself, 'all made up of gable-ends, like an old-fashioned cooked hat,' is *perfect*: the various ornamental trees, shrubbery, and flowers, however, which now surround it, are scantily represented in the engraving. The wide reach of the Tappaan Zee, also, and the bold, picturesque character of the opposite shore, strike us as not given with sufficient distinctness. Yet it is a beautiful and mainly faithful print. With the remembered lapse of gentle wavelets on the pebbly beach, at the edge of the river fore-ground, and the murmur of the cascades of the Pocantico falling in fancy on the ear:

'A noise as of a hidden brook,  
In the leafy month of June,  
Which to the silent woods all night  
Singeth its quiet tune.'

the illusion, as we look upon Mr. CLOVER's excellent engraving, is wonderfully complete.

## THE FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — The walls of the Academy, in the present exhibition, although hung with many works by native artists, present in reality but few that are above mediocrity. Those which strike us as possessing very decided merit, we shall aim to notice at as much length as our leisure and space will admit. Following them, then, in the order in which they are arranged in the Catalogue, the first work that impressed us as exhibiting more than ordinary merit, in that class of paintings, is

NUMBER 49. View in the White Mountains. By T. COLE. This is truly an American picture. The boldness of the scenery itself, the autumnal tints which are spread over the forest, and the wild appearance of the heavens, give it a character and stamp that we never see in the works of foreign schools; and we pronounce the artist a master, without a rival among his own countrymen.

NUMBER 52. Portrait of NICHOLAS BIDDLE. H. INMAN. Certainly one of the best and most carefully-finished heads Mr. INMAN has painted: there is, withal, a character in it, which we too rarely observe among our portrait painters. If we have any objection, it is to its monotony in color, which is perhaps too generally of a snuffy appearance, in flesh, drapery, and back-ground.

NUMBER 58. The Whistle. W. PAGE. Exhibits remarkable beauties and as remarkable faults. The male figure leaning forward, would do credit to any master: the female and child, although carefully painted, lack grace, delicacy, and refinement. The general tone does not please us. It is too foggy and artificial for nature. Mr. PAGE, we observe, is prone to indulge his fancy in experiments. In this he mistakes. He is a man of genius, unquestionably; but in his anxious pursuit of novelty, violates too often the grand rules of the art. '*Verbum sat sapienti.*'

NUMBER 63. Portrait. J. FROTHINGHAM. Capital, so far as the head is concerned, and strongly reminding us of G. STUART's best works.

NUMBER 67. Landscape. V. G. AUDUBON. The distance, and part of the middle ground, in this picture, are deserving of all praise. The fore-ground wants force, and the figures are not in perspective.

NUMBER 71. Portrait of a Gentleman. W. H. POWELL. The portraits by this gentleman are pleasing at the first glance, but will not bear close scrutiny. His style is showy but superficial; a dangerous fault in a young artist. We fear the injudicious advice of his friends has caused him to pay too little attention to the detail of his pictures. We can assure him that closer attention to this particular, will greatly enhance the value of his efforts, and give him a standing in the profession that he can never otherwise attain.

NUMBER 93. Architect's Dream. T. COLE. Mr. COLE has shown great knowledge of architecture in this work, and has preserved the perspective, both aerial and architectural, with more than ordinary success. It is a beautiful picture; but the subject is not over felicitous.

NUMBER 103. Landscape. A. RICHARDSON. With the exception of occasional mannerism, this artist paints a clever picture. He composes with taste and judgment, and his drawing is correct and natural. We prefer, however, a more liquid flow of the pencil; and in the foliage, should be pleased to see more of the green, and less of the brown tint.

NUMBER 114. Indian Girl. J. E. FREEMAN. Carefully drawn, and pleasing in expression and arrangement of color, but almost ruined by a *plastering* style of execution, particularly in the flesh, which has no truth in nature, and is most clearly in violation of good taste.

NUMBERS 126 AND 133. Two very fine landscapes, by Mr. DURAND. In composition, tone, and correctness of drawing, they are works which do the artist great credit. A little more force in the fore-grounds, and less of the red tints in his earth, would much improve both pictures. Mr. DURAND recently sailed for Europe, and we are satisfied, from the enthusiasm he has manifested in the study of his art, that no one will avail himself more closely of the privileges there offered, or return more richly laden with the fruits of travel. He has surprised every one, year after year, by his steadily progressive improvement; and should his life be spared, we may predict that Mr. COLE will sooner encounter him as a rival than any other artist now among us.

NUMBER 132. Portrait of a Lady. C. C. INGRAM. Remarkable for grace, sweetness of expression, and careful finish.

NUMBER 140. E. MOONEY. Painted with great care, and showing steady improvement over his former works.

NUMBER 141. By C. VER BREYCK. A clever composition, in a pleasing tone, and only wanting in careful finish.

NUMBERS 160, 161, AND 162. F. CAUTEHANK. Water-color drawings, of great merit, and well



worthy the attention of our artists, particularly in the easy attitudes of the sitters, and the artist-like finish of the heads.

NUMBER 177. *La Pieté*. By GIOVANNI THOMPSON. Boldly designed and well colored. The expression of the mouth is exquisite.

NUMBER 179. *Duenna*. J. P. ROSSITER. Shows a good eye for color, and considerable talent in composition, but lacks in grace and expression.

NUMBERS 183, 188, AND 242. Small cabinet pictures by W. S. MOUNT. Mr. Mount has not put forth his strength this year. The great beauty of his pictures lies in the admirable manner of his telling a story. In color, or composition, he makes little pretensions, merely employing both as necessary auxiliaries to carry out his ideas; but in happy conception of character, he has no equal. Neither of the pictures under consideration, however, possesses in itself sufficient scope for the exercise of his peculiar talent; consequently neither attracts so much attention as his works of former years. We presume he does not desire to keep us always admiring. Yet we should not be surprised, if he should burst upon us next year with something peculiarly attractive.

NUMBER 185. *Capuchin Friars*. W. HAVILL. A strange work, possessing some good qualities, and many bad ones. As a whole we dislike it.

NUMBER 190. *Parental Instruction*. W. CREIGHTON. Said to have been painted in Dublin, and certainly a picture of great merit. The story is told with great truth, and it is generally well drawn and colored. Still, it is totally devoid of transparency, and shows some glaring faults in its perspective. We have been half persuaded that it is a copy by a pupil, touched up by a master.

NUMBER 195. *Portrait of the late W. DUNLAP*. By C. C. INGRAM. An excellent head, exhibiting the greatest care and fidelity in the drawing, expression, and color, that we remember ever to have noticed in a portrait by any American artist.

NUMBER 199. *Fourth of July*. C. DEAS. Mr. DEAS is a young artist, of great promise. He evinces an observant eye for the characteristic traits of our countrymen; but his talent requires to be disciplined by study. He paints too many pictures. They all look to be only half executed. One carefully-finished painting would do more to raise his reputation, than the six hastily and imperfectly-executed sketches, contained in the Catalogue. We hope he will receive these observations in the right spirit. We admire his genius, and only fear lest he may fall into bad habits, which he may find it difficult hereafter to overcome, and which have too often proved the grave of early genius and bright promise. Heed the advice of our late venerable friend PARR, and 'learn to paint the whole apple, and not merely the half of one.' In other words, Mr. DEAS's objects want roundity.

NUMBERS 204 AND 210. *Landscapes*. By W. M. ODDIE. Carefully finished cabinet pictures. Our artist should not suffer his pencil to lie so idle. We see but few of his efforts lately. He paints too well to abandon the art.

NUMBER 205. *Landscape*. C. LANMAN. The work of another amateur, showing talent and a fine feeling for the beauties of nature.

NUMBERS 217 AND 222. *Landscapes*. By D. HUNTINGTON. Both good, but the second very good.

NUMBER 219. *Greeks celebrating the arrival of King Otho, etc.* I. PETZL. This is certainly a singular picture. It has greater merit than one would suppose, from a casual inspection. Examine it minutely, and it will be found to contain much of excellent drawing. It is highly and elaborately finished, but requires those masses of light and shade, so necessary to give a work of this character relief or effect. It indicates talent, but not genius.

NUMBER 220. *Portrait of Gen. HAMILTON*. J. FROTHINGHAM. Another capital picture by this artist. Bold and masterly, in every respect, and worthy of all praise.

NUMBERS 230 AND 234. F. W. EDMONDS. We commend these pictures to the attentive study of young artists. They are *finished* pictures; finished in 'the scope and in the detail.' The whole story is told. No part is omitted, or slurred over. And it is here that so many of our artists fail. They become impatient, and spurn those severe requirements of detail, and finish, without proper attention to which, no painter can become great. The drawing, coloring, arrangement, etc., of these pictures are in excellent keeping. The management of light and shadow, in Number 234, is masterly. Mr. EDMONDS, we have remarked, has been frequently compared to WILKIE. If by this be meant that he *copies* Wilkie's pictures, it is certainly no compliment, and very far from the truth. He can be compared to Wilkie in no other particular, (except perhaps in choosing his subjects from the same class of society that Wilkie chooses his,) than in his attention to design, composition, and light and shade. In these respects, he may be said to resemble Wilkie, and it is in these respects that Wilkie resembles the old masters. The great Scottish artist is one of the few who have carried all the principles of the *grand style* into the commonest subjects; and herein lies

the eminent merit of his works. Mr. EDMONDS' paintings exhibit the same attention to the correct rules of taste; and we certainly hope he will not be induced, by such comparisons, to depart from them. A departure may please for a while, by reason of its novelty: but sooner or later will be discarded, as fictitious and false. The artist who paints for reputation, must seek a surer foundation for its basis than *novelty*.

NUMBER 270. The Phrenologist. L. P. CLOVER. A very carefully-finished picture, and showing very great improvement over works of former years. The figures, although good, we do not think quite equal to the back-ground, and other objects. The latter are naturally and capitally painted.

NUMBER 254. A Scene in the Campagna of Rome. F. W. PHILIP. Very clever, but not equal to another by the same artist, previously noticed.

NUMBER 259. The Appointment. S. A. MOUNT. Clear, and well-colored.

NUMBER 247. An excellent sketch from life, by RENTON, an English artist.

NUMBER 288. Portrait. C. R. LESLIE. Let our artists study this, for truth without effect, and expression without affectation.

This is the Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy, and will be the last at their old rooms in Clinton Hall; the Academy having made arrangements with the proprietors of the Athenæum building, lately erected in Broadway, for rooms, where they can display their school of models, designs, casts, paintings, etc., to much better advantage. We congratulate the friends of the Fine Arts on the flourishing condition of this institution. It has struggled on through the difficulties and embarrassments necessarily attendant on its first formation, until it has at last attained a character, and stability in means and resources, not likely to be shaken, and a reputation which we trust will 'increase with its years, and multiply with its growth.'

#### THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. FANNY ELLSLER: *Fytus the First*.—Have you not, O most gentle reader! in your search after the picturesque, through shady dell, or by the moss-covered bank of rippling brook, beheld a butterfly alight upon a rose-bed? Seated, perchance, beneath the far-spreading shade of venerable oak, you have watched the rainbow-gilded wings of the flutterer, as they fanned the air in its tiny circuit; anon its feet, delicate and slim as petals of the water-lily, unfolded themselves to the flower, with a touch too light to disturb even the dews upon its surface. Perchance at dewy morn, arising fresh and with the sun, with head clear, and *imperturbatus* by last night's punch, you have sallied out into green lane, and been startled into an excess of bounding delight, by the spirit-stirring tones of the lark, as up-rising from green meadow, the warbler mounted higher and yet higher; with tone growing more and more delicious and divine, as his form shot up into the clear dark blue of heaven; until, in a gush of ecstatic joy, the sound ceased, as if the bird had been caught up and smothered in the embrace of angels! Hast ever seen in our own green-wood, the red deer, unharmed by terror, playfully skipping through shade and sunlight, his feet scorning even the verdant turf, as if, like that heaven-seeking spirit, made immortal in the page of SHAKESPEARE, he too had a soul which in aspiration lifted him from earth; now still, with eye far-glancing, scanning wide or plain or avenue, then bounding away with a toss of antlers, speaking, like the note of nightingale, of the careless, ripe joy of a free spirit? Seeing these heart-stirring pictures, drawn by the pencil of Nature (long ere DAGUERRE, that immortal, was born,) thou hast seen the colorings, as through a kaleidoscope the tints of a rainbow, of one of the three *Grætiæ*, whom we mortals call FANNY ELLSLER!

Thou hast often looked upon scene of wood and glen, of town and country, palace and cottage; snugly ensconced, the while, in pit or box; and in thine unsophisticated judgment pronounced the same to be natural and beautiful exceedingly. At some after day, thou hast, by officious friend, hand-and-glove with either call-boy or manager, or the grades which exist between, been led behind the scenes! Here, although behind, thou hast been favored with a view of these water-color sketches in front; and thy previous judgment has been put to confusion, by the rough outline of those once-loved views, which distance and thine own fancy made beautiful.

Gentle reader, prithee understand and appreciate our meaning, when we affirm, that in these two distinct situations, the *ante* and the *post*, in regard to the scene upon the stage, lies the difference between the lark, the deer, the butterfly, and the graceful movements of our Goddess of the Dance, the divine FANNY. Nature is a mysterious teacher, a wonderful mistress; a beautiful fashioner of the simple, as well as of the sublime; but it is when wedded with Art, that she displays the wonders of her genius. Nature forms the marble, but Art chisels the statue. *O Ae, jam satis est!* c.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—'Yah! yah! yah! Look o' hea, Sam Johnson, what you doin' thar?' ejaculated a happy-voiced boy, as he rushed past us, in a late twilight walk, and disappeared at the pit-door of the 'American Theatre.' That laugh, said we, internally, must have been learned, recently, of the veritable 'BONE SQUASH;' and at that moment the cognomen of RICK, in huge capitals, stared at us from the play-bills—the first intimation we had received of his arrival from Europe. Entering the theatre, we found it crammed, from pit to dome, and the best representative of our American negro that we ever saw, was stretching every mouth in the house to its utmost tension. Such a natural gait!—such a laugh!—and such a twitching-up of the arm and shoulder! It was THE negro, par excellence. Long live JAMES CROW, Esquire!

**MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—This neat little establishment has been thoroughly renovated for the summer campaign, and has opened to a succession of crowded and delighted audiences. Mr. RANGER has been performing a short engagement at this house, and with a success the most complete. The '*Romantic Widow*' was received with marked favor; but his chief triumph was in his performance of 'Clermont,' in his touching and beautiful play of '*The Artist's Wife*.' The abundant tears and sobs of the audience, and the enthusiastic and prolonged applause which greeted the gifted actor-author, on every representation of this piece, have more than confirmed our encomium and prediction, in the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER. We propose, when space and leisure shall serve, to attempt an analysis of Mr. RANGER's style, and to institute a comparison between his chaste, simple manner, and the affected, ranting school, so much in vogue, hitherto, in this country.

**CATHERWOOD'S PANORAMA.**—The 'Eternal City' is at the Rotunda, corner of Prince-street and Broadway; there inasmuch, at least, that one who visits the Panorama, fraught with classic recollections, and familiar with the thousand descriptions of modern times, may, without the expense, *passus marinus*, or other *désagrémens* of travel, gain a better idea of the 'lone mother of dead empires,' than many a one among us possesses, whose money—not taste, nor a love of intellectual enjoyment—led him to the City of the Cæsars. The illusion is indeed marvellous. Ruins, grim with time; Saint Peters, the Colosseum, the Pantheon; the Castle of Saint Angelo, the Tiber, Soracte, 'like a long-swept wave from out the surge;' and an hundred other objects, equally famous, are before the beholder, in very life; with the accessories of memorable statues, and marble figures volant, couchant, and rampant, down to the gaping Tritons that spew to wash the traveller's face. How from that sublime theatre, as surveyed from the Capitoline Hill, have the world's thunderers gone down, with all the tumult they made, while new generations, rolling and trampling over them, have followed on, even until now! As we gazed upon the faint smoke, rising from Roman dwellings, amid the ruins of dateless centuries, a remark of the imaginative TEUFELSDRÖCKH rose to mind: 'There in that old city was a live ember of culinary fire put down, two thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou seest the smoke thereof.' . . . But our readers must examine this superb work of art for themselves; having done which, they should by no means fail to change the scene to the 'Bay of Islands,' in the Pacific, a picture of scarcely less attraction, as a work of art, than the view of Rome itself.

'*Love's Progress*,' a little volume from the HARRIS press, and the pen of Mrs. GILMAN, of South-Carolina, author of '*Recollections of a New-England House-Keeper*,' etc., is one of those agreeable take-downable books, from off a family-library shelf, or take-upable production, on board a steam-bont, for an hour or two of pleasant entertainment. In sketches of life and manners, and correct outlines of various character, Mrs. GILMAN is an adept: and this fascinating species of composition involves often, with our author, a finely-tempered and pungent satire, which is not the less effective, that it is subdued, or apparently concealed. Humor and pathos alternate, amidst entertaining incident; while a valuable moral, domestic, or more enlarged, is never lost sight of. We cordially welcome this unpretending volume, and commend it with confidence to general perusal.

## LITERARY RECORD.

COUNTRY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—We are indebted, we may presume to the author, for a volume of some two hundred pages, published by order of the Senate of the United States, entitled 'A Memoir, Historical and Political, of the Northwest Coast of North America, and the Adjacent Territories; illustrated by a Map, and a Geographical View of those Countries. By ROBERT GREENHOW, Translator and Librarian to the Department of State.' We alluded recently, in a notice of the 'North-American Review,' to the indifference of the United States touching our Northwest possessions; and we would take this occasion to commend all those who seek information in relation to this important subject, to a perusal of the clear and well-written memoir before us. It relates principally to the southern and middle portions of the northwest coast of this continent, and the adjoining territories, which have for many years formed the subjects of discussions between the governments of the United States, Great Britain, and Russia; and is designed to show the origin, nature, and extent of the several claims, in order to afford the means of correctly estimating the justice of each. In prosecuting these objects, it was found necessary to trace the whole progress of discovery and settlement, not only in the territories above mentioned, but also in those farther north, in which the exclusive right of the Russians to form establishments has been recognised by the other powers, and in the region called California, on the south, which constitutes a part of the Mexican republic. Expeditions for the purposes of discovery, trade, or settlement, and disputes between the governments or the people of distant civilized nations, have afforded, as yet, the only materials for the history of this section of America; and those materials have remained scattered through the annals of other countries, the journals of voyages and travels, and official or private reports and letters, the correctness of which could not be ascertained without great labor and research. Accounts of all these expeditions and discussions are here presented, arranged in the form of a regular narrative, so as to embrace a complete history of the western portion of our continent—if it be allowable to speak of the history of a country which still remains almost entirely in a state of nature. The work is, however, not strictly a history; nor is it merely an argument in support of the title of the United States to the possession of the territories in dispute. The writer has given a clear and distinct view of the pretensions of each of the claimant powers, and of the circumstances on which they are based. In illustration of the memoir, a geographical account of the western section of North America has been prefixed to it, together with a map of those countries, drawn from the best authorities which could be procured. The geographical account is necessarily compressed; the map, however, is much fuller than any other of that part of the world which has yet been published.

SCENES IN NATURE: 'SOCIAL EVENINGS.'—The enterprising house of MARSH, CAPEN, LYON, AND WEBB, of Boston, are laying the juvenile community under great obligations to them, for the many excellent works for youth which are from time to time proceeding from their prolific press. 'Scenes in Nature, or Conversations for Children on Land and Water,' and 'Social Evenings, or Historical Tales for Youth,' now before us, well deserve the praise which they have elicited from the public press. The first, in an attractive conversational style, gives an account of the most remarkable objects in nature, accompanied with good engravings on wood. We remark that the sketch of Niagara Falls is illustrated by the description of the Rev. Mr. BASCOM, written a few months since for the KNICKERBOCKER. The author pronounces it one of the best pictures of the Great Cataract he has ever encountered. The 'Historical Tales' are from the pen of our correspondent, Miss M. E. LEE. They are very agreeably written, and their subjects selected with judgment and good taste. In short, in execution and tendency, the volume is unexceptionably excellent.

'NEW-YORK MIRROR.' — A new volume of this neat and well-known journal is about commencing; and the veteran proprietor, GEORGE P. MORRIS, Esq., promises to enhance those claims upon the public favor, which he has grown gray in perpetuating. We perceive that our respected neighbor has a set of soulless persons upon his books, of whom he speaks in terms of fervent indignation:

'In some cases, the money has been forwarded in letters with the postage unpaid; in others, the bills enclosed have been at a heavy discount; and in others again — and this is a large amount — the bills are still due. The consequence of these things is almost ruin to us; they have paralyzed our exertions, destroyed our tranquillity; and the perplexities that have arisen, have sometimes nearly broken our heart. Surely the laborer is worthy of his hire; and no one with correct ideas of honor or honesty, would withhold such a sum, so justly due, nor endeavor to make it less, by taxing us with postage or discount.'

The 'blanket-sheets,' those huge *omnium-gatherums*, it has been publicly 'feared,' would impinge upon the circulation of our worthy contemporary; but the public, it should seem, have willed it otherwise; the old literary favorites, the 'Albion' and the 'Mirror,' not only maintaining their ground, but, as we learn, increasing in general diffusion.

HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY. — We welcome the last number of HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY, as a most useful addition to the vast stores of various knowledge contained in that cheap yet invaluable series. It is entitled an 'Outline History of the Fine Arts,' and embraces a view of the rise, progress, and influence of the Arts among different nations, ancient and modern, with notices of the character and works of many celebrated artists. The subject matter is treated in five divisions, namely: Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Engraving, and Miscellany; and is illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. The aim of the writer, which he has successfully carried out, was to compress within a small compass, and present in a perspicuous manner, and a cheap form, a mass of information respecting the history of the progress and influence of the Fine Arts, which has hitherto in this country been widely scattered in detached fragments, and thus rendered unattainable to the great majority of readers, and especially youth.

'SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOANNA OF NAPLES.' — Another well-printed volume from the press of MESSRS. MARSH, CAPEN, LYON, AND WEBB, Boston, written by an old correspondent of this Magazine, MRS. E. F. ELLET, now of South-Carolina. The sketches, thirteen in number, are intended to illustrate, by a coloring of the manners of the age, some of the most striking events in the reign of QUEEN JOANNA; facts, which are indeed stranger than fiction. 'The resemblance,' says the writer, 'between the life and catastrophe of the Queen of Naples, and MARY STUART, of Scotland, has been frequently remarked, and enhances the interest of her story to English and American feeling, while it must stimulate curiosity, to trace the causes that produced events so similar. MRS. ELLET may be assured that she does not flatter herself vainly, in the modest belief, that to youthful readers, who shrink from the task of exploring a work of history, or of unmixed biography, her pleasant volume may prove both agreeable and useful.'

THE LATE REV. DR. KIRKLAND. — Our thanks are due to the accomplished author for a copy of one of the most beautifully-executed pamphlets we have ever seen from the American press, devoted to 'A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND, D. D., LL. D., formerly pastor of the church on Church-Green, Boston, and late President of Harvard University,' delivered in the church on Church-Green, in May last. We shall aim to embrace another occasion to lay before the reader some of the interesting and valuable lessons inculcated in this sketch of the life and character of a ripe scholar and a good man; but must content ourselves for the present with warmly commending the 'Discourse' to the heedful attention of our readers.

**AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY.** — We have before us the late numbers of this work — a publication conducted by **ASSALOM PETERS, D. D.**, and devoted to biblical and general literature, theological discussion, the history of theological opinions, etc., — and are agreeably surprised to find in them many articles in which we had been greatly interested, in a transplanted form, without being aware of their original source. The paper upon 'American Literature,' by **REV. LEONARD BACON**, from which we quoted an admirable passage in our April number, is from the 'Repository,' as well as the articles upon 'Modern Elequence,' and the 'Comparative Moral Purity of Ancient and Modern Literature,' which have been much quoted. We cannot doubt that the 'Repository' is well sustained. It were a reflection else upon the intelligence and taste of the religious and reading public. **NEW-YORK: WILLIAM R. PETERS, No 89, Nassau-street.**

THE 'AMERICAN REPERTORY,' heretofore noticed, sustains the promise of its opening numbers. It should be in the hands of every scientific man, and every mechanic. Among its selections we remark the following: 'Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face toward the zenith, may float at ease, and in perfect safety, in tolerably still water; ay, and sleep there, no matter how long. If not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty-pitcher; let your mouth and nose, not the top part of your heavy head, be the highest part of you, and you are safe; but thrust up one of your bony hands, and down you go: turning up the handle, tips over the pitcher.'

'**CABIRO.**' — **MR. GEORGE H. CALVERT**, Baltimore, favorably known to the literary public by his translation of **SCHILLER'S** 'Don Carlos,' has recently given to the world two cantos of a gossiping, colloquial, half-satirical poem, after the world-renowned model of **BYRON**, which he has entitled 'Cabiro.' Although we cannot greatly admire this or kindred imitations of the Great Bard, wherein that which was easy and graceful in his plastic hand, is stiff and forced in that of his followers, as if all that were sought for was an odd rhyme to match the end of a line, thought too often to be dashing when it is only stiltish and unnatural — yet we must concede to **MR. CALVERT** an abundance of pleasing poetical images, and not unfrequent exhibitions of excellence in poetical execution, which promise well for his reputation. We shall look with some interest for the succeeding cantos.

**TRANSCENDENTALISM OF THE GERMANS.** — **MR. JOHN OWEN**, of Cambridge, (Mass.) has republished, in a neat pamphlet, two articles from the Princeton Review, concerning the Transcendental Philosophy of the Germans and of **COUSIN**, and its influence of opinion in this country. These articles, as is justly claimed, are distinguished alike for their ability and their Christian spirit. They give a correct and strong impression of the character of those speculations to which they relate, and afford much information within a small compass. By fairly exhibiting the extravagancies that have of late had their origin in Germany, they are adapted to rouse from their delusion such as have been beguiled by what they do not understand.

'**RECORDS OF ELD.**' — We are indebted to the publishers, **MESSRS. JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY**, Boston, for two Discourses, delivered in September last, on occasion of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Gathering of the Congregational church, Quincy, Mass., with an Appendix. By **WILLIAM P. LUNT.** We are glad to perceive that other portions of our country are beginning to emulate the laudable example of the New-England states, in the preservation of historical records, such as those before us; which are full of interest, and which form a valuable addition to the state and town records of Massachusetts. The 'Discourses' are beautifully printed, and illustrated by one or two neat engravings on wood.

**NEW WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW.'**—MESSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have in press a novel, in two volumes, by the popular author of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' F. W. THOMAS, Esq., of Cincinnati, of which we have heard exalted reports, from the most capable judges. Capt. MARRYAT, among others, who perused the author's *ms.* while in this country, has pronounced a high eulogium upon the plan and execution of the work. Mr. THOMAS has also prepared for the press an extended poem, which he has christened 'The Adventures of a Poet.' We have perused it entire, and can promise our readers a treat of no ordinary description, when it shall be given to the public, in the course of the ensuing autumn. Mr. THOMAS, with but little of the exuberant pretension of certain of his would-be eminent brother romancers, has yet talent and genius sufficient to win fairly, and maintain honestly, a reputation destined to last — without the aid of clap-trap titles, self-puffery, deception, or ludicrously exaggerated accounts of profits and sales — at least five years, without becoming stale with the public, cheapened in the market, and falling into rapid decadence.

'THE PROUD LADY, AND OTHER POEMS,' is the title of a small volume from the press of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, and the pen of Mr. SPENCER WALLACE COLE. It was our intention to have illustrated a few brief remarks upon the book, with two or three extracts, which pleased us exceedingly; but our space limits us to the mere remark, that with agood deal that is not greatly beyond the level of admissible verse, there are mingled in this little collection many poetical gems, which will survive, and with honor, four-fifths of the rhymes that are dignified, in this age of puffery and pretension, with the name of poetry.

'THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,' issued monthly at Philadelphia, as we gather from the 'Brother Jonathan,' is offered for sale; 'the proprietor being about to engage in a more profitable business.' Mr. E. A. POW, a spirited writer, and hitherto the principal editor of the miscellany in question, announces his retirement from its supervision. He has issued proposals for a new monthly magazine, 'to be executed in the neatest style, after the manner of the KNICKERBOCKER,' to which he promises to bring great additions to the literary aid he has hitherto diverted into a different channel.

**DAGUERRETYPE VIEWS.**—Mr. GOURAUD, now at Boston, has succeeded in effecting some very important improvements in the Daguerreotype apparatus, by which the whole is greatly simplified, and supplied at a far cheaper rate than heretofore. His Daguerreotype miniatures are now taken in perfection, without inconvenience to the sitter. Mr. GOURAUD, in addition to a large collection of beautiful Parisian views, recently received from Mr. DAGUERRE, at that capital, has himself obtained several very perfect representations of the 'Old Cradle of Liberty,' at Boston, and of Bunker's-Hill. It was to the enterprise of Mr. GOURAUD that our citizens were first indebted for specimens of this extraordinary invention; and we trust he will be substantially remembered by the public.

**FINE PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY.**—Mr. L. P. CLOVER, Broadway, has just published a large and finished portrait of HENRY CLAY, in mezzo-tint by SARTAIN, from the well known painting of LINNEN. It is one of the best likenesses, and altogether the best picture, of this distinguished American statesman, that we have ever seen.

**SALT-WATER BATHING.**—Let every man, who would know the luxury of HEALTH; firmly-braced nerves, hearty appetite, and a clear head; visit our friend Dr. RABINEAU'S 'Salt Water Floating Baths,' moored at Castle-Garden. Their delicious coolness and medicinal effects cannot be overrated.

*More Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.*—A greater number of 'Original Papers' will be found in the present issue, than was ever before encountered in any one number of the *Kidderbocker*. They have been 'selected expressly for the season;' and it is hoped will not prove burdensome in the perusal, during the fervid summer-heat. For the immediate future, we may confidently say, in the prophetic language of the almanac-makers, (and not under the head of *far-off Apogee*,) 'Expect pleasant reading about these days!' Having had glimpses into certain 'sketch-books' and port-folios of four or five of our most distinguished and popular contributors, we speak but of the things which we do know. . . . We know not when we have been more vexed, than at the unaccountable loss of an admirable reminiscence poem, on the demolition of Trinity Church, from the lively, sparkling pen of Mr. Field, one of the editors of that pleasant little journal, the '*New-Orleans Picayune*;' and the author, beside many agreeable prose articles, of those free-and-easy and widely popular rhymes, bearing the signature of 'Straw.' Mr. Field is now abroad; and should this paragraph meet his eye, in London or Paris, we shall feel greatly-obliged to him, if he will transmit us another copy of the article in question. . . . We are indebted to a friend in Philadelphia for some timely reflections upon a recent occurrence in that city, which has created a wide and general interest. We reserve, for obvious benevolent reasons, the closing comments of the writer, for future consideration; contenting ourselves for the present, with the felicitous opening: 'As I was the day before yesterday looking down upon our beautiful city, from the steeples of the State-House in Chestnut-street, probably one of the finest bird's-eye metropolitan views in our country, I remember longing for the power, but for a single moment, of Aeneas, to penetrate the roofs of the coitheeze dwellings spread out on every hand; to feel the beatings, as it were, of the vast pulse of humanity that was throbbing around me. As I descended, the heavy bell of the town-clock pealed forth the hour; and my mind, still clinging to the thoughts which had occupied it, began to ponder upon the probable events which had taken place within the hour, among my acquaintances and friends, upon whom, 'alike unknowing and unknown,' I had been looking down. One day has sufficed to develop three occurrences, within that brief period, which I can never forget. In the broad walk, in the square below, my excellent friend Col. — was promenadeing slowly, enjoying the day with a zest known only to sympathetic hearts like his, when suddenly, as by a flash of lightning, his right arm dropped pained by his side, and one of his lower limbs refused its wonted office. At that moment was affixed the seal to his 'bond of Fate;' thenceforth to 'drag a maimed life' to the grave!

'Sixteen years a maiden,  
One year a wife;  
One hour a mother,  
And so she lost her life'

'And this is the touching history of poor Mary H——, whose spirit was passing to heaven, even as that clock was giving out the hour. We were at school together at W——. Both were young, and she was beautiful, and had a loving heart. But I will not speak of that. She was another's. God has received her sinless soul! And at that very hour, E——, whom I *thought* I knew well, whose heart, but a little while before, was beating high with hope, and joy at his near approaching union with a lovely and virtuous girl, whose affections were centered in him; E——, his anticipations blasted, his physical frame racked with the agony that gnawed at his heart, was entering a gloomy prison, with no prospect before him save another still more revolting, with all its nameless accessories of pain! And this was E——, that was so seeming generous — of manners so bland, of features so ingenuous and so pleasing! 'Alas! what is this book of the countenance good for, which, when we have read so long, and thought we understood its contents, there comes a countless list of heart-breaking errata at the end!' . . . 'J.G.' solicits a correspondence with this Magazine, under the belief that he has discovered the true nature of the electric fluid, or electricity, and the cause of magnetic polarity. He proposes to furnish us with papers on Electricity and Magnetism; on the rise and decay of different tribes and races of men and vegetables; and on the changes that have taken place, and are still operating, on the surface of the earth. Under this last head, he believes he can satisfactorily account for the fossil remains, petrifications, trees, and other substances, that are found imbedded in the earth. The 'Polarity of the Magnet' he considers of great importance; since, if his conclusions shall be confirmed by the experiments of philosophers, it will tend to elucidate many of the operations of nature that are at present involved in mystery. He makes no pretensions as an experimental philosopher, but avers that the conclusions to which he has arrived are mere deductions of his own, produced by careful reading and reflection. A sample of his matter and style is essential to a proper judgment in the premises. . . . 'M. T. Z.,' of Norwich, Conn., has our thanks. But for two or three blemishes, one of his 'Sketches' would have appeared in the present issue. The gentleman to whose care he desired his MSS. committed for revision, is absent from town; and previous to placing it in his hands, we shall venture to segregate an anecdote of 'Guzzling Pete,' a half-witted country wight, and the town's jest, who came home one rainy Saturday night, so 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' that he went to bed with his hat and boots on, and his old cotton umbrellas under his arm. He got up about two o'clock the next afternoon, drunk with last night, and took his way to the meeting-house. Rev. Dr. E—— was at his '17thly,' in the second of six divisions of a very comprehensive body of Hopkissian divinity, when 'Guzzling Pete' entered the church, with an egg in each hand. He saw, as through a glass darkly, and with evident commiseration, a man in black, very red in the face, for the day was oppressively warm, who seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence, while a considerable number of those underneath him were fast asleep; among them Deacon C——, with his shily-bald head leaning against the wall. Pete, unobserved by the minister, balanced his egg, and with tolerable aim, plastered its contents directly above the Deacon's pate! Hearing the concussion, the worthy divine paused in his discourse, and looked daggers at the mandila visitor. 'Never mind, uncle,' exclaimed the rater: 'Just you go on a-talkin'; I'll keep 'em awake for you!' By this time the congregation were thoroughly aroused. 'Mr. L——,' said the reverend pastor, with a seeming charity, which in his mortification he could scarcely have felt, and addressing a 'tidyng-man,' near the door, 'Mr. L——, won't you have the kindness to remove that poor creature from the aisle? I fear that he is sick.' 'Sick?' stammered our quishish hero, as he began to confirm the fears of the clergyman by very active symptoms; 's-e-e-k? — yes, and it 's enough to make a dog sick, to sit under such stupid preachin' as your'n! it 's more 'n I can stand under! Yes, take me out; the quicker the better!' . . . The '*Dissertation upon the Oratorical Excellence of Cicero*,' it is feared would not prove very entertaining to a large portion of our readers. That celebrated gentleman was certainly a very respectable ancient; but the world has already heard something of his cleverness from several pens. . . . '*A Ride with Death*,' with revision, will appear in our next number. The author has evident



genius, but his style is as yet crude and uncultivated. His imagination 'is a good blood mare, and goes well; but the misfortune is, she has too many paths before her.' . . . 'A Chapter on Beards,' in which 'the Folly and Wickedness of Shaving are Demonstrated,' 'National Recollections,' as connected with American Literature, 'Life and Love in the Abstract,' and 'Lines about a Nose,' together with several poems of greater or less length, received during the month, are under consideration. . . . 'P.,' who asks us to inquire the age of a friend and correspondent, is not aware, we suppose, that he is slightly impertinent. Ask a lady her age! We once put the question to an elderly female, whom we supposed had ceased to feel any sensitiveness on the point, and her reply was, that she was 'considerably advanced in years'; and she was, if not more. She could not have been far from sixty! We have always admired the considerate forecasts of the kind husband who, every new year's morning, kissed his wife affectionately, and asked, 'Well, my dear, how old are you to be this year?' Such deliberate precaution obviated many awkward mistakes and contradictions. It is a little singular, by the way, that a Frenchman never asks one's age, nor will he ever give a direct answer concerning his own; but evades the query with some such equivocal answer as: 'Oh, mon Dieu! I am as old as the town;' or 'I thank God, I am in good health,' etc. . . . 'A Roman Catholic,' who complains of the poetical fragment entitled 'Confessions,' in our last number, is too sensitive, by half. Let him look into the periodicals of Roman Catholic Ireland itself, and he will find playful witticisms, and satirical anecdotes, infinitely more piquant and pungent in their tendency than the trifle in question. The following, for example, is from a Dublin journal: 'Have you any thing *else* whereof your conscience should be purged?' asked Father Phelan, of a kneeling culprit at the confessional. 'Yes,' replied the penitent; 'I have committed the mean sin of theft. I have stolen this watch. Will your reverence accept it of me?' 'No!' exclaimed the pious priest; 'I receive the fruit of your villany! No; instantly return the watch to its owner!' 'I have already offered it to him,' replied the culprit, and he has refused to receive it; therefore, holy father, I beseech you to take it.' 'Peace, wretch!' rejoined the priest, 'you should have repeated the offer.' 'I did repeat it, your reverence, but he would n't touch it.' 'Then,' said the priest, 'I must absolve you from the sin you have committed.' The purified thief had scarcely departed, when the astonished father discovered that it was *his own watch* that had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited, near the confessional! In the last number of the Dublin 'University Magazine,' there is an amusing sketch of a colloquy between a priest and a peasant, touching the release of the father of the latter, (a very 'hard case,' who was not afraid of the devil himself,) from purgatory. 'I've a batch comin' out on Tuesday week,' said the priest, 'and if you were to make great exertions, perhaps your father could come with 'em.' Two masses in the morning, fastin', says Father Roach, 'is two, and two in the afternoon, is four, and two at vesper, is six,' says he; 'six masses a day for nine days is close by sixty masses; say sixty,' says he, 'and they'll cost you — mind Mickey, and do a't be telling it again, for it's only to yourself I'd make them as cheap — a matter of three pounds.' After some haggling, on the part of the son, which is silenced by the priest's picture of his father's unpleasant situation, he consents to the three pounds, in small weekly instalments. These, after brief punctuality, begin to grow less and less, and finally dwindle down to nothing, leaving a balance of ten shillings unpaid. The priest tells Mickey that his father is 'mighty displeased at the way he is doin' of late: that he himself had been 'down there, for three quarters of an hour the night before, gettin' out Luke Kennedy's mother,' ('decent people the Kennedys — never spared expense!') that 'the ould gentleman thought it was a queer thing, that for a matter of ten shillings he was to be kept there so long; and 'when Luke's mother was leaving the place, he saw the door open, made a rush at it, and before it was shut, he got his head and one shoulder outside of it; and so ye see, Mickey, a thrifle more 'll do it.' 'You've lightened my heart, your reverence!' exclaims Mickey, putting back the ten shillings which fear had drawn from his pocket; 'I've saved my money; for if it was my father you seen, with his head and one shoulder outside the door, then by the powers! the devil a jail or jaller, from b—ll to Connaught, would hold him! So the top of the morning to you, father Roach!' — and away went Mickey, laughing. We hope 'A Roman Catholic' will contrast our fragment favorably with these *active sketches*.

✚ OUR NEW VOLUME. — We would respectfully invite the attention of our readers and friends to the Advertisement of the Sixteenth Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, on the second and third pages of the cover of the present number; and shall esteem it a favor, if those editors who receive our Magazine in exchange, will give it an insertion, and call the public attention to it, in their columns. We are gratified in being able to state, that the demand for the sixteenth volume, thus early, has compelled us to reprint some of the early sheets of the present impression, and obliged us to add to our largest issue hitherto, (independent of erasures from our list,) five hundred copies, three-fourths of which are already taken up. We ask but only PAYMENT from delinquent subscribers to carry out certain plans of improvement, external and internal, in the KNICKERBOCKER, which we are free to believe will agreeably surprise even the best friends and warmest admirers of the work.

✚ THE January and June numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER, for 1840; January and February, for 1839; February and April, for 1838; and July, September, and October, for 1837, are much wanted, being out of print. Any subscriber having either of these numbers to spare, will greatly oblige us by forwarding them by mail; for which any other specified number, on hand, will be exchanged.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## NATURAL SCIENCE:\*

WITH A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE LESSONS OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN.

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THE author of the Natural History of Selborne was a clergyman of the Church of England, a lover and careful observer of Nature; who employed his leisure hours in researches connected with his native parish of Selborne, South Hampton county, England. Although Mr. White died in 1793, a late British journal says, that his book, in company with those of Bewick and Montagu, has had much influence in promoting the taste for the study of Ornithology in that country. It is written with simplicity and elegance, and shows a mind warmed by its favorite pursuits. In the biographical sketch, prefixed to the last edition, we are told, that 'being of an unambitious temper, and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his life in literary occupations, and especially the study of Nature. This he followed with patient assiduity, and a mind ever open to the lessons of piety and benevolence, which such a study is so well calculated to afford. Thus his days passed tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age.'

We gather from the inscription on his monument, in the chancel of the Parish Church, that he was a faithful pastor; dearly loved by his parishioners and family; kind to the poor; and that he died at the advanced age of seventy-seven years.

The other volume, the title of which accompanies this article, is one of a series of reports of scientific surveys, made under the auspices of the legislature of Massachusetts, from the year 1830 to the present time. In the publication before us, the portion of most general interest is upon the 'Birds of Massachusetts;' and is executed by the Rev. WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, of Springfield, in that state.

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\* THE Natural History of Selborne, by the late Rev. GILBERT WHITE, A. M., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With additions by Sir WILLIAM JARDINE. Philadelphia: CAREY AND LEA. Reports of the Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds of Massachusetts. Published agreeably to an order of the Legislature, by the Commissioners on the Zoological and Botanical Survey of the State. Boston: DUTTON AND WENTWORTH, Printers to the State.

The accounts which Mr. Peabody has given of the birds of his state are necessarily incomplete, and are intended to be supplementary to those of other ornithologists. But they are marked by chasteness and beauty; and show industry, and above all, a love of this pleasing branch of science, worthy of imitation, and which we rejoice to believe is spreading. Without making any analysis of either of these works, we avail ourselves of the fact that both these contributions to Natural Science have been furnished by *country clergymen*, to make some remarks on the opportunities and the duty in the country of becoming wise.

The COUNTRY, in distinction from TOWN, is praised for many things. The invalid praises it for its pure air; the merchant and professional man praise it for its quiet; the victim of artificial life praises it for its simple pleasures; the ruined speculator turns to it, that he may fulfil the universal law, and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. But there is error mixed with truth here. Who does not know many a man of noble character in the country, upon whom the breezes that blow there, wake a spirit within, which feels pent within its perpetual hills, and who pants for a wider sphere of action? To whom the green earth, is an 'unweeded garden,' and the music of forests and birds, tame and lifeless? 'He sees a form you cannot see; he hears a voice you cannot hear.' The city haunts him by night and by day. And there are flashing upon him visions of usefulness in its narrow streets, which if he cannot realize, and there are sounding for him calls of duty in its Babel din, which if he cannot answer, his soul will faint and die.

Then there are the libraries of town; its trophies of art; its music; its paintings; its statues. There are higher forms of intellectual life in town; the demand for genius and learning, and the supply. As 'iron sharpeneth iron, so man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' Society, the great sharpener of mind, is ever whetting in her armory the keenest weapons, for her battles and tournaments. Then there are the noble charities of town; its hospitals for the sick; its houses of industry for the poor; of reformation for the bad; its asylums for the insane, the blind, the widow and orphan. And under the pressure of stronger motives, where men are crowded together, there is begotten sterner resolve, intenser action, more heroic self-denial, martyr-like endurance, and holier faith, than in the less exacting lot of country life.

Therefore, when the country is praised, let it be recollected that the lights in the picture suppose shadows. There can be better things than pure air, green fields, tranquillity, and naturalness. Country people, too, are praised; and very much for the same qualities as the country. They breathe a pure air, and they are *healthy*. They have good food, and work, and they are *strong*. They have little money, and they are *prudent*. They are *moral*, for they do not fall into temptations, which do not beset them. They are *simple*, for they do not indulge in pleasures, which they cannot get.

Now there is an important sense in which these statements are true. But is there not in them as much satire also as truth? It was said of a man who was proud of keeping a good horse, that he always appropriated to himself the merit of his beast. If praise come

from these things, should it not be shared with the ox and the ass ? What would be thought of any administration at Washington, which should claim a man's vote, because New-York and New-Orleans are at the mouths of the Hudson and the Mississippi, and Lowell is at the confluence of the Concord and Merrimac ? Are men to be praised for circumstances, over which they have, by no possibility, control ? Did *they* make the pure air and green fields ? And does not the same skin which is bronzed by the country sun, bleach in the city shade ? Do not the bones, and the sinews, which strengthen and toughen in wielding the axe, and driving the plough, grow flaccid and puny, when chained to the counter, and caged in the office ?

Ay, does not the same human heart throb in the one place, which throbs in the other ? Do habits of expense, luxury, and folly, and corruption, grow from without or within ? Why, the weeds in the fields do not grow unsown ; though it may be that the farmer cannot tell whence the seed comes. Set down in the plainest New-England village the seductions, the rivalries, the wealth of great cities, (to say nothing of the beggary to pick up the crumbs, the corruption to pander to the passions, and the crimes to find shelter and opportunities, which follow in their train,) and how long will it be before that village will emulate in iniquity great Babylon itself ? We read of Jeshurun, 'that he waxed fat and kicked.' It is a truth which has not yet died out.

If pure air, then ; healthful occupations ; simple pleasures ; leisure, and absence of temptations, be good, they are good only as opportunities. They are good only as responsibilities. They are good as they stimulate men to improve them ; by their help to become wiser and better ; as they use them to set them forward on an endless journey of increasing light, virtue, and happiness ; as through them we strive to gain juster views of life, and more faithfully to fulfil its duties. But as means of escape from toil ; as refuges for idleness ; as stalls to fatten in, grow sleek, lazy, stupid, and selfish, the pleasant pastures of country life are for cattle, not men. And if women must make green banks of flowers couches for sickly sentiment, ending in nothing salutary to others and themselves, the sooner they quit them, and exchange bland zephyrs for rougher winds, which brace the soul, the better for them. It has been well said of Dr. Johnson, that he made shipwreck of his happiness ; and it was little consolation, *that he wrecked his bark on beds of pearl and rocks of coral*. A condition of comfort, leisure, retirement, may cost men too much. The body may flourish at the expense of the soul.

What then are the opportunities in the country of becoming wise ? They consist in superior opportunities, in many (not in all) respects, of gaining knowledge ; and in the peculiar advantages in the country for applying those correctives to the acquisition of knowledge, which make intellectual progress a good.

These opportunities exist in the country. To prove that men have more leisure, for instance, there than in town, for reading, reflection, the observation and study of Nature, would be like proving that the breeze which pours over hills and woods, meadows and brooks, is better than the 'pestilent congregation of vapors' which steams up from narrow lanes, stagnant pools, and noisome heaps. It would be

like proving that the green of Nature is better than red brick ; and that to sweep with the eye the hemisphere of the heavens, is better than to gaze at the patch of sky and cloud between groves of chimneys and fields of slate.

Why, the leisure of the yeoman is seen in his gait. It is seen in his appointments of business. He rarely makes an engagement at a definite hour. And if you reproach him for his want of punctuality, he will tell you coolly, 'it is always one o'clock until it is two.' You may see his leisure in the honest old country invitation to tea, for three o'clock in the afternoon ; and you may see it spread on the table, in work in earnest, with knife and spoon, he gives you to do. In winter you may see this same leisure at the village tavern and store, gathered in groups round the stove ; and almost any spring-like day, you may see leisure basking in rows on the sunny side of the street.

But when Summer comes, how seldom can you see, according to MILTON's sense,

— 'retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure !'

How seldom can you see it climbing the mountain, threading the forest, skirting the lake for a rare wild flower ; searching the valley for a mineral ; exploring the rocks and the caverns for traces of the Creator's hand in the mighty processes by which the earth was formed, and covered with verdure, and fitted to be the abodes of life ? How seldom can you see it watching the stars, and studying their celestial harmonies ! How many of our yeoman have searched out the secrets of their grasses, mosses, and plants ? How many of them know the habits and names of their singing birds, those emblems of gladness, which come with the genial sun, and the live long summer pour round their notes of music and love ?

There is leisure, then, in the country. But is it leisure improved ? Are those morning hours spent where Milton says they should be, 'up-stirring in winter often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor or to devotion ; in summer as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught ; then with useful and generous labors, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience, to the mind. And those long winter evenings, too ; are they embalmed in the memory by well-spent hours ? Will their history tell of minds enlarged, social bonds strengthened, the tender charities of our nature cherished, hearts and lives made better ? What a noble heritage may be at once entered and enjoyed, by the men and the women who will away with unworthy passions and low pursuits, and awake to the privileges of country life ! Hard work ; but grand intervals of leisure. Few books ; but those they have, studied well, and made their own. The spirit of learning without its foppery. Then Nature, free, bountiful, unbounded Nature, with her multitudinous faces of joy, always before them !

Why then is the acquisition of natural science so rare in the country where the inducements and opportunities to make it, are so  
? Why the prevalent ignorance, or which is the same thing,

the mere surface-knowledge of Nature in the country? The scarceness of books, and the mistake that much previous knowledge is necessary in order to begin to study Nature, are among the reasons. But the chief reason lies far deeper; in the habits of mental sloth, formed at the unreflecting period; and in the fact that the mind at school is often turned away from outward things to mere books, by teachers who are mere book-men. How else can we account in the man for the absence of that habit of observation of the world without, which is so strong in the child; to which in youth, the age of sensation, every thing invites? How else can we account for the absence of taste for those intellectual pursuits, for which men are more generally fitted than for any other; a taste which combines the sweet with the useful; so simple, so pure, that next to religion, it seems to be the remedy appointed by God for sorrows, bad passions, and discontent? 'Let me see,' says Mudie, 'is the exclamation ready on our lips, at the proposal of a question or a doubt.' Yet from the first ray of morning, which opens the eyes of the sleeper, to the last at night, which his eye-lids shut out, how countless, how wonderful the phenomena, which having eyes, men do not see; or seeing which, they do not reflect upon, nor understand!

The morning light; the coloring of the clouds; the rising sun; the ascending mist; the mountain and valley; tree and flower; beasts and birds; the breeze, felt and heard, but not seen; the storm and calm; heat and cold; snow and rain; fire and flood; music and odors; silence and sound; taste and touch; motion and rest; darkness and night; moon and stars. What more mysterious than this train of familiar realities? What more fitted to enlarge the mind, than the contemplation of these innumerable and diverse things? What better to strengthen it, than to study their laws and conditions? What to quicken it, purify it with awe, chasten it with a sense of its weakness, and lift it with hope, than the revelation that we live in the midst of beneficent and fearful powers, the beginnings only of which we see, and which end in His hands, from whom we come and to whom we go!

And then, when we rest our attention on any one of this vast multitude, what fields open for exploration, patient thought, silent wonder! It matters not which we select. All are amazing! We fix upon a blade of grass. In the first place there is its beauty to the eye. To how many thoughts and feelings has that given birth, in the separate minds which have contemplated it! Then it is food for cattle, and thence for man. Each component particle passes into infinite forms. It is continually taking up parts of the earth in the shape of moisture, and depositing parts of itself; inhaling gases, and giving them out. It has its circulation and its locomotion. Its seed is wafted miles, for which purpose it is enclosed in a case to protect it from harm, and in some plants supplied with wings. It is the home to myriads of insects, which perhaps live and die without quitting their native plant, to them a world. Its colors and coloring properties offer study to the chemist; its virtues and poisons to the physician!

What to common eyes more unlike than the rusting of metals; the formation of acids; the burning of inflammable bodies; the breath-

ing of animals, and the growth of plants by night? What more exciting to find, than that the huge piston of the old steam engine descends, and the fly crawls on the window; the lizards creep on the walls, and the monstrous sea-horse climbs the ice-hills; by the same power which causes the quicksilver to stand in the weather-glass; the water to rise in the pump, and the wind to whistle through the key-hole? What more curious, than that the seed of plants must germinate in the dark, and yet that light is essential to their putting into leaf and flower? What opens more worlds of thought, than that while the sun is commonly considered the source of light, yet that the Mosaic account makes light to exist before the sun; and that the researches of modern science tend to confirm this order; to show that light is concerned in crystalization, and is probably an active agent in the formation of all things?

'We see the enormous interval,' says Herschel, 'between the stars and planets of the Heavens, which afford room for innumerable processes to be carried on, for light and heat to circulate, and for curious and complicated motions to go forward among them: we look more attentively, and we see sidereal systems, probably not less vast and complicated than our own, crowded apparently into a small space, from the effect of their distance from us, and forming groups resembling bodies of a substantial appearance, having form and outline: yet we recoil with incredulous surprise, when we are asked, *why* we cannot conceive the atoms of a grain of sand to be as remote from each other, proportionally to their sizes, as the stars of the firmament; and why there may not be going on in that little microcosm, processes as complicated and wonderful as those of the great world around us.'

A soap manufacturer remarks, that the residuum of his ley, when exhausted of the alkali for which he employs itself, produces a corrosion of his copper boiler, for which he cannot account. He puts it into the hands of a scientific chemist for analysis, and the result is the discovery of one of the most singular and important chemical elements, *iodine*. The properties of this being studied, are found to occur most appositely in illustration and support of a variety of new, curious, and instructive views, then gaining ground in chemistry, and thus exercise a marked influence over the whole body of that science. Curiosity is excited; the origin of the new substance is traced to the sea-plant from whose ashes the principal ingredient of soap is obtained, and ultimately to the sea-water itself. It is thence hunted through nature, discovered in salt mines and springs, and pursued into all bodies which have a marine origin, among the rest into sponge. A medical practitioner then calls to mind a reputed remedy for the cure of one of the most grievous and unsightly disorders to which the human species is subject — the *goitre*; which infests the inhabitants of mountainous districts to an extent that, in this favored land, we have happily no experience of, and which was said to have been originally cured by the ashes of burnt sponge. Led by this indication, he tries the effect of iodine on that complaint, and the result establishes the extraordinary fact, that this singular substance, taken as a medicine, acts with the utmost promptitude and energy on the *goitre*; dissipating the largest and most inveterate in a short time,

and acting (of course like all medicines, even the most approved, with occasional failures) as a specific or natural antagonist against that odious deformity. It is thus that any accession to our knowledge of nature is sure, sooner or later, to make itself felt in some practical application, and that a benefit conferred on science by the casual observation or shrewd remark of even an unscientific or illiterate person, infallibly repays itself with interest, though in a way that could never have been at first contemplated.'

But it is not the object of this article to sketch the advantages of science. Viewing it as one of the departments of study peculiarly appropriate to the country, by a passing notice of some of its features we would simply awaken an interest in it proportionate to its importance.

In this connexion, there is a view of it which must not be overlooked: its effect to liberalize the mind. Not merely to wean it from base passions; that is the effect of most study; but to free it from unworthy prejudices; to bring it out of that state in which we are all so apt to regard our world of thought as the universe; and the opinions we have espoused of the truth, as the only ones worthy of the name. In other words, to dogmatize, whether in religion, morals, or politics. This is a fault to which society in our country is peculiarly prone, owing to our known interest in these questions; the superficial education of the most, and the thorough education of few, if any. Hence, while all form opinions, all urge them with that warmth and intolerance which is rarely the characteristic of the wisdom that has sounded the depths, and felt the real difficulties at the bottom, of the most interesting subjects which divide the human mind. For however confident the wise man is, that he has arrived at the truth, he sees enough even of truth blended with his neighbor's errors, and of perplexities with his own convictions, not certainly to shake his conclusions, but to cause him to sympathize with every truth-seeker; to make allowance, where he cannot assent, and to hold his own opinions with a charity which never faileth.

Now an admirable corrective for this intolerance of opinion, which is peculiarly the tyrant of our country, is the study of Natural Science. Its subjects are removed from all that inflames, and takes their student into the pure regions of thought. They dwell, like the stars, in those depths which know no storms. But not only does Natural Science teach caution, moderation, humility, by the serenity of its pursuits — by virtue of its calm contemplative eye. In the wonders which it unfolds, it prepares the mind to admit more wonders; to welcome light; and to discard a spirit which would limit truth by its own previous conceptions.

It is in this spirit that Sir Humphrey Davy finely remarks, that 'the deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light, such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming of a thunder-bolt by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,



that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to enlarge confidently on any abstruse subject belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

Sir John Herschel, in his discourse on Natural Philosophy, has the following paragraph in point :

‘In Captain Head’s amusing and vivid description of his journey across the Pampas of South America,’ says Herschel, ‘his guide one day suddenly stopped, and, pointing high into the air, cried out, ‘*A Lion !*’ Surprised at such an exclamation, accompanied with such an act, he turned up his eyes, and with difficulty perceived, at an immeasurable height, a flight of condors soaring in circles in a particular spot. Beneath that spot, far out of sight of himself or guide, lay the carcass of a lion, whom the condors were eyeing with envy from their airy height. The signal of the birds was to him, what the sight of the lion alone could have been to the traveller, a full assurance of its existence.’ Thus science teaches a man to deny nothing because unknown to him ; to look beyond the obvious, oftentimes, for the explanation of what he sees ; and to discover relations where he least expected them.

Now compare for one moment that man’s means of virtue and happiness, who habitually exercises his eyes and his mind ; who observes, studies, ponders, all that he sees ; who opens the avenues of his soul to the blessings of knowledge ; with that of the man who shuts them ; who makes this a working world, or a playing world, an eating and sleeping world, but not a world to grow wise in ; not a world where above, below, and on all sides ; in lying down and rising up ; in the house and by the wayside ; toiling or at rest in light, freedom, purity ; are angels hovering around, whom he may, if he will, make his guests. Is there not many a man, to whom in vain the stars of heaven rise and set, and this ball of earth turns, with its atmosphere of storm and calm ; to whom in vain ‘the sweet approach of morn or even ; the sight of vernal bloom, and summer’s rose, and charm of early birds ?’

A prism would teach him to comprehend something of those glories which kindle the clouds, and at times almost paint in the sky the throne of the Eternal. But he has no taste for such things, and he cares not to look through a prism. A little more study would explain to him the treasures of the air, the dew, the snow, and the rain. But of what avail study to him, when the rain descends, and the winds blow, whether he study or not ?

Perhaps he might be curious to trace the same substance in the glittering diamond, and in the brand burning in his chimney ; and to obtain some evidence of the affinities between the lightning, which at one moment plays harmless in a summer sky, in the next descends to blast and to burn, and that mysterious nervous power, which swift as thought moves his muscles and limbs at his bidding. But no ; he cares for none of these things. Such a man lives and breathes outwardly : the air and the sunshine, the lungs and the arteries, do their part ; but as for the life of the soul, growing knowledge ; virtue ; an approving conscience ; they are not in him. What Dr. CHANNING says of such a man, in relation to the next world, is true of him in this : ‘A human being who has lived without self-improvement, can

no more enjoy it, than a mouldering body, lifted from the tomb, and placed amid beautiful prospects, can enjoy the light through its decayed eyes, or feel the balmy air which blows away its dust.

But men so untrue to themselves and society, are becoming rarer every day. Under divine Providence, Science with its startling discoveries is sending home to the heart, with new force, the voice of Nature; and both are aiding Revelation. The effect of superficial knowledge, the world over, is to incline men to skepticism. But the deeper science of the present day is dispersing those mechanical notions which sprang from the imperfect developments of Philosophy.

In the mean time, those active studies, active in reference both to body and mind, the Natural Sciences, so well adapted to the ardor of youth, and the strength of manhood, supply proper objects to the contemplations of declining life. The eye, too dim to read the holy page, still sees what so often recurs on that page, the images of God's love in nature, and thereby helps the thoughts to Heaven. The prayer of the poet well describes many a hoary saint:

'And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit, and rightly spell  
Of every star that Heaven doth show,  
And every herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something of prophetic strain.'

The Natural Sciences have been dwelt upon, because the country is the place for pursuing many of them. The country offers peculiar advantages, likewise, for studying history and letters, and contributing to these departments. But knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom consists in ascertaining truth, and acting it out; not merely in knowing it, but in being it. Knowledge is compatible with folly, impertinence, all evil desires, and all crimes. A man may speak all tongues, yet never speak the truth. He may know all plants, from 'the cedar, to the hyssop that grows on the wall,' and yet make an idol under every green tree. Like Goldsmith, he may unite the delightful powers of a writer, with more than feminine incapacity for the affairs of life; the genius of Byron, with his profligacy and self-scourging misanthropy. His acquisitions and talents may be curses, not blessings; the foundation of responsibilities, not of hopes.

A college, too, may boast of the library of the Ptolemies, and learning, after all, nod in its alcoves. Its influences may deaden all that is free and spontaneous in effort; measuring it by the square of critics, instead of the souls of men. Charity in cities may rear her monumental piles, and endow them with the munificence of princes. Yet she, too — warm, impulsive, heaven-born Charity — may degenerate into a cold, mechanical, political economy. Her life may be crushed beneath a system.

For these reasons it is, that the country, in its freedom from a thousand noxious influences, is so favorable to becoming *wise*. There is an air in cities, more pestilent than pent up vapors. It is the atmosphere of vice. There is a glare there, worse than the outward dazzle of tinsel life. It blinds the eye to truth. There is a

collision more to be dreaded than the jostle in crowded streets. It turns the cold shoulder to a brother. It tramples upon hearts. There is a haste more eager than the hurry of the driving throng. It cannot stay for duty. There are symptoms of weakened life more fatal than the pallid cheek and shrunken limb. It is the feeble pulsation and the dwarfing of the soul. Many a citizen, who goes to the country in search of green fields and a purer air, does not know that he wants spiritual things far more.

The country, in its comparative freedom from corruption, is favorable to purity of heart; in the greater leisure found there, to meditation and study. Pleasures there are simpler; tastes more natural. There is a harmony (would that it were greater!) between men's modes of living there, and nature around them. Her face, so fair, so bright, cannot beam upon them wholly in vain. Her sweet influences must steal into their souls. The Great Author must invade at times the thoughts even of the unwilling, on the lone mountain, and in the pathless woods. Peaks, cataracts and glaciers, odors and flowers, are ministers to reinforce the word and the spirit. The thunder has a voice among the hills which wakes all but the dead. The lightning there sends a truth, which cleaves a way of its own to the heart. The great teacher, Death, when he walks in the country, takes a neighbor or a friend.

Have men an excuse for a scornful and oppressive spirit, where their habitual relations with their fellow men are of necessity mutual good offices and just equality? Ought they not to be dispassionate? Why, the hot vapors of politics, gendered in the seething cauldron of large assemblies, spend themselves and cool, in the purer air of the country. It is the place, for the most part, where you would expect just and sober views of public policy; whence pure legislation would proceed; and the voice of Truth be raised, to be echoed by posterity. The misty rumors of the day become history, or are detected as falsehoods, before they reach the mountains, and roll along the sparsely-peopled valleys. Ought not men to take juster views of life, where the atmosphere is clearer? Ought they not to do its duties more faithfully, where those duties are plainer and pleasanter? Ought they not to *grow wiser*, where nature, society, life, are the teachers, applying knowledge to the heart?

To a greater or less degree, the influences of the country upon the people have been what we should anticipate. The character of the yeoman mind partakes of the robust strength of the yeoman body, and the manliness of yeoman pursuits. It is the country which builds cities; and it is the country which, by the constant infusion of new life, saves them. Hence, from the granite cliffs of New-Hampshire proceeds a voice which soon commands listening senates. Hence, by the pure mountain streams of Berkshire, a BRYANT fed that deep fountain of poetry and heavenly meditation, which reflects sky and tree on its bosom, and sends quiet and holy thoughts into the soul.

But if there be virtues in the country, there are likewise great faults. If it have its opportunities, it has its disadvantages. The evils in the country come from leisure unimproved, and rust of the mind. And rust of the mind is worse than its wear and tear. The evils in the country come from too narrow a sphere of action; and that contracts the mind and the heart. The evils of the country come from

jealousies, selfishness, and rancor. And such, the more they are pent up, like the expansive energies of steam, the more they rend and destroy. The evils of the country come from want of that intimate contact with the varieties of human nature, to be had in cities. Though the superior simplicity of country life reveals more of the hearts of the many, yet a man has less opportunity there to penetrate into the recesses of the few. He may learn in the country how to touch the chord of sympathy in the people. But he must go to the city, to learn the windings and the subtleties of the villain; and to behold the loftiest virtues, nurtured always by trial, of the human soul. The evils of the country come from want of intercourse with men of all characters and creeds; to rub down the sharp edges of prejudice; to beget moderation and tolerance; to quicken the intellect and heart. The evils of the country come from the want of the impulse and glow of intense action. The clear lake, with stream neither running in nor out, becomes a stagnant marsh, creating a malaria around it.

It is in the power of the yeoman to do much toward counteracting these evils. The remedies, next to the sanctification of the heart, are the cultivation of the social affections; the study of Nature; and large and healthful reading. Without these, Christianity itself is often a wicked tool.

In conclusion: there are few errors more fatal to the improvement of the old, than that they are too old to learn. None are too old to learn, who are not too old to feel. The opportunities of the young are like the books of the Sybil. The price to be paid for them is at all times the same. It is the sacrifice of self-indulgence and sensuality, whether a man buy wisdom sooner or later; but the delay of a few years makes an immense difference in the value of the purchase.

But one thing is to be remembered. Before all acquisition of knowledge, the debt of duty is to be discharged to the last farthing. To gather KNOWLEDGE, becomes a duty only when the BUSINESS of life has been done. Sir WALTER SCOTT, at the height of his fame, valued himself more on his clerkship in a court of law, than as an author. Learning can make a pedant; science a philosopher. But he who does his duty, no matter how humble it be, secures the name and reward of a wise man.

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SONNET ABOUT A NOSE.

'T is very odd that poets should suppose  
 There is no poetry about a nose,  
 When plain as is the nose upon your face,  
 A noseless face would lack poetic grace.  
 Noses have sympathy; a lover knows  
 Noses are always 'touched,' when lips are kissing;  
 And who would care to kiss, where nose was missing?  
 Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,  
 And where would be our mortal means of telling  
 Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows  
 Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?  
 I know a nose, a nose no other knows,  
 'Neath starty eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;  
 Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows!

## MANY FRIENDS.

'A THOUSAND friends!' a thousand FRIENDS! ah, that could never be!  
If thousands sun thy path with smiles, their warmth is not with thee;  
They glance upon the heart, but leave no kindly feelings there,  
To scatter rose-leaves o'er the soul, when tempest stirred by care.

'A chosen few' — but few, indeed, for they must love alone,  
Who fling beyond the kindred chain, a link to more than one;  
When life is bright, we give them then its little all of mirth,  
And trust them thus far fearlessly, and win them to our hearth.

But who would fling the love of soul, the foliage of the heart,  
Around a chosen few who place their hope and love apart?  
Ah! rather let it cluster yet, luxuriant and alone,  
Or give it, like the prophet's vine, to shade the chosen one!

And when it withers, when it fades, in sadness and in gloom,  
And the shrunk heart's a blighted leaf, within a world of bloom,  
Then on my drooping feelings lie one dew-drop pure and clear,  
And only one — a glittering one: Belovéd! give a tear!

New-York, May, 1840.

L'ARVILLE.

## ARTHUR'S SUPERSTITION.

## IN TWO PARTS.

THE following paper, in Arthur's own hand, has long lain undisturbed in a dusty pigeon-hole, among other letters and documents, of its own date. Arthur was an early friend of mine; but he has long been dead, as with deep regret I have lately learned; and now it can do no harm to publish his story. It bears the marks of its author's own rudeness, and will not be doubted, as an honest record, by any one who knew him. It is to be regretted that the day of these things is passing away. Superstition will soon be driven out of the land, and all its sweet legends banished from the heads and hearts of the people. The world is stripping every thing to the naked truth. 'No cheating!' is the watch-word; and how heroically these champions of truth are laying about them! How they are digging for facts! What a clamor they are making about 'proofs!' How valorously they are attacking prejudice; scattering illusion; sweeping away false colors; and slashing up all this intolerable beauty, that forsooth is 'only skin-deep!' Presently there will be nothing but naked truth left in the world, and the prettiest flower will be only clay. Mere FACTS will soon fill the earth: they are crowding every thing else from the land: the world is coming to an age of cold utility. Superstition and credulity are dying away in the minds of the people, and the love of plain, naked truth is springing up, and overrunning all classes. Already you may hear young people boasting of their freedom from the trammels of superstition. May Heaven preserve us! I know of a refuge; a land of true believers; old-fashioned, unsophisticated worthies, who never tell a story without staggering the stoutest cre-

dulity, and never hear one without believing it. Bless my soul! what incredible stories I *have* heard there! How those old people *can* talk! It was thence this story come; there happy Arthur spent his latter days; and thither I am going, 'bag and baggage,' to live and die with the last race of happy visionaries, in a delightful world of shadows and illusions, among the pleasant hills of OLD CONNECTICUT.

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ARTHUR'S SUPERSTITION.

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PART ONE.

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'How little do we appreciate A MOTHER'S tenderness while living! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy — how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes — then it is, that we think of the mother we have lost.'

WASHINGTON IRVING.

'I took up my pen early in the evening, and endeavored to review in a philosophic spirit those matters of mystery which are blended with my existence, and on which you seem to ponder with so deep an interest. I have wandered from my purpose, into dim regions. Little occurrences, long forgotten, have arisen like skeletons in my recollections. Times, scenes, old faces, deep-buried in years, have come forth, and seemed to people the dusk around me. The wizard spirit of old times has brought its sober spells upon me, and contemplations and reflections, sweet though mournful, have shrouded me until this hour. It is now late; but I will endeavor to finish my task. My eye-lids are not heavy: there will be no sleep for me to-night.

'For the first twelve years of my life, I hardly had an existence, independent of my mother. I was but an imperfect being. Her sympathy and affections were to me like an atmosphere, as indispensable as material ether. From her my heart continued to receive its warmth. How often in the midst of play would I leave my fellows and return home, throw down my cap, and glide into the room, to look into those soft eyes, and have a few words with my mother! With what regularity would I return at the close of school, or from an expedition into the meadows, to behold that face, and bask in that smile! All my mother's affections were concentrated in me. Her soul loved me. I bore her hopes. I was to her a light in the pleasant visions of the future. She regarded me as her star of rejoicing; and the remembrance of previous disappointment increased her solicitude, and troubled her with forebodings. As the poetic mothers of the East watched in the nights of old the stars of promise, observing with anxiety every little cloud that seemed to skirt its way, trembling at every brief obscurity, and falling into raptures when its course cleared, or a bright ray beamed out, so did my mother regard me, in those early years, watching my dawn with prayers and tears.

'With what solicitude did she regard the slightest development of my young mind! How earnestly did she labor to occupy my intellect with ideas of purity and virtue; and how effectually did she inculcate her lessons! How deep was the impression of that first admonition, in which she taught me to preserve the immaculate

truth ! With what dread did I ever after contemplate the very outskirts of a falsehood ! The instructions of my mother might have fitted one for life, if earth had been paradise, and the world a community of angels. And her devotion can never be forgotten. That face, so full of tenderness and sympathy, has never passed from my remembrance : it has been near me in all the solitary hours of my life. I have looked on it, and pondered : I have felt wonder and admiration, in contemplating my mother's love ; and through memory, my mother's influence still lingers in the best feelings of my heart : and when I have seen a woman, old and wrinkled, in poverty and dirt, dishonored and degraded, a thought has stolen upon me : ' She may have been a mother ; over her boy she has watched, and hoped, and poured out her affections ! ' Disgust has crept away. I have looked upon her with reverence ; I have spoken words of kindness. In my mother I discern a heavenly light, which sheds an effulgence on the ruins of the most wretched of her sex.

' Twilight on the old porch ! How plainly I recall the sensations with which, while she mused, I sat silent and thoughtful by her side ! As the spirit of that still evening scene steals over me, my heart almost feels its old impulses, and my ears seem to catch those old nightly sounds. I hear the rustle of the faint breeze among the leaves. I distinguish again the very direction in which the chirp of the different crickets, and the song of the katy-did, came. I almost feel that warming of the heart, which I experienced whenever my mother looked down into my face. It was there that I first listened to those lessons in which my virtuous feelings were nourished, and my young desires for knowledge awakened : there we held converse about the great and good men of the earth. And when the light faded, and the stars began to peep out, how did my young mind expand, and my imagination rise, while she unfolded the first rudiments of infant astronomy ! How would I puzzle, and marvel, till my brow gathered into wrinkles, to encompass the vast idea of infinite space ! And when she came to those incredible facts concerning our own orb, how my little mind, all a-tiptoe, was staggered ! It was nothing new to me, to learn that the earth was round ; *that* I had always known, from the appearance of the sky. But that we were on the outside of it ! That was the wonder ! And then came a fearful thought, at which I could hardly keep my seat. If people should go too near the side, and fall off ! Where would they go to ! It was an important epoch in my imagination, when, in one of those summer evenings, it was first liberated from the little hemispherical cage in which, ignorant and content, it had passed its first years, and found itself perched out on a globe, in the vast abyss of unlimited space ! From that hour it became restless ; it began to spread and feel its presumptuous wings. Hitherto a hemisphere had been spacious enough ; but now it turned a curious eye around ; it longed to roam ; to wing its circle about the ocean ; to make a flight to the margin ; to set foot on the shore ; and many a long dreary hour did I pass in bed, at midnight, while this discontented wanderer was way, searching for the borders of the universe.

But it was not my mother's fault, if I fell into error, or became hty in my first star-gazing. It was her purpose to enlarge my

mind: she fondly designed to elevate my thoughts, and to awaken lofty aspirations: and I see now, the delight that sparkled in her eyes, as she answered my strange questions; nor shall I ever forget that little scene, in which she laughed bright tears, when I declared my impatience to be a man, that I might investigate those matters, and know all about the universe.

'And there were those sacred hours by the fireside, when I heard, in my mother's voice, the delightful histories and strange pleasing stories of the rich Old Testament. No other book ever exercised such a spell over my fancy as my mother's quarto Bible. The simplicity of those old authors seemed to stoop to my capacity, or rather to elevate me to the dignity of manhood. Their lively details, and graphic style, wrought upon my imagination like enchantment. Those early times were revived, and I was a leisure traveller in those far countries; I put my thumbs into my arm-holes, and strolled about, wherever any thing happened to be going-on. I was a looker-on in Canaan; and delighted with those incidents which ever and anon called me to some gentle hill-top, from whence I was able to cast my eyes over all the pleasant land. As when I stood with Lot and Abraham, on the high grounds, surveying the well-watered landscape of Jordan, while they talked together, and divided the plains between them. Or as in that afternoon, when I seemed to sit with Elisha and Gehazi on the hill-side, when the prophet, looking down along the highway, said to his servant, 'Behold, there cometh that Shunamite!' In almost every village and hamlet of those days, I have loitered with some history or story, until the vineyards, and the wine-presses, and the very topography of the country, seemed familiar to me. I travelled over those old highways, from Samaria even down to Jericho; and very familiar to me were the journeyings down into Egypt. With curious awe I contemplated, at a respectful distance, that dark village of Endor; having great respect and admiration for the genius of the place; and often have I made long journeys into the land of Saul, where wizards, and sorcerers, and 'familiar spirits,' swarmed and flourished! I mingled heart and soul in the stirring times when those Indian-Philistines prevailed over Israel, and greatly enjoyed their discomfiture, especially glorying in the mighty deeds of the patriotic Sampson.

'But of all the worthies of those days, I took most delight in the redoubtable prophet Elisha. I did not relish his being so 'touchy' on the subject of his bald head; but that was in the beginning of his career, when he had just come into power; he was ever after of a benevolent disposition, as the story of the Shunamite bears witness. And he was so high-minded, so incorruptible, he won my heart when he shook his staff so unceremoniously over the head of that great sinner, King Ahab. Yes; I delighted in Elisha: in those pedestrian journeys, there was no one like him: and many a time when my mother's tones have ceased, and the book has been closed, and the lamp perhaps borne away to another room, Elisha and I have continued on our way, like travellers after sunset. And often has it happened that just as we descended into some dusky valley, or drew nigh the borders of the wizard region, I have found the prophet missing; and presently a suspicious-looking circle of dark faces has closed around me; long



bearded old sorcerers, and all sorts of troubled, out-lawed spirits, crowding in, and peering over each other's shoulders; with that old withered hag, the Witch of Endor, riding and capering about like a commander-in-chief; now and then fixing her hawk-eye on me with such a wicked look, that I have been fain to take to my heels, and make the best of my escape to the fire-side. And as it sometimes happens that a retreating van-guard will throw a whole army into confusion, so has it frequently occurred with me: struck with the panic, I have joined in the rout, and bounded away, tumbling through the dark, and never considering myself safe, nor quite losing sight of the enemy, until I got fairly within the strong-hold of candle-light.

'Those were happy evenings; spent in the very bosom of poetry and affection. Their remembrance has enlivened my spirits, and I have rambled into light discourse: but I cannot avoid a tinge of sadness, as I return to the present, and suffer the cold reflection, that the draught so delicious was so long since drained. Blissful hours! I luxuriated in a little realm of felicity. I had no desires beyond. I was rich in the warm rays of my mother's affection; I was conscious of a sympathy the most soothing and true; I hoped for no better day. I could fold my arms, and roam undisturbed in the regions of fancy. No scheme, no worldly project, rankled in my breast. Then let wind and storm howl about the old farm-house; what cared I? I could look up to my mother's face, and listen with delight to the riot of the gale.

'And there were 'voices of the night,' low murmuring tones, which seem still to linger upon my ear, reminding me of sober Sunday nights, when, as I lay musing in the dark, the deeds of the day would pass in review before me; and misspent Time, like a grim bailiff, has laid its rough hand on Conscience. Then came the rabble of naked facts around me: the amusements that I had wickedly indulged, thronged around, traitor-like, to stare me in the face. The Old Dragon himself seemed to be looking in at a distant corner, and shaking his long bony finger at me. Cold and motionless I lay, almost afraid to move. The thick gloom appeared to my excited eyes to move in visible masses around me: but it rolled away, like the clouds before a sun-beam, when the low tones of my mother's voice reached my ears, reading to my father from the Holy Scriptures. Then I turned and drew up into snug folds, while my heart glowed again with warmth and gladness. A sense of calm security came ever with that voice.

'I well remember one of these occasions. I had been unwell through the day, and had retired in a fit mood for gloomy reflections. I travelled presently away on that old track of time, down through the light of Job's day, through the abiding-place of Moses, and beyond even the first clearing of Adam, until I reached the Plymouth-rock of time. I stood and looked off on the ocean of eternity! Awful, undefinable sensations came over me, as I strove to survey that vast expanse. I felt dark suspicions of untold doings beyond that horizon. I thought of the storms that have troubled that abyss; of the continents, long ages in extent, which lie in those unknown seas; of the islands that have arisen, and gone down. My head failed at the contemplation; my heart sickened within me. And then came withering thoughts of the spirit that lords it over the eternal deep: won-

derings about his home ; misgivings of his kind intentions ; fearful concern for my own immortality. I felt serious apprehensions of the mutations which might take place in the course of eternity ; and if matters should go wrong, what might become of me, amid the jars of a universe ! I forgot the bright earth, and all the joys around me, for my soul was troubled. Ah, that terrible idea of being so long-lived ! It is enough to make full-grown and stout-hearted man tremble : but in childhood, what a severe draw-back on all the pleasures of the day, was the night hour, when hair-brained Imagination would rise on tiptoe, to look down the dark abyss of FOREVER ! In that lonely, gloomy hour, when horrors encompassed me, it was a pleasant thing, as I have said, to hear certain familiar sounds in my mother's room : to be recalled to life, to the realm of domestic peace, to the reality of love, by my mother's gentle voice. Cheerful sentiments came in the words of the old home-made pilgrim song : I lay quietly and listened, while a thrill of joy rolled with the blood through my veins. I called my mother : she came, and was astonished to find me in tears : she lay down on the bed-side, and as I nestled there, all the terrors of the night, all the horrors of immortality, were cast behind me, and forgotten.

'Life's warm spring-time, full of promise ; what a season blessed of Heaven ! Through those years, in purity of heart and deep sympathy of soul, I truly walked with my mother ; and her lessons have never departed from my heart, nor her image from my mind. I need no portrait to recall her features. Her form lingers like a spirit in my memory : a glimpse of any little thing that was hers, a stray note like her voice, a strain of an old tune, will recall her. She comes as it were in spirit : I see her face, her smile, the affection beaming in her eye ; I almost feel her. Sometimes in the midst of business, in the hour of pain or trouble, I am suddenly transported to early scenes, and lost in contemplations of my departed parent, as mysteriously as if a whisper came from her lips : and many times this night has the ink dried in my pen, while I have gazed on that face, appearing to my spirit's sight in all the clearness of mortal vision.

'I was in my twelfth year, when my mother died. It was in the summer-time ; and a sad summer was that to me. I found myself alone. No one knew how to sympathize with me ; and I shrunk from the coldness of the busy world. I saw it typified in the cheerless sunshine, and the growing flowers, and the gayety of the birds : I could not look on even the blooming fields, without feeling that nothing mourned with me. I used to go to my mother's room, and sit there, looking around and weeping, until the fountain of tears dried up, or sleep relieved me. Then I was surrounded by sympathizing memorials of her : the dust gathering on every object, looked like a veil of mourning ; and the old vacant chair seemed sensible of her absence. But at school, what pangs I suffered ! Among the boys, I felt the swelling heart and bursting throb. With what feelings did I look on my cheery-faced, light-hearted companions. There was a high note in their laugh, and a sparkle in their eyes. They knew no sorrow like unto my sorrow. What though they suffered for a moment under the ferule ? I never thought of pitying them : they were rich in consolations. In the blessing of a LIVING MOTHER was

summed up all felicity. Even 'Jim,' the little negro boy, that I used so to pity, seemed now to be far beyond the need of my sympathy. *He* had a mother! I often saw him playing on the grass, while she sat in the door; and I could see now that even poor negro Jim had a share of happiness. And after school, in our walk homeward, when my play-fellow left me, and went bounding into his own door-yard, and I saw his mother in the garden or at the window, with what feelings did I contemplate the sight! As I passed on alone, my eyes would grow dim with tears; but when I turned in at the old gate of the lane, and looked up toward the silent house, and sat down on the grass, asking, in the agony of my heart, 'Why should I go home?' *then* it was that I felt that my mother had gone! — that I might one day go to her, but she could never come back to me.

'One Saturday afternoon, as I loitered in loneliness around my desolate home, my sorrows overcame me. My heart was ready to break. It swelled and overflowed, and gushes of grief overwhelmed me. At length I took my way down to the burying-ground. It was a little gore of meadow-land, between two hills. On each side of it there was a brook; the two presently joined their waters, and flowed away to the westward, between the woody ridges. It was only the family burying-place, but the green hillocks covered a plot about sixty feet square. There was no vestige of a fence around it; and no monument was there, except a broken piece of gray stone, at the head and foot of each grave, and an old oak tree, of primeval growth, which marked the head of the grave of one of our pilgrim ancestors. Under that tree he had been laid down, and his children for several fruitful generations had been gathered like the leaves around him. Many an afternoon had I been with my mother under that tree, in the days when the pilgrim seemed to me to have been a contemporary of Abraham. I had looked on that grave while my mother told the traditions, and dwelt upon the virtues of that good old man. Often had I seen her by his mother's grave; and now there was her own by its side, just like it; and the grass was growing over both alike. I sat down and gave myself up to grief.

'There was a path through the woods on the opposite hill; and a little girl coming along that way, with a basket on her arm, stopped and looked at me. Presently she came down over the brook, and stood by me. I took no notice of her; I wished to see her go away; but she remained standing around for some time, and at length she lifted up my hat-brim, and looked down into my face. She was a kind-looking little girl: she took a rose from her basket and offered it to me; and as I turned my face down without regarding it, she stuck it in my button-hole. She kneeled down on the grass, and taking all the flowers from her basket, probably the gatherings of a whole morning, she selected the prettiest and offered them to me by the handful. I took them, and looked at them, and laid them down; and then she took them and stuck them in my hat-band, and my bosom, and every button-hole, until I was decked as gaudily as a butterfly. It was impossible not to feel the influence of her simple blandishments; and by degrees she won me from sorrow. My grief subsided; I smiled, and even laughed; and we played about on the green slope the whole afternoon.

'At length, when it grew late, she took up her basket and went over the brook, and away as she came. The sun was just going down: his slanting rays lingered on the gentle bluffs along the valley; and the bright waters blushed under the glowing heavens. Little birds were fluttering about in the quiet scene; and a robin on the hill filled the air with his rich liquid notes, as he poured forth the soft melody of his evening song. I arose with a freshness and vigor of feeling that had been long unknown to me. I mounted the hill, and looking around on the landscape, I found it smiling in all the beauty of my happier days. I cleared the stone walls, and bounded home like a light-hearted boy again: and from that afternoon I was almost as cheerful and happy as ever. It is true I had my days of loneliness and my nights of tears; yet I felt no more of those heart-breaking pangs; but roamed in the field and the sunshine, as joyous as of old.

'In my twentieth year I began my professional career, and went into the valley of the Ohio, on my first campaign. It was in the quiet enjoyment of the luxury of early romance, that I first found myself shut up between those mountain forests, and floating in silence through the noble solitudes of that heavenly stream. I went down with a noiseless flat-boat; and for the first few days, I was charmed by the beauty of the richly-cultivated bottom-lands; the broad corn-fields, the rolling meadows, the groups of primeval oaks, and the snug brick farm-houses, peeping out from luxuriant gardens; delightful refuges of peace and independence. But we were soon beyond the bounds of cultivation, drifting amid scenes of wilder and more soul-stirring beauty; where the old forests arose from the river's brink, and swept upward a mantle of foliage to the mountain top; gathering in the group that stood like a dark tower on the lofty crag; and covering those towering, round-topped promontories that came jutting across the valley, and were reflected in the bright waters which they seemed to shut up. There were sweet solitude, and pleasing grandeur, and wild luxuriance, and all the beauty of Nature's own face, smiling in unconstrained loveliness, and awaking the sympathy of the soul. There heaven and earth seemed to smile together: the sunlight mingled softly with the blushing atmosphere, gave a warm kiss to the clusters of glowing foliage, toyed with the half-hidden flowers, revealed the shady dimples, and drew forth all the modest beauties of the peaceful earth. There all nature seemed to go on its course in holy harmony; save where the blue thread curled up from the cabin of a pioneer: there, a small clearing, and the report of a gun among the hills, announced that man was accomplishing the first work of civilization.

'Those scenes were sweet by night; when the high moon looked down from the eastern ridge, gilding the cliffs, and lighting the waters, and throwing her silvery veil over the forests. Then would the heart tremble with soft emotions, and tender feelings come gushing from deep fountains. Then was there something like old music in the voice of the night-winds; strange delights would minister to the spirit; the soul would indulge in one of its own mysterious banquets. But the familiar face of that old night-queen, my companion

in early summer nights, would remind me of the times and scenes of our old acquaintance. I would think of the days when with young ideas I first traced on the map the little crooked line of the far-distant Ohio. As I looked back to those pleasant days, contemplated the peaceful haven I had left, and saw myself fairly adrift among the vicissitudes of life, and thought of the sorrow and disappointment that had already come upon me, a sigh would overcome pleasant emotions; the night-winds would have a solemn sound; gloom would gather over my soul, and darkness arise in my way like, the mountains which now and then seemed to shut up the course of the river: a sadness would come over my heart, dark as the shadow of the bluff which the old boat drifted under. But these April clouds soon passed away: my elastic spirits would be aroused; a little enthusiasm would discern the bright hopes twinkling afar, and my changeful heart presently beat high again with joyful anticipations. And the boat would sweep around the base of the bluff, and shoot out into the clear light; and the river appeared again, far-extending, with the mild moon smiling from heaven on its gentle way, gilding its banks, and lighting it on through a long course of peaceful glory.

'During my sojourn in those regions, our camp was usually fixed on the bank of the stream. Good books and flutes were not wanting, nor sweet-tempered companions; and at evening, when the day's toil was done, there were bright faces gathered at the camp. It was a pleasant scene after supper, when the song, the story, and the laugh went round. Not unfrequently, too, at that late hour, the joyful shout might be heard from some weary loiterer, as the first glimpse of his *home* flashed upon him from the hills. We had most of the true delights of civilization, and enjoyed them with the zest of the wilderness. We slept sweetly in the free air, and awoke fresh with the birds at balmy dawn. It was the perfection of early romance.

'My companions were fond of hunting; and many a long day have I spent alone in the shade of the solitary camp, with no company but a book, and no sound to disturb me but the hollow echoes of the forest, the footsteps of the birds among the branches of the trees, and the pleasant whispers of the rippling waters. Sometimes, when the sun declined, and the long shadows stretched across the river, soft strains from the flute of some one of the wanderers would come back from the mountain, to the lively notes of some familiar tune, seeming like the spirit of the old cultivated air, in exile, and gracefully wooing the sweet wild echoes. When the shades of evening fell around, and the cook's generous fire blazed up, and the old teakettle hissed and whistled between the forked-props, it was with pleasant social emotions, that meditating a few cheerful sallies, I sat down to await the return of my companions. But in such a situation, a man will gradually sink into sober reflections; and when night and darkness had fallen around, and the silence remained unbroken, old fire-side feelings would come seeking my heart like the humble friends of our early days. Old faces, forms once familiar, the generous, the kind, of former years, would congregate around me; and by-and-by, when one of my companions did return, and weary and heavy-laden came moving from the darkness into the bright circle of

the fire-light, he would seem like one of the spirit-throng, until the noise startled me into a strange confusion between the vision and the reality.

' Sometimes when the camp was thus deserted, and often on the still Sabbath, I used to ascend the mountain, and lie down on some airy crag, from which I could look over into the vallies, and down on the tops of the interlocking ridges, terminating in bluffs and steep promontories, frowning like rude giants along the way; while the river, like a beautiful maiden, went turning and winding gracefully to pass them by. Sometimes a solitary flat-boat might be seen drifting around the base of the distant mountain; or a hawk, on easy wing, sailing in his lofty circles. And there would be all the magic of shadow and sunshine; the woods inverted in the margin of the bright blue waters, and the shade of the clouds passing over the still forests, like the smiles of sleep.

' Nature always seemed to me to 'keep Sabbath' in the wilderness. I used to fancy that the wild birds were more quiet on that day, sitting on the branches with their heads under their wings, smoothing their plumage, or looking quietly about them, and sometimes venturing a faint warble, scarcely above a whisper. And I have seen a large wolfish animal stand for hours upon a dry log, on the bank of the river, contemplating the stream, or gazing into the air; once or twice, perhaps, starting suddenly a few paces, but then halting as if he had given up the idea; and his tail all the while hanging listlessly down, as if indicating that no enterprise could be undertaken on that day. Just like the merchant who may be seen in the city, on a bright Sunday morning, in clean shirt collar, and with hands thrust into his pockets, loitering slowly down the street, or standing in ruminating attitude at the corner, pondering carefully every step of the morrow's tangled path, or perhaps calculating the amount of time lost in Sundays, by the whole world, taken individually and collectively, from Moses' day to the present time; but on the whole, enduring the Sabbath with Christian resignation.

' And up there, as I looked down on man and those quiet scenes, I used to muse, and moralize, and fall into reveries of early wisdom. I could not help thinking of the sound of the church-bell that was coming to break up those silent Sabbaths, and in the true spirit of civilization, to usurp, the old caves, and send all the wild echoes packing. 'What a delightful world this would be,' thought I, 'if man could cultivate his grain on the plains, and be content to build his house out of sight between the hills; to make his paths invisible under the woods, and leave the forests to robe sweet Nature, and shelter his own frail works from the storms!' But, alas! he retains his fatal thirst for knowledge and improvement. He is not content to enjoy his noble heritage, as heaven has fitted it up for him; he must needs tinker about it, and fashion it anew; and like all quacks, he brings ruin around him, and then takes to his heels. Thus it is that 'the star of empire is setting westward.' From his first step in Eden, on the banks of the Euphrates, his course is marked by barrenness and desolation. Man comes like the migratory armies of grubs and locusts, destroying every thing in his way, and leaving nakedness and devastation in the rear. He comes in a blind rage,

sweeping the land with the besom of civilization. He will descend into these valleys like a tornado, stripping Nature of her brightest charms; digging into her bosom for the coal mine; marring her beauty by the gravelly track of the rail-road, and the slimy course of the canal. Here he will build the city, with its hideous upturned suburbs, where gangs of laborers will be working out the labyrinth of streets, like delving worms. And in the height of his havoc, he will plant in the naked scene the rectangular orchard, and rear the gaudy, glaring house; and then he will strut as he looks around and thinks how he is improving and adorning the landscape! And weeping Nature will never truly smile again in these scenes, until at least ten centuries after this bustling storm has passed over the Rocky Mountains, and died away in fishing huts on the shore of the Pacific.

'When I had been a little more than a year in the wilderness, I set out on a long-cherished equestrian tour through the wild valleys, and over the mountains homeward. It was at the time when one Hares, a desperate ruffian, haunted the Alleghanies; and as I had more than a year's pay in my pocket, I accepted a pair of small pocket-pistols, which a sagacious friend pressed upon me. I travelled up the valley of the Ohio by slow and agreeable journeys; and tried the comforts of some of those hospitable farm-houses, which had so charmed me as I went down. I crossed the Ohio in the mists of morning at Wheeling; surveyed that little hill-side town by sunrise, and went on to the mountains. On that day I made a long journey: at evening I stopped at a poor inn, surrounded by great teams, and crowded with rude teamsters. I was much fatigued, and would willingly have remained there; but I found no rest for the sole of my foot. I could generally, in the worst situations of a rambler's life, lie down on the ground, or a cotton-bale, or a bench, and repose, careless and comfortable, let what might be going on around me. But this inn tried me sorely. The smell of old pipes, and the roar of loud voices, in a jargon like that of Babel, penetrated to every part of the house. I walked about, nervous and fidgety; until at last I said to myself, 'I cannot remain here.' Then I felt relieved. I almost think there was fate in it.

'At eight o'clock, the moon arose, broad and brilliant; and I set forward, fully determined to find more agreeable quarters, or at the worst, to make a pleasant night-journey. I was delighted with the moon-lit scenery, and kept on in pleasant reverie, over hill and through dusky valley, until long after midnight. I was approaching a small bridge; a branch of the road turned down through the stream, and I took that way. It was darkly overhung with trees; and just as I was coming under the shade, two men stepped out, took my horse by the bridle, and brought me to a stand so suddenly and so quietly, that I hardly comprehended the manœuvre. I was interrupted in a delicious reverie; and for a moment I felt all the confusion of a dream: but a great horse-pistol at my breast soon restored my senses. 'It would be a sad thing to die here all alone in the woods with a lie in your mouth; so 'fess clean!' said one of the ruffians; beginning in a low tone, tremulous with restrained energy, and breaking at the end into a voice that startled my nerves like a clap of thunder. He was a great tall, bony villain; with broad shoulders, and a fist like a

blacksmith's. His eye chilled me to the heart : the cold white was exposed to a horrible extent ; and his broad mouth and protruding jaws looked sufficiently wolfish to eat me up.

'I put my hand into my pocket for my money, without a moment's hesitation. One of the pistols of which I have spoken was at the bottom : it was the first thing I took hold of, and courage crept up from the little thing to my heart. I drew it slowly forth, thrust it into the ruffian's face, and fired. I had not a proper hold of it ; it turned in my hand ; and instead of blowing his brains out, it only sent the charge through his cheek, and burnt his face. His pistol went off at the same instant ; but more in the direction of his friend than me. The latter fled, and my horse made a bound ; but the huge ruffian held me by the shoulder : he jerked me off ; dashed me on the ground ; stamped upon me, kicked me, choked me, and beat me over the head with his great pistol, until I was well nigh insensible. He had the activity as well as the ferocity of a tiger. Having wreaked his vengeance, he took my pocket-book, hurled me over into the side-drain, and vanished in the forest.

*H. H. Riley*  
'MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.'

IN LINES TO A LADY: BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FISHING GROUND.'

A LADY asks. The harp I strung  
Was shattered when I touched it last ;  
Voiceless it hangs where it hath hung,  
A sad memento of the past.  
A lady asks : some angel strain  
Illumed with fire its broken shell,  
And briefly stir its cords again,  
With seraph sounds it loved so well !  
A lady asks : a rose is she,  
Full blown and sweet, with love's dew wet ;  
Her virtues cluster, as you see  
Around the stem the rose-leaves set.

A lady asks : it would be rash ;  
Not Beauty's eye, with glances bright,  
In these dull times of trade and cash,  
Could urge a poet on to write ;  
The starved-out Muses, lank and lean,  
Have long since fled this barren shore ;  
Behind, their temple may be seen,  
Yet Genius' self scarce opens the door ;  
Its shivered altar is no more !  
'T was Mammon struck the fatal blow,  
And laid both priest and altar low.

It is as well : for oh ! how brief  
The romance in that soul of thine !  
First spring-time, then the autumn leaf,  
So fades the heart within its shrine ;  
The after tie in silence breaks,  
As age and care their mildew bring :  
When TRUTH the poet's FANCY shakes,  
'T is madness to essay to sing !



## LETTER FROM JOHN WATERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

THY courteous reception, admired chronicler, of an *Advertisement* that I've sent thee some time ago, hath brought me — may I hope not intrusively? — again into the light of thy presence.

From time to time my heart, gathering up almost unconsciously to itself the varied sweets of intercourse and observation, longs for a depository of its acquisitions with an ardor that refuses to be with-stayed. May I not be permitted to regard thy pages as my prepared cells? — and let those of thy readers who delight in the cultivation of flowers not disdain the result of an industry, of which they may themselves perchance have contributed to the success.

Dost thou, who as an Editor art bound to know every thing; to have thought and read upon every subject; and within the compass of a short flight of time to have visited every place; — dost thou remember the corner house in the city of Perugia, in Italy, where strangers are shewn a small collection of paintings while their horses are changed and their passports examined? Dost thou remember the old gentleman who was the proprietor of these paintings, and the air of suppressed testiness with which he began the exhibition of them? — how wonderfully it wore off when you reached his beautiful specimen of the *Bornas*! — how he forgot his rheumatic gout as he stood in front of it, dilating on the peculiar excellencies of the two Brothers! 'The back-ground was formed by a view of the yellow Appenines. The time which the painters had chosen was mid-summer, at the last hour of sunlight. With what a warm and golden haze the atmosphere is charged, so that the broken branch of a tree in the centre of the piece seems almost to float athwart the sky; and what a sky! and what clouds! See how the light lingers about the scarlet doublet of the peasant at the foot of the tree! Behold the dog at his side, and the loaded ass in panniers retiring slowly up the rear! And then the group of cattle and of goats standing in water in the fore-ground, and the setting sun casting his blessed rays over the back of that white cow! And all this was the work, not of *one* artist, but of *two*! The landscape, the sky, the clouds, the trees, the water, the atmosphere, are by John Both; the figures, the cattle, by Andrew Both.

'The golden light which the pencil of the one brother had diffused in the back-ground, and which breathes in the atmosphere, is collected by the other, and made to dwell, with a concentrated force of expression, upon the objects to which the latter calls the attention of the rapt spectator! And this with so nice a graduation of thought and color, that one might almost as easily believe the Rose to be the product of two bushes, as this picture that of two minds. Oh, Sirs! oh, Madam! what shall we say of artists who can make the dumb works of God speak to the soul of man in such a language as this!'

Since I returned home, I have consulted various lives of the painters, and have found that the enthusiastic old gentleman was correct in his facts. The two Brothers lived for six years together in Ve-

nice, working upon the same paintings in this happy unanimity of thought, this precious intermarriage of mind with mind, until one died by a fall from a gondola; and the other, John Both, after becoming dissatisfied with every painter, and there were several, who endeavored to supply figures to his landscapes, broke his heart and followed him. There was no longer any one who could give incident to his genius, or tell the story of his thoughts, by collecting into speaking masses that broad diffusion of light in which his spirit bathed, and which he yearned to behold expressed again in concentrated beauty. And so he withered in his prime, like a rare plant covered with unopened buds.

In the biography of poets, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher furnish a touching parallel of this affinity and communion of soul with soul; where the development of thought, and not the literary fame which it established, was the desire that animated both. And the long effusion of heroic and chivalric life is brightened with a thousand instances of men who made, each with another, a common stock at once of glory and of life. And even the SACRED WRIT, I speak reverently, how does it delight to dwell upon those tendrils of the true vine which bound together the affections of the hero of Israel with those of his friend, so that his soul was knit with the soul of Jonathan, and their love surpassed the love of Woman! How graphically, and in how few words, is the character of this noble son of Saul sketched forth, as that of a retired and meditative being, of the highest order of courage, of singular earnestness and generosity of mind, satisfied to behold in his illustrious friend the blossoming forth of those regal honors, to which he seemed himself, in his own proper person, to have been born!

'Thou shalt not only while I live shew me the kindness of the LORD,'—'but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house, forever; no, not when the LORD hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth. And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him; for he loved him *as he loved his own soul!*'

As I sat in my roundabout chair the other evening, dwelling upon these sublime affiances, and upon the manner in which in the Heavens above they will be continued and refined and perfected between the spirits of the just, the picture of the Boths belonging to the old gentleman of Perugia, which had induced this train of thought, hung again upon the wall before the eye of my Imagination; and while I sat regarding it with delight not unmingled with surprise at the vividness of the representation, the back-ground changed slowly, peak after peak, from the Appenines into the Bernese Alps. The time was still the same; but the shadows were darker at the base, and the sunlight rested like a cincture about the snowy top of a cone-shaped mountain which rears its imperial head above most of the chain; and as I watched the magical effect of the delicate and fading pink upon the precious whiteness of the Alpine snow, I discerned two Beings walking or rather *passing* hand in hand over the purest surface in the world. They were affianced or sister spirits. Their raiment was of dazzling purity, 'such as that no fuller on earth could whiten it,' and they moved onward in righteousness, peace, and joy!

It appeared that the thoughts of both were occupied with the same subject, the providence of God displayed in the wonders of creation. They seemed not to employ words for the communication of their Ideas; but one, the taller of the two, whose face was that of *Meekness beautified with Salvation*, looked with her large, full, placid eyes upon the countenance of her associate, who seemed more animated and beamy in the expression of intelligence with which she caught and interchanged unspeakable thoughts that passed into her existence at the glance of her sister spirit. At every interchange of sentiment, they grew more and more intensely lovely; and I never can describe to you the effulgent beauty of the pair, at the moment that they slowly passed from off the roseate snow-crust into the blue ether that bordered on it.

The eyes of both were then turned upward in angelic gratitude and praise, and they disappeared into Heaven upon a thought of Redeeming Love!

JOHN WATERS.

#### EARTH'S DESTINIES.

'Vissai di spame; or vivo pur di piante;  
Nè contra morte spero altro che morte.'

PETRARCA.

SUBLIME the Earth rolls on,  
Through her blue pathway meted in the skies,  
Like a vast cloud, all bright,  
Measuring their mystic depths to mortal eyes!

Pure is her form of light,  
Resplendent in the sun's effulgent beams,  
As if no frost or storm  
Marred her fair breast, or froze her sparkling streams.

As if her daily round  
Brought to the embraces of his genial rays,  
Beings as pure as those  
From other spheres that on his splendour gaze.

Ah! why, through hosts of stars,  
Bright shining in the wide unfathomed skies,  
God's boundless universe,  
Where glorious worlds for glorious spirits rise:

The demon Evil, thus  
Mysterious sent from some dark sphere beyond,  
Strikes the doomed Earth alone  
With his relentless and malignant wand:

And brooding darkly there,  
Leaves man to grope in deep bewildering gloom;  
Making e'en joy's wild pulse  
Throb but to urge him faster to the tomb:

And with malicious sneer,  
Gloating o'er victims whom he feigns to bless,  
Binds their long-struggling souls,  
With cords oft hid by flowers, in vile duress!

Yet Hope, inspired of God,  
Breathes of release from this unholy sway,  
When the false demon's wing  
Shall cast no gloom o'er earth's celestial way:

But like a dove released  
From eagle's talons and o'ershadowing wing,  
Free as the loftiest star,  
And pure, in bright career she'll onward spring:

While in the unsullied light,  
Her sons shall grow in knowledge and in worth,  
Their converse sought the more  
By spirits high, for trials passed on earth.

Then let Man struggle now,  
Ere yet the Tyrant yields his short-lived power;  
Sweet influences are round,  
To soothe his spirit in its darkest hour.

The breath of early morn,  
Fresh o'er the dews that glow with heavenly light,  
And clouds that gild blue skies  
At eve, lead him to love the pure and bright.

His soul is doubly armed  
In panoply of thoughts fixed on the stars;  
And ocean's swelling roar  
Stirs his strong heart more, than the trump of Mars.

Let him march boldly on !  
All Nature sympathizes with the brave;  
And all her holy sounds  
His glory hymn, victorious o'er the grave!

S. D. D.

26. 26. 1840  
MY MUSING-GROUND.

A SERIES OF MENTAL-TRANSCRIPTS BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FISHING-GROUND.'

WHAT would have been the condition of this country, had the American Revolution failed? This is a curious and somewhat important question. It cannot be denied that the justice of a measure is too often determined by its success. Should we have been a beer-drinking, John Bull sort of people? — loyal and true, worshipping the virgin Queen, or would a second revolt have taken place, and the *colonies* finally have emancipated themselves? Had the experiment of 1776 failed, Britain, with a full knowledge of the value of her North American possessions, would have flooded the country with the younger sons of her nobles; a large standing army would have been sent over to fortify our cities, and line our coasts; the Adamses, Hancocks, and the residue of the brilliant statesmen of the day, with the leaders of our armies, would have been executed: the mass of the people would have become terrified at the success and stern jurisdiction of the crown; and above all, the naturalization laws would have been so framed, that little inducement would have been held out to our foreign brethren to leave Europe. Emigrants would not have been considered of the people, but only *AMONG* them. They would not have enjoyed the right of suffrage, nor have been eligible to office; they would not, probably, have been put on an equality in the purchase of public lands; but considered as a worthless band of itinerant wanderers. The British population would have increased

to a majority of the whole people; and doubtless would have become so accustomed to British laws, that they would not have even desired to change their condition.

The revolution, and our consequent naturalization laws, bringing upon us all nations, has physically as well as mentally changed us. It has transformed most of us into 'lean, Cassius-looking men.' Instead of growing up, as we should have done, after the rotundity of John Bull, we are a compound — Scotch, Irish, English, Dutch, and French, all in a mass. The whole world has been laid under contribution to make us up. But our defeat in the revolution would have changed all this! The participators in the 'rebellion,' as it would have been termed, would have passed away in a few years; their names stigmatized in history, and their example considered a fearful one for the imitation of after generations. When the war broke out, it was not from hostility to Britain, but to the injudicious and oppressive acts of parliament. The bosom of every colonist burnt with filial love for his native land. There was something of a reverence, even, for royalty and nobility. In view of these facts, is there not reason to suppose that we should have been under British dominion at present, had the revolution terminated adversely?

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I HAVE often thought that the soul of man is most eloquently portrayed in his works. Look at antiquity. In the ruins of Thebes and Memphis, we behold arches upon arches, enormous columns, shattered capitals. What are these, but the *visible* powers of the soul? Its mighty prints are there; it has wrought its glories in the very marble itself. The pyramids of Egypt, the work of the soul, have almost conquered even Eternity. The builders, countless ages since, went down to dust and oblivion; and yet their works still stand, the wonder of the world. Rubens has portrayed the soul on canvass; Canova has chiseled it in marble. Its magic survives, outliving the masters who produced it. The might of the soul is shown in Oliver Cromwell. Cradled in obscurity, he yet went on from strength to strength, snatching sceptres from kings, and usurping sole empire; in Napoleon, consolidating armies, and ravaging Europe, while princes turned pale at his giant tread; in WASHINGTON, whose fortitude sustained him through his darkest hour; in Fulton, who created a machine a million of times stronger than the contriver. In these examples, THE SOUL may be contemplated by the whole world. And yet this mysterious essence is capable of enlarging its powers to infinity! Had Newton lived a thousand years, with all his knowledge, his *soul* would not have tired! Who then can doubt its immortality? — or that it will ever be perfect, save in the realms of another and a better world?

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It is a little singular, that the mass should attach much importance to the small opinions of every-day critics. Because a man happens to have the facilities of *publishing* his views and opinions to the world, though he be the veriest blockhead on earth, his verdict is often of more than ordinary weight among men. Indeed, a JOHNSON could

not influence some men by his *verbal* opinion, to the extent that an ignoramus can influence them through 'press and types.' The 'dignity of print' has a strange effect. Although it is but one man who speaks, and he may have one hundred opponents who may argue successfully against him, yet they will all fail with the public. But let either of them *publish* the same opinion, and the ore, which was rich and weighty, becomes refined. Common critics, moreover, are always ready to find imperfections, for thus will the public be made acquainted with their *penetration*. In fact, many of them seem to think, that to criticize, *is* to find fault; 'else, (they reason,) where is the necessity of criticism?' It is said that any fool can fire a house. So can any man criticize a book; but very few can build the one or write the other. Many of the vinegar-critics of the day, who haunt the shores of literature, would utterly fail in penning even the *pre-face* to a respectable book. It is a recorded and well-known fact, that many of our standard works were rejected for the want of a publisher, owing to the unfavorable opinion of stolid rule-and-figure critics; but when they came before the people, who, judging from the impulses of the heart, are never wrong, how soon was their verdict reversed! The PEOPLE are the only true tribunal. They separate, with the hand of a refiner, the dross from the gold. By them genius is preserved, and pretension discarded.

There is no such thing as establishing a *rule* for writing, or for speaking. An orator with the power, the *magic* within him, to arouse and electrify his hearers, *will* do it, let his manner be what it may. Of all the masters of eloquence, in the old world or the new, are there any two whose style is the same? So it may be with writers. It is not so much the garb in which their thoughts are clothed, as the thoughts themselves. It is not enough that an author be grammatically correct; for we daily find scholars whose sentences are balanced with the harmony of music; who are rigid in their adherence to the rules of rhetoric; whose productions might defy criticism itself; and yet, after all, prove as barren, as devoid of interest, as was the blank paper upon which they were written. Authors of this stamp are mere mechanics in the *art* of writing; and they pursue it with as much coldness and indifference, and with as nice calculation, as a carpenter framing a window-sash, or a druggist compounding his medicines. They are mill-horses, which must for ever plod an unvarying round: their labors are all of a piece, and when put together, form one great dead level of symmetrical words, fatiguing to the beholder from their very proportion. Such writers create a mere carcass; there is no soul, no animating spirit, within. The temple is without a divinity.

But true talent, genuine genius, are seldom mistaken by the public, and produce a far different effect. Though the garb be rough as the rock, the sparks emitted are not the less bright. Genius kindles and scorches, wherever it makes its track. Speaking from, it goes to, the heart. Ignorance as well as talent can appreciate it. It is not necessary to subject it to the square and compass of criticism, to determine its merit; it is mighty from its own innate omnipotence; and although it may be marked by defects, they serve only as foils to its superabounding beauties.

THERE is no system of government more marked in history, nor one which has so distinctly survived the lapse of ages, as the feudal, (or *feodal*) system. Its birth may be fixed at the death of the Roman empire; for when the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards had overrun Italy, it became necessary to make a division of the spoils among those who had aided in their acquisition. A government founded upon civil laws was neither congenial to the nature of the victors, nor of sufficient strength to protect them against their foes. A military government was consequently introduced; and so framed, so admirably adapted for strength; so bound by the iron bands of self-interest and personal security; that nothing but internal strife could ever tear it asunder. Parcels of land were allotted by the conquering general to the superior officers of the army, and by them apportioned among the inferior officers; these were called feuds, fiefs, or fees. These inferior officers might, in turn, cut up *their* feuds into still smaller parcels, and divide them among the inferior soldiers. But the condition upon entering such lands, was the oath of fealty, which was taken by every feudatory, to follow his immediate lord to the wars; to protect him in peace; in short, to serve him as a slave, in every respect. From the most humble, through every grade, up to the commanding general himself, this severe and solemn oath was administered; forming one great chain, upheld by the grasp of a single hand; the sole centre of the might which was to control it.

The feudal system was introduced by William the Norman into France, and from thence to Britain, where it flourished with terrible pomp, and finally sunk under its own strength, in the reign of King John; who laid claim, as of right, to all the lands in the kingdom, considering the barons mere vassals of the crown; when in fact, at the establishment of the system, under the Norman, the proprietors of the soil merely *supposed* the title to be in the king, as absolutely necessary for the erection of their new government.

No position can be conceived more lordly and despotic than was that of the ancient barons. They were their own legislators, and the judges of their own laws. They were also peers of the king's court in matters of more importance. They were both civil and military chiefs; swaying the sceptre in one hand, and carrying the sword in the other. Secure in their capacious, stone-bound castles, with an arsenal of arms at their side, and an army within call, to wield them at a moment's notice; stimulated as much by their own as by the interest of their chiefs; they were never alarmed in their position, and fought only for glory. Each barony was a state by itself, and each baron the government; a government of such grinding despotism, such iron rule, that no age has ever recorded its like. But even this government, apparently so strong, was riven asunder by the very man whose interest it was to preserve it. It was not the oppressed vassal, battling for his stolen rights, that split it in pieces; but the king, the tyrant of tyrants, by his grasp for still *more* power; by attempting to wield as absolute a power over the barons, as the barons themselves wielded over their serfs; a striking example of the nature of man, when left to his own free will!

It is a truth, confirmed by every day's experience, that no man, or exclusive set of men, can be safely trusted with great power. He who believes that he was 'born to command,' seldom respects the rights of those who, according to his own theory, were 'born to serve.' Such a man is continually usurping what does not belong to him, from the very nature of his position. Power begets power, and more power still more; increasing, as it advances, both in strength and velocity. A solitary king upon his throne, although nominally supreme, would be a pitiable object indeed; but a king with an army at his nod, connected with the sovereign by the *interest* of rank and pay; ready to draw the sword at a moment's notice; a king surrounded by his peers, who are by law licensed leeches, continually draining the life-blood of the mass — to say nothing of that brood of clerical vampires, who, under the garb of religion, are authorized to fatten themselves in every hamlet, and suck *their* fill\* — such a king is indeed most omnipotent. By thus dividing a nation, and taxing one-half to support the other, despotism maintains its rule. The lower classes, forced to the payment of heavy taxes, are compelled to forge their own chains, to support the king, the army, and the clergy; and after bleeding at every pore, they are told that it is the price of *government*. A fabric of tyranny is thus reared, which can only be overturned by civil war; the greatest calamity that can befall a nation.

Who will deny that this is an age of poetry? Every pamphlet, magazine, and newspaper, religious, scientific, and political, is groaning beneath its load of rhyme. The school-boy in his teens, the freshman at college, the merchant at his desk, the mechanic at his bench, all write poetry; and the whole country jingles, from Maine to Louisiana, with blank verse, songs, ballads, and every other metre known to the language. We have poetical signs along our streets; some so pathetic in their appeals, that they would make a stoic weep; others there are, which would do honor to the god of Mirth himself. The tradesman implores the public, in all the eloquence of verse, to buy his goods; and the public, perfectly astounded at the genius of the man, respond to his appeal, as much from curiosity as from interest.

Has the love of gold, the mania of the nation, blighted and scorched all those finer feelings, which are indispensable to poetical excellence? Is the public slow to applaud the production, and reward the author, or is the country incapable of thus distinguishing itself? There is a rich vein of true poetry running through the American people. We have our BRYANT, the author of 'Thanatopsis,' a poem, which, for its length, is imbued with more solemn philosophy, more profound depth and purity of thought, than almost any other in the English language; a poem which finds a response in every human heart, and has long since received the seal which will embalm it for ages. But a thousand such poems as 'Thanatopsis' would not furnish the means to supply a family with bread, in this iron age of utility and enterprise;† and the author would be compelled to starve in the

\* We refer to political church government.

† Take this *cum grano salis*. — Ed.



midst of his song. With nothing to animate or cheer him but newspaper-praise, and the prospect after death of a monument, with a turgid panegyric upon its four sides, that being a commodity which costs but a trifle. Thus we find that all our poets, not only BRYANT, but HALLECK, SPRAGUE, PERCIVAL, DANA, and others, have been absolutely driven into other employments, to procure the means of liberal subsistence; and yet the *reading* public wonder that they should have ever 'forsaken the Muses;' that they did not sing on, their song was so sweet; and they conclude by a fling at the waywardness and eccentricity of genius, because they have not seen fit 'to live in a garret,' and we might add, 'eat mice,' for their gratification.

Again, the nation, as a whole, has not cultivated a taste for poetry. The educated portion of the people, even, have considered the Muses as scarcely worth a passing notice. They do not analyze and separate the dross from the gold, but bless or curse, not from their own judgment, but that of a favorite reviewer. They look at the brand of the inspector, not at the article itself; the result is, that Block-headism and true Genius find themselves on nearly the same footing; too often followed by the withdrawal of the latter, while the former perseveres, and fairly deluges its readers with its lucubrations, outstripping even Homer himself in *quantity*; a very marketable commodity, withal; so that Merit, though it should make an effort to obtain a hearing, would find itself fairly choked down amid the piles of rubbish which it would be its destiny to traverse or climb. H. H. R.

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L O V E .

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A TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHIASSEN.

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I.

TELL me, my Song, what can it be,  
Which Earth to pilgrim ties,  
That on dry leaves of Winter, he  
As if on roses lies?  
Thou art, O Love! that sweetest thing!  
Thou breath'st on him the hope of Spring,  
When leaves and flowers are dying.

II.

Even though at couch of Death he bend,  
Where, heart of all his heart,  
There fades away his early friend,  
Who softens then his smart?  
With gentle air, then Love appears,  
And Patience, smiling through her tears,  
Gives an embrace to Sorrow.

III.

O, Love! when once the Lord of War  
Earth's pillars shall have rent,  
Nor any sun, nor moon, nor star,  
Gleam in high firmament;  
Then changest thou our earthly moans,  
Companion of undying ones,  
To Triumph's song, in Heaven!

## 'CUPIDE A LA CHASSE.'

From Paphian bow'rs, where murmuring fountains flow,  
 Young Love, all eager, to the chase departs :  
 Life's day is dawning : blithe with hope he starts,  
 While Childhood's dreams are not yet flown. But lo !  
 Where flow'rs were dreamed of, thorns and thistles grow !  
 Soft rosy smiles adorn his youthful face ;  
*Before*, is seen bright Hope and beaming Grace ;  
 The keen darts lurk *behind* — steeped in sharp wo !  
 The fire that forged them, lit at woman's eyes ;  
 The breath that gave the dead coals life, hot sighs ;  
 Tempered in tears were they ; their barbed tips  
 Envenomed in the dew of woman's lips ;  
 The string that wings his shafts woven of woman's hair :  
 Is he a god or fiend ? He's both ! My soul, beware !

## CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING CHOWDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR : The enclosed letter was sent to me by the writer, with the request that I would forward it to JOHN WATERS ; but as I am ignorant of the address of that gentleman, I enclose it to you, and beg that you will see that he gets it.

Your ob't Serv't,

H. FRANCO.

## LETTER TO JOHN WATERS.

ESTEEMED FRIEND JOHN WATERS :

Nantucket, Seventh Mo. 10, 1840.

I have read thy piece of writing in the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, which thou callest 'Discursive Thoughts on Chowder,' and I now take my pen in hand to give thee my sentiments in relation thereto. If thy writing had made its appearance in a less popular journal, or one numbering fewer intelligent readers, it is probable that I should not have felt myself moved to communicate with thee and the public on the subject ; but as it is, I feel an inward yearning to do so, lest a wrong impression be made upon the minds of a multitude of persons ignorant of the matter on which thou hast undertaken to enlighten them.

I am fearful, friend Waters, that thou art wholly and entirely ignorant of what Chowder really is, and that thou hast never so much as smelled of the dish in thy life ; for if thou hadst, thy thoughts would not have been discursive when thou wast writing of it. Can a mother's thoughts wander from her child, when its first cry sounds in her ear ? Can a miser think of the next world, when his eyes are fixed upon the glittering dust of this ? Can fire forget to seek the sun, or water turn back from its parent ocean ? No. And I do confidently affirm, that no man's thoughts will ever wander from a pot of Chowder, when they have once been attracted to it ; either by the pleasing reality itself, or only by the unsubstantial shadow of it which his memory may retain. And then to call this simple yet savory dish

by a finical French name, *Chaudière*, as if the concoction of Chowder had ever entered into the culinary conceptions of a befrizzled Mounseer! No, friend John, Chowder is a dish of greater dignity than your friend James had an idea of. It is a dish of great antiquity, too. It was known in the days of Barclay, and Fox, and Woolman. And notwithstanding that I have searched diligently through the chronicles of Obed Macy, and other conscientious Friends, yet I have not been able to find that any mention has been made of the discoverer or inventor of this excellent dish; hence I have been led to believe that it was neither invented nor discovered, but that it was an inspired dish: for there were giants in those days: and doubtless some Friend was moved by the givings out of the inward light to confer the great blessing of a pot of Chowder upon our sinful race.

From the manner in which thou enumeratest the ingredients of thy friend James' Chowder, it is very evident to my mind that he too knew nothing at all about the matter. Such a mixture might do well enough for a codfish-stew, or what we denominate on this island a 'Frank Gardner mess;' but it is not worthy to be called by the name of Chowder. Thee may call it *Chaudière*, or any other outlandish name, but do not call it Chowder. Didst thou never read the ode of the poet Southey, beginning thus:

'Full of my theme, O Muse! begin the song!  
 What though the sunbeams of the west  
 Mature within the turtle's breast  
 Blood glutinous, and fat of verdant hue!  
 Give them their honors due,  
 But, *Chowder*, thou art best!'

And dost thou think that a vile compound of fish and potatoes would inspire such a noble strain? And what presumption in thee to assert that thy friend James could prepare the dish better than any one beside! Now, friend Waters, I have eleven daughters, and either of them can cook as good a pot of Chowder as a reasonable man could desire to dip his spoon in. Although I must confess that my youngest daughter Hepzabeth hath perhaps the most skilful hand of either, since my daughter Rhoda, who is married to Amaziah Green, a Newport Friend, removed from the Island. Even my eldest son Libni, who is now absent on a whaling voyage in the ship Barclay, I have been told by his former shipmates, was a very good hand at making Chowder; and I have heard that he once made a very good Chowder out of an albatross, that he shot near the Island of Tristan d'Acunha, off the East Cape.

I have shown thy 'Discursive Thoughts' to my daughter Hepsabeth, and she says that one onion is not sufficient; that the biscuit ought not to be soaked in water; that the potatoes should be omitted altogether; that there should be no butter, and that the pork should not be put in layers, but that it should be cut up very fine, and fried brown.

For my own part, friend Waters, I must confess to thee that my mind misgives me that one who errs so greatly in his opinions about Chowder, cannot be altogether correct in his views of religion. I hope, for thy soul's sake, that thou art not one of the Hicksite persuasion; but I fear. I have a ship now on the stocks at Mattapoiset, which I

intend to call after my youngest daughter Hepsabeth Starbuck ; and I shall necessarily be absent from the island until she is launched ; but when I return, I shall be pleased to see thee at my house in Coffin-street, and thou shalt then decide whether thy friend James could make a better Chowder than my youngest daughter Hepsabeth.

And remain, thy friend, with esteem,

HEZEDIAH STARBUCK, THIRD.

#### A R I D E W I T H D E A T H .

I saw him pass by, while the east-wind blew,  
And the vernal blooms from the branches flew ;  
Lo ! there he speeds, that old skeleton-man,  
With his frame all bleached, all withered and wan ;  
His eye-balls are gone, and his cheek-bones bare,  
And he rides a pale horse through the cold humid air !

Now he resteth himself 'neath an old dry tree,  
Where the moss hath grown for a century :  
He feeds his steed with grass that grew rank  
On the field where warriors in battle sank ;  
Bedabbled with blood, it thick grew, and strong,  
And to Death's pale horse doth of right belong !

Gone is the beauty from violet blue,  
For the look of Death hath pierced it through ;  
And the crocus that bloomed near the old dry tree,  
Hath faded away, such a sight to see ;  
And the grass where he sat, that was bright and green,  
Turned pale as the blades where a stone hath been.

Ha ! ha ! old pilgrim ! may I go with thee,  
Thy doings fearful and strange to see ?  
He nodded his head ; not a word said Death,  
For he had little need to waste his breath :  
A man of short speech, he speaks in his brow ;  
He looks what he means, when he says ' Come thou ! '

We paused near a maiden with rosy cheek,  
A lovely maiden, with blue eye meek ;  
But her youthful bloom, how it faded away !  
Her heart was in heaven, she might not stay :  
And we looked at an infant that lay on the breast,  
A mother's pride, and it sank to rest !

We stood by the cot of a widowed dame ;  
Life's feeble embers gave out their last flame :  
At the hut of a slave we stepped gently in ;  
With pity Death looked on his frame so thin,  
And his face, as he watched at the old man's bed,  
Said ' Peacefully let him be one with the dead ! '

At a palace we tarried, and there one lay  
On his last sad couch, at the close of day ;  
He struggled hard, but Death's face said ' No !  
Duty is mine, wheresoever I go ;  
Peasant or king, it is all the same,  
Mine must thou be — I have here thy name ! '

We hovered around where a christian sire  
Lay waiting to join the eternal choir ;  
Peaceful and calm was his holy repose ;  
He sank as the sun on a May-day's close :  
He rose as the sun with beams tricked anew,  
When flowers bend with beauty, and leaves with dew.

We crossed the path of a beautiful bark,  
 How many the corpses, all stiff and stark !  
 Down sank the vessel beneath the wild wave,  
 No hand was near one poor soul to save !  
 We glanced at a ship by an iceberg crushed,  
 We gazed but a moment — then all was hushed.

We asked of a miser to yield up his gold,  
 But he loosed not his clutch when his hands were cold.  
 We entered a town, as it shook to and fro,  
 An earthquake was raging in fury below ;  
 Dwellings were rocking like trees when storm-tost,  
 Crashing and sinking — till all were lost !

We stayed our flight o'er a funeral pile,  
 Where the Ganges roll'd swift through a deep defile ;  
 Where Bramin priests rent with cries the air,  
 While the victim lay burning and crackling there ;  
 And the devotees of dark Jaggernath  
 We saw mangled and torn in its bloody path.

We paused awhile where a family stood,  
 Partaking the sacred 'body and blood ;'  
 And we saw their mother unfaltering pray,  
 When life's mellow evening was fading away :  
 And as she sighed out her last tremulous breath,  
 Was ended my first wild ride with Death.

*Fall River, June, 1840.*

J. W.

## M I C R O M E G A S.

A PHILOSOPHICAL NARRATIVE : TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

### CHAPTER FIRST.

JOURNEY OF AN INHABITANT OF A WORLD OF THE STAR SIRIUS TO THE PLANET SATURN.

In one of those planets which revolve around the star called Sirius, there was a young man of much talent, whom I had the honor of knowing in the last journey that he made to our little ant-hill. He was called Micromegas,\* a name which well befits all the great. He was eight leagues in height : by eight leagues, I mean twenty-four thousand geometrical paces of five feet each.

Certain algebraists, gentlemen exceedingly useful to the public, will instantly take the pen, and find, that since Mr. Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius, is from head to foot twenty-four thousand paces, which make one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet, and since citizens of this our earth are scarcely more than five feet, and yet our globe is nine thousand leagues in circumference ; they will find, I say, that it is absolutely necessary that the globe which has produced him should be, by due proportion, twenty-one millions six hundred thousand times larger in circumference than our little world. Nothing is plainer or more ordinary in nature. The territories of certain German or Italian princes, which we can walk round in half an hour, compared with the empires of Turkey,

\* 'Little-Great.' — TRANSLATOR.

Russia, or China, are but a feeble image of the prodigious disparities which Nature every where exhibits.

The stature of his excellency being such as I have stated, all our sculptors and painters will readily agree that his waist must be fifty thousand royal feet in circumference; a very fair proportion.

As for his intellect, it is one of the best cultivated I know. He has learned many things, and discovered others. He was only two hundred and fifty years old, and was studying, according to custom, in the Jesuit's college of his planet, when, by mere intuition, he discovered more than fifty of the propositions of Euclid; that is, eighteen more than Blaisé Pascal, who, having discovered thirty-two in his games, as his sister tells us, became afterward a tolerable geometer, and an intolerable metaphysician. When about four hundred and fifty years old, advancing toward manhood, he dissected many small insects, not more than one hundred feet in diameter, imperceptible to ordinary microscopes, and composed a very curious book upon the subject, which however caused him great misfortunes. The mufti of his country, very scrupulous and very ignorant, found in his book propositions, suspicious, inconsistent, rash, and heretical, or smelling of heresy; and he prosecuted him with virulence. His inquiry had been, whether the substantial forms of the Sirian fleas were of the same nature with that of snails. *Micromegas* defended himself with spirit; he brought over the ladies to his side; and the trial lasted two hundred and twenty years. At last the mufti procured the condemnation of the book, by lawyers who had never read it, and the author was forbidden to appear at court for eight hundred years.

He was little distressed by banishment from a court filled with intrigue and trifling. He wrote a very amusing epigram upon the mufti, and thought no more about him, but set out on his travels from planet to planet, to 'finish,' in popular phrase, the cultivation of his mind and heart. Those who have never travelled but in a post-chaise or *berlin*, will doubtless be astonished at the carriages of the world above; for we, on our little heap of mud, can conceive of nothing beyond our customs. Our traveller was familiar with the laws of gravitation, and all the attractive and repulsive forces. He availed himself of this knowledge, to such purpose, that, sometimes by the help of a sunbeam, sometimes by the accommodation of a comet, he and his servants went from globe to globe, as a bird hops from branch to branch. He crossed the Milky Way in a trice; and I am compelled to say, that amid the stars with which it is sown, he did not see that beautiful empyrean sky which the illustrious vicar, Derham, boasts of having seen at the end of his telescope. I would not insinuate that Mr. Derham had bad eyes; God forbid! But *Micromegas* was on the spot, is a good observer, and I never contradict.

*Micromegas*, having travelled much, came to the globe of Saturn. Accustomed as he was to novelty, he could not at first, beholding the smallness of the globe and its inhabitants, avoid that supercilious smile which sometimes crosses the most sage. The fact is, Saturn is only nine hundred times larger than the earth, and the citizens of that country are dwarfs of only six thousand feet high, or thereabout. He amused himself at first, with his servants, just as an Italian musi-

cian smiles at the music of Lulli, when he comes into France. But as the Sirian was a man of sense, he saw very soon that a rational being should not be laughed at for being only a thousand toises high. He got acquainted with the Saturnians, after having astonished them. He formed a strict friendship with the Secretary\* of the Saturnian Academy, a man of much talent, who had not, it is true, discovered any thing, but who could give a very good account of the discoveries of others, and who made tolerable verses, and long calculations. For the gratification of my readers, I will repeat here a curious conversation which Micromegas held one day with the Secretary.

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CHAPTER SECOND.

CONVERSATION OF THE SIRIAN WITH THE SATURNIAN.

AFTER his excellency had lain down, and the Secretary had approached his face, 'We must allow,' said Micromegas, 'that Nature is infinitely varied. 'Yes,' said the Saturnian; 'Nature is like a garden, whose flowers ——' 'Ah!' said the other, 'away with your garden of flowers.' 'It is,' resumed the Secretary, 'like an assembly of blondes and brunettes, whose dresses ——' 'What have I to do with your brunettes?' says the other. 'It is, then, like a gallery of portraits, the features of which ——' 'No, no!' says the traveller, once more, 'Nature is like Nature. Why seek for comparisons?' 'To please you,' says the Secretary. 'I wish to be informed, not amused,' replied the traveller. 'Begin by telling me how many senses the people of your world possess.' 'We have seventy-two,' said the academician, 'and we are complaining every day that the number is so small. Our imagination outstrips our necessities: we find that with our seventy-two senses, our ring, and our five moons, we are too much confined; and despite all our curiosity, and the sufficient number of passions originating in our seventy-two senses, we have plenty of time for weariness.' 'Very likely,' said Micromegas, 'for in our world we have near a thousand senses, and yet there remains an indefinite, vague desire, an ill-defined disquietude, which constantly informs us that we are insignificant, and that there are beings far more perfect than we. I have travelled a little; I have seen beings much below us; I have seen them far above us; but I have met with none who had not more wishes than real wants, and more wants than they could satisfy. Perhaps I shall some day arrive at a country where there are no wants; but hitherto I have received no certain information of any such country.'

The Saturnian and the Sirian then exhausted themselves in conjectures; but, after many very ingenious and very unsatisfactory reasonings, they were obliged to return to facts. 'How long do you live?' 'Alas! but a little time,' replied the little Saturnian. 'Just as with us,' said the Sirian. 'We are always complaining of the shortness of time. It must be a universal law of Nature.' 'Alas!' said the Saturnian, 'we live only five hundred great

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\* It is supposed that Fontenelli is here intended. He was secretary of a French Philosophical Society. — TRANSLATOR.

revolutions of the sun, (which comes to about fifteen thousand years, in our way of calculating.) You see plainly that this is to die almost at the moment one is born. Our existence is a point, our duration an instant, our globe an atom. Scarcely do we begin to learn a little, when death comes in, before we have any experience. For myself, I dare not advance my projects : I find myself like a drop of water in an immense ocean. I am especially ashamed, in your presence, of the insignificant figure which I am sure I must make in the universe.'

Micromegas replied : 'If you were not a philosopher, I should be afraid of distressing you with the information, that our life is seven hundred times as long as yours ; but you know too well, that when we must restore our body to its elements, that it may réanimate nature under another form, which is called dying, when that moment of metamorphosis arrives, to have lived an eternity, or to have lived one day, is precisely the same thing. I have been in countries where they live much longer than in mine, and have found that they were murmuring still. But there are every where men of good sense, who know how to take their own places, and thank the Author of Nature. He has shed over this universe a profusion of specific differences, with an admirable uniformity. For example : all thinking beings are different, yet all resemble each other at the bottom, by the gift of thought and of desire. Matter is every where extended, but it has in each globe different properties. How many of these properties do you reckon ?' 'If you speak of those properties,' replied the Saturnian, 'without which we believe that this globe could not exist such as it is, we count three hundred of them ; as extension, impenetrability, mobility, gravitation, divisibility, and others.'

'Apparently,' said the traveller, 'this small number suffices for the views which the Creator had for your little habitation. I admire his wisdom in every thing : I see differences every where, but proprieties every where, also. Your globe is small ; its inhabitants are so too. You have few sensations ; your matter has few properties : all this is the work of Providence. What is the color of your sun, when accurately examined ?' 'A very yellowish white,' answered the Saturnian ; 'and when we divide one of its rays, we find that it contains seven colors.' 'Our sun approaches the red,' said the Sirian, 'and we have thirty-nine primitive colors. 'There is not one among all the suns I have approached, which resembles another ; as among you, there is no countenance which does not differ from all the others.'

After many questions of this nature, the traveller inquired how many substances essentially different were enumerated in Saturn. He learned there were thirty ; as God, space, matter ; thinking beings who have no extension ; those who are penetrable by each other ; those who are impenetrable to each other, and others. The Sirian, in whose country three hundred were known, and who had discovered three thousand others in his travels, was greatly amazed at the philosopher of Saturn. At last, after having communicated to each other a little of what they knew, and a great deal of what they did not know, and after having reasoned during one revolution of the sun, they resolved to make together a short philosophical excursion.



## CHAPTER THIRD.

## JOURNEY OF THE INHABITANTS OF SIRIUS AND SATURN.

OUR two philosophers were ready to embark on the atmosphere of Saturn, with a very fine set of mathematical instruments, when the mistress of the Saturnian, who had heard of it, came in tears to remonstrate. She was a pretty little brunette, only about six hundred and sixty toises high, but who compensated by many charms the smallness of her stature, 'Ah! cruel man!' she cried, 'after having kept you at a distance, fifteen hundred years; when at last I am beginning to yield; when I have scarcely passed a hundred years in your arms; you desert me, to make a journey with a giant from another world! Begone! You are nothing but an explorer, and never were a lover! If you were a true Saturnian, you would be faithful. Where are you going? What do you wish? Our five moons are more stationary than you; our ring does not change so often. There is the end of it! I will never love any body else!' The philosopher embraced her, wept with her, philosopher as he was, and the lady, after a fainting fit, went to console herself with a country fop.

Meanwhile our two adventurers set forth. They leaped at first upon the ring, which they found tolerably flat, as an illustrious inhabitant of our little globe has sagaciously conjectured; thence they went from moon to moon. A comet was passing close by the last one; they jumped aboard, with their domestics and their instruments. When they had travelled about an hundred and fifty millions of leagues, they fell in with the satellites of Jupiter. They proceeded to Jupiter itself, and remained there a year, during which they learned some five secrets, which remained suppressed, without the help of noble inquisitors, who have found certain propositions troublesome; but I have read the manuscript, in the library of the illustrious archbishop of —, who allowed me to examine his books, with a generosity and kindness which cannot be sufficiently commended.

But to return to our travellers. Departing from Jupiter, they traversed a space of about one hundred millions of leagues, and coasted alongside the planet Mars, which as every one knows is five times smaller than our globe. They saw two moons attendant on that planet, which have escaped the search of our astronomers. I am aware that P. Castel wrote, and with much pleasantry, against the existence of these two moons; but I appeal to those who reason by analogy. These good philosophers know how difficult it must be for Mars, so far from the sun, to get along without at least two moons. Be this as it may, our gentlemen found her so small, that they feared there would not be room enough to lie down, and they continued their route, like two travellers who disdain some miserable village inn, and push on to the next town. But the Sirian and his companion soon regretted it. They proceeded a long time, and found nothing. At last they perceived a slight glimmering. It was the Earth. It seemed contemptible, to men who had come from Jupiter. Still, lest they should repent again, they resolved to disembark. They passed over the tail of the comet, and finding an Aurora Borealis all ready, they

went aboard, and arrived on the earth's surface, at the northern shore of the Baltic Sea, July fifth, seventeen hundred thirty-seven, new style.

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CHAPTER FOURTH.

RELATES WHAT HAPPENED ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

AFTER some repose, they ate for their breakfast two mountains, which their servants had cooked for them in good style : they then resolved to reconnoitre the country where they were. They proceeded at first from North to South. The ordinary steps of the Sirian and his attendants were about thirty thousand royal feet ; the Saturnian dwarf followed panting at a distance. It was necessary for him to take about a dozen steps while the other made one stride. Figure to yourself, (if we may be allowed such comparisons,) a very small muff-dog following a captain in the King of Prussia's Guards.\*

As these strangers walked very fast, they had made the circuit of the world in thirty-six hours. The sun, to be sure, or rather the earth, makes a similar journey in one day ; but we must suppose one travels much more at his ease when he turns on his axis, than when he walks on his feet. They returned, therefore, to the place whence they set out, after having seen that puddle, almost imperceptible to them, called the Mediterranean, and that other little pond, which, under the name of the great ocean, surrounds the mole-hill. They did all they could, going and returning, up and down, to determine whether this globe were inhabited or not. They stooped, they lay down, they fumbled every where : but their eyes and their hands not being proportioned to the little animals who grovel here, they received not the slightest sensation which could make them suspect that we and our brethren, fellow-citizens of this globe, have the honor to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes decided somewhat hastily, declared at first that there was nobody on the earth : his first reason was, that he had seen no one. Micromegas politely suggested that that was not very good reasoning ; 'for,' said he, 'with your little eyes, you do not see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I perceive very distinctly : do you rashly conclude, therefore, that there are no such stars ?'

'But,' said the dwarf, 'I have felt for beings carefully.'

'But,' replied the other, 'your perceptions are not acute.'

'But,' rejoined the dwarf, 'this globe is so ill-constructed, it is so irregular, and of a shape which appears to me so ridiculous ! Every thing here seems in a state of chaos. Do you see these little brooks, not one of which follows a strait line ; these ponds, which are neither round, nor square, nor oval, nor of any regular shape ; all these little pointed grains with which this globe is bristling, and

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\* THE King of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great, the friend of Voltaire, was at great pains and expense to procure from the four quarters of the globe men of seven feet high and upward, to form a regiment of guards. — TRANSLATOR.

which have scorched my feet : (these were our mountains !) Do you observe, beside, the form of the entire globe ? — how flat it is at the poles ; how it turns round the sun, in left-handed style, in such a way that the polar regions are necessarily uncultivated ? In fact, what makes me think there is nobody here, is, that it appears to me no man of common sense would stay here !'

'Oh, well,' rejoined Micromegas, 'perhaps they are *not* people of much sense who live here ; but still, there is some appearance that it is not made for nothing. Every thing here appears to you irregular, you say, because every thing is so exact in Saturn and Jupiter. Perhaps it is for that very reason that there is here a little confusion. Have not I told you that in my travels I have always observed variety ?'

The Saturnian replied to all these reasons ; and the dispute would never have ended, had not Micromegas, by good fortune, growing warm in discourse, broken the string of his diamond necklace. The diamonds fell : they were of good quality, though somewhat irregular, the heaviest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest fifty. The dwarf gathered up some of them ; and he perceived, by bringing them near his eyes, that these diamonds, from the manner in which they were cut, were excellent microscopes. He took, therefore, a small microscope, of an hundred and sixty feet focal distance, which he applied to the pupil of his eye : Micromegas selected one of two thousand five hundred feet. They were capital ; but at first they saw nothing by their assistance : it was necessary repeatedly to adjust them.

At length, the inhabitant of Saturn saw an almost invisible something moving under water in the Baltic sea. It was a whale. He took it up very adroitly, with his little finger, and placing it upon his thumb-nail, showed it to the Sirian, who laughed a second time at the excessive smallness of the inhabitants of our globe. The Saturnian, convinced that our world was inhabited, imagined that it was only by whales ; and as he was a great reasoner, he wished to discover whence the motion of so small an atom ; if it had ideas, will, and freedom of action.

Micromegas, though a philosopher, stumbled at this. He examined the animal very patiently, and the result of the inquiry was, that he had no reason to think that a soul was lodged there. The two travellers inclined then to believe that there was nothing rational in our habitation ; when, by the help of a microscope, they perceived something larger than a whale floating in the Baltic sea. It is well known that at that very time a party of philosophers were returning from the polar circle, under which they had been making observations ; the result of which no one has yet ascertained. The gazettes inform us that their vessel went ashore on the coast of the Baltic, and that they saved their lives with great difficulty : but in this world we never know the whole of a secret.

I shall now proceed to disclose the whole affair, with great ingenuousness, exactly as it occurred, without introducing any circumstance of my own ; no small effort for a historian, it will be allowed very body.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

## DISCOVERIES AND REASONINGS OF THE TWO ADVENTURERS.

MICROMEGAS very softly extended his hand toward the place where the object appeared, and put forth two fingers; then drawing them back, for fear he might be deceived; then opening and closing them; he very skilfully seized the vessel which carried these gentlemen, and placed it upon his thumb-nail, without pressure, lest he should crush it. 'That's an animal very different from the first,' said the Saturnian dwarf. The Sirian placed the supposed animal in the hollow of his hand. The passengers and crew, who supposed themselves whirled away by a hurricane, and thought themselves on a species of rock, were all in confusion. The sailors, taking up the wine-casks, threw them on the hand of Micromegas, and flung themselves after; the geometers took their quadrants, their sextants, and the Lapland girls, and came down on the fingers of the Sirian. They made so many movements, that at last he felt something move, which tickled his fingers. It was an iron-shod staff, which they sunk a foot deep in his fore-finger. He judged by this slightly piercing sensation, that something had come out of the little animal that he held; but he suspected nothing more at first. The microscope, which scarcely discovered to him a whale and a ship, had no power on a being so imperceptible as men.

I design not here to shock any person's vanity; but I am obliged to beg important people to make one slight reflection with me: it is, that taking the stature of the human race at about five feet, we do not make on the earth's surface a greater figure than would be made on a ball of ten feet in circumference, by an animal about the six hundred millionth part of an inch in height. Figure to yourselves a being who could hold the earth in his hand, and who should have organs in proportion, like ours; and it may very well be that there are a very great number of such beings. Conceive, therefore, I entreat you, what they would think of those battles which two villages have cost us, which we were obliged, after all, to give up!

I know that if some captain of the tall grenadiers should read this history, he may shrug up at least two full feet above the helmets of his troop; but I inform him that at his utmost, he and his men will never be more than infinitely small.

What marvellous skill, then, was necessary for our Sirian philosopher to perceive the atoms of which I have spoken! When Lewenhöck and Hartsoeker first saw, or thought they saw, the germ from which we are formed, they made nothing near so astonishing a discovery. What pleasure did Micromegas feel, in seeing these little machines move, in examining all their writhings, and following them in all their operations! 'Wonderful!' he exclaimed, as with transport he put one of his microscopes into the hands of his companion in travel! 'I see them!' they cried, both at once: 'do you not see those who are carrying burdens, some stooping down, and others rising up?'

Thus speaking, their hands trembled, not less with the pleasure of seeing objects so new, than with the fear of losing them. The Saturnian, passing from the excess of distrust to that of credulity, thought he perceived them employed in propagation. 'Ah!' said he, 'I have caught Nature in the act!'<sup>\*</sup> But he was deceived by appearances; a frequent event, with or without the use of microscopes.

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CHAPTER SIXTH.

DESCRIBES THE INTERCOURSE OF OUR TRAVELLERS WITH THE MEN.

MICROMEGAS, a better observer than his dwarf, plianly perceived that the mites were talking: he pointed it out to his companion, who, mortified at his mistake in the matter of generation, was unwilling to believe that such creatures could communicate ideas. He had the gift of tongues, as well as the Sirian: he did not hear our atoms speak, and he supposed they did not speak. Besides how could these imperceptible beings have organs of voice? And what should they have to say? To speak, one must think, or something like it; but if they think, they must have the equivalent of a soul; but to attribute the equivalent of a soul to that little space, seemed to him absurd.

'But,' said the Sirian, 'you just now thought they were making love: do you imagine they make love without thinking or speaking a word, or at least, without making themselves understood? Beside —'

'I dare neither to believe nor to deny,' said the dwarf: 'I have no opinion; we must try to examine these insects. We will reason afterward.'

'Well said,' resumed Micromegas; and immediately drew out a pair of scissors, with which he cut his nails, and with a paring of his thumb-nail he immediately made a kind of large speaking-trumpet, like a vast tunnel, the small end of which he put in his ear. The circumference of the tunnel covered over the vessel and the whole crew: the feeblest voice entered into the spiral fibres of the nail, in such a way that, thanks to his industry, the philosopher *above*, distinctly heard the buzzing of the insects *below*.

In a few hours, the Sirian succeeded in distinguishing words, and finally in understanding French. The dwarf did the same, though with more difficulty. The astonishment of the travellers redoubled momentarily: they heard mites talking tolerably good sense: such a freak of Nature seemed to them inexplicable. You may well believe that the Sirian and his dwarf burned with impatience to engage in conversation with the atoms. The dwarf feared that his voice of thunder, and above all, that of Micromegas, would stun the mites, without being understood by them. It was necessary to diminish its force: they put into their mouths a sort of small tooth-picks, the sharpened extremity of which was held before the vessel. The Sirian held the dwarf upon his knees, and the ship with its crew on

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<sup>\*</sup> A HAPPY and amusing expression of Fontenelle, describing certain observations in Natural History. — TRANSLATOR.

his nail : he inclined his head, and spoke low. At last, making use of all these precautions, and many others, he began his discourse :

'Invisible insects ! whom the hand of the Creator has been pleased to bring into being, in the depth of the infinitely small, I thank Him that he has deigned to discover to me impenetrable secrets ! At my country's court, perhaps, they would not deign to notice you ; but I despise nothing ; and I offer you my protection.'

If ever mortal was astonished, so were the men who heard these words. They could not imagine whence they came. The chaplain of the vessel read exorcising prayers ; the sailors swore ; the philosophers made a theory ; but whatever theory they might have made, they could never have suspected who was speaking. The dwarf of Saturn, whose voice was softer than that of *Micromegas*, then briefly informed them with what sort of beings they had to do. He related to them the voyage from Saturn ; informed them who Mr. *Micromegas* was, and after having lamented that they were so small, desired to know if they had always been in that miserable state, so near annihilation ; what they were doing in a globe which seemed to belong to whales ; if they were happy ; if they increased in numbers ; if they had a soul ; and a hundred other questions, of like nature.

A reasoner of the troop, bolder than the rest, shocked that they should doubt his possessing a soul, observed the interlocutor with pinnules set on a quadrant, made two stations, and at the third, thus spake :

'You think, then, Mister, because you are a thousand toises high, that you are a ——'

'A thousand toises !' cried the dwarf : 'Good Heavens ! how should he know my height ?' 'A thousand toises !' He has not missed an inch ! What ! has that atom measured *me* ! He is a geometer ; he knows my size ; and yet I, who see him only through a microscope, do not yet know his ! Wonderful !'

'I see more plainly than ever,' responded *Micromegas*, 'that we must judge of nothing by its apparent magnitude. O God ! who hast given an intellect to beings who appear so contemptible ; the infinitely small costs thee as little as the infinitely great : and if it be possible that there should be beings smaller than these, they may still have a soul superior to those proud animals whom I have seen above, whose foot alone might cover the globe to which I have descended !'

One of the philosophers replied, that he might in all safety believe that there certainly are intelligent creatures much smaller than man. He related to him, not indeed all the fabulous things that Virgil has told us about the bees, but what Swammerdam has discovered, and Reaumur has depicted. He told him, finally, that there were animals who are to the bees what the bees are to man ; what the Sirian himself was to those huge animals of which he spoke ; and what these huge animals are to other existences, before whom they appeared but atoms. Gradually the conversation became interesting, and *Micromegas* thus spake :

'O intelligent atoms ! in whom the Eternal Being has been pleased to manifest his skill and his power, you must doubtless

enjoy pleasures eminently pure in your globe; for, having so little matter, and appearing all spirit, you must pass your life in love and thought. Such is the true spiritual existence. I have no where seen true happiness; but doubtless it is here.'

At this discourse, all the philosophers shook their heads; and one of them, more honest than the rest, frankly confessed, that excepting a comparatively very small number of the inhabitants, all the world was an assemblage of fools, knaves, and wretches. We have more matter than is necessary for us to do us much mischief, if the mischief were caused by materiality, and too much spirit, if it originated in spirituality. Be informed, for example, that at the moment I address you, there are a hundred thousand fools of our race, covered with hats, killing a hundred thousand more, covered with a turban, or who are massacred by them, and that people have treated each other thus, all the world over, from time immemorial. The Sirian, astounded, demanded what could be the cause of these horrible quarrels among such sneaking animals. 'The question is,' said the philosopher, 'about certain heaps of mud, about as large as your heel. Not that one of the millions of men who are to destroy each other lay claim to one straw on these dung-hills: the question simply is, whether they shall belong to a man they call Sultan, or to another they call Cæsar — I know not why. Neither the one nor the other has ever seen, or ever will see, the little corner of the earth they quarrel for; and scarcely one of these animals who destroy each other, has ever seen the animal for whose sake his throat is cut.'

'Ah! wretches!' cried the Sirian, with indignation; 'could one conceive this excess of insane fury! I have a great mind to take three steps, and with three stamps of my foot, crush the whole ant-hill of contemptible assassins!' 'Do n't give yourself the trouble,' was the reply: 'they are working their own ruin, fast enough: know that at the end of ten years there never remains the hundredth part of these wretches. Even when they do not draw the sword, hunger, fatigue, or intemperance, carries them almost all off. Beside, it is not these you ought to punish, but those lazy barbarians who, from the depth of their cabinets, give orders, while digesting their dinner, for the massacre of a million of men, and then go to give God solemn thanks for it.'

The travellers were moved with compassion for the little human race, in which he discovered such astonishing contrasts. 'Since you are of the small number of the wise,' said he to those gentlemen, 'and since, apparently, you kill nobody for money, tell me, I pray you, what *you* find to do?' 'We dissect flies,' said the philosopher; 'we measure lines, we bring together figures, we agree on the two or three points we understand, and dispute on the two or three thousand we do n't.'

The fancy soon caught the Sirian and Saturnian to interrogate these reflecting atoms, to discover the things on which they agreed. 'How far do you estimate it,' said one, 'from the Dog-star to the great star of the Twins?' They all replied at once, 'Thirty-two degrees and a half.' 'How far from thence to the moon?' 'Sixty semi-diameters of the earth, in round numbers.' 'What is the weight of your atmosphere?' He thought he should catch them, but they all replied that

the air weighs about nine times less than an equal volume of the lightest water, and nineteen thousand times less than pure gold. The little dwarf from Saturn, astonished at their replies, was tempted to take for sorcerers these very men to whom he had refused a soul a quarter of an hour before !

At last Micromegas said to them : 'As you know so well what is without you, doubtless you know much better what is within : tell me what your soul is, and how you form ideas ?' The philosophers spoke all at once, as before, but they were all of different opinions. The most aged quoted Aristotle ; another pronounced the name of Descartes ; this one of Mallebranche, that one of Leibnitz, the fifth of Locke. An aged peripatetic loudly and confidently declared : 'The soul is an *Εντελεχεια*, and a reason by which it has the power to be such as it is : thus has Aristotle expressly declared, page 633 of the Louvre edition :

*Εντελεχεια εστι, etc.*

'I don't understand Greek any too well,' said the giant. 'Nor I either,' replied the philosophic mite. 'Why then,' resumed the Sirian, 'do you quote a certain Aristotle in Greek ?' 'Because,' replied the sage, 'it is best to quote what we don't understand at all, in a language which we understand less.'

The Cartesian took up the conversation, and said : 'The soul is a pure spirit, which before birth has received all metaphysical ideas, and which, on coming into the world, is obliged to go to school, to learn anew what it so well knew, and will never know any better.' 'I can well believe,' said the animal of eight leagues, 'that your soul was so wise before it came into the world, since it is so ignorant now that you have a beard on your chin. But what do you understand by spirit ?' 'Why ask me that ?' said the reasoner. 'I have no idea about it. They say that it is not matter.' 'But you know, at least, what matter is ?' 'Very well,' replied the man. 'For example, this stone is gray, and of such a shape ; it has its three dimensions ; it is heavy and divisible.' 'Oh, well,' says the Saturnian, 'this thing which appears to you divisible, heavy, and gray, will you tell me plainly what it is ? You see certain qualities, but the bottom of the matter—do you know *that* ?' 'No,' said the other. 'Then you don't know what matter is.'

Mr. Micromegas then addressed himself to another sage, whom he held on his thumb, and asked him what *his* soul was, and what it was about. 'Nothing at all,' replied the Mallebranchist philosopher : 'it is God who does every thing for me : I see every thing in him ; I do every thing in him ; it is he who does every thing, without any trouble on my part.' 'Just as well not to be,' replied the sage of Sirius. 'And you, my friend,' said he to a Leibnitzian who was there, 'what is *your* soul ?' 'It is,' he replied, 'a needle which shows the time, while my body chimes the hour ; or rather, if you please, it is that which chimes, while my body shows the hour ; or rather, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body is the gilding round it : thus much is clear.'

A little partisan of Locke was standing close by ; and when they addressed the conversation to him, 'I do not know,' said he, 'how I



think, but I know that I have never thought but at the instance of my senses. That there are immaterial, intelligent beings, I doubt not; but that it would be impossible for God to communicate thought to matter, is what I doubt very much. I revere the eternal power; it does not belong to me to limit it. I affirm nothing. I am content to believe that there are many more possible things than we think of.'

The Sirian animal smiled; he did not find this individual the least wise among them; and the dwarf of Saturn would have embraced the follower of Locke, but for the disparity of size. But by misfortune, there was there a little animalcule in a square bonnet, who interrupted all the animalcular philosophers. He said that he knew the whole secret; that it was found in the Summum of Saint Thomas. He eyed the two celestials from head to foot; he maintained to them that their persons, their planets, their suns, their stars, were made solely for man. At this discourse, our two travellers gazed eagerly one upon the other, half strangling with that irrepressible laughter which, according to Homer, is the peculiarity of the gods. Their shoulders and their stomachs went and came; and in these convulsions, the ship which the Sirian had on his nail, fell into the breeches pocket of the Saturnian. The two good men searched for it a long time; at last they discovered the crew, and put all properly to rights. The Sirian recovered the little mites, and spoke to them with great kindness, though at the bottom of his heart somewhat vexed to see that these infinitely Smalls had an arrogance infinitely great. He promised to make for them a choice book on philosophy, written in a very small hand for their use; and that in that book they should see the end of all things. Accordingly, he gave them this treatise before his departure. It was carried to Paris; but when the Secretary had opened it, he saw nothing but a blank book. 'Ah!' said he, 'I thought so!'

## S I G N S .

I.

When the bright rainbow shines on high,  
Like a triumphal arch,  
Flung o'er the dreadful pageantry  
Of the dark tempest's march,  
Though still the thunder shakes the air,  
We know that peace will soon be there.

II.

Thus, when the sinner's heart begins  
To look toward ONE above,  
And when he sorrows for his sins,  
Comes heaven's own sign of love;  
And though still falls the dark'ning tear,  
We know a holy calm is near.

III.

When the green leaves of April fall,  
And the spring birds are mute,  
And the rich Autumn's coronal  
Is gemmed with ripened fruit;  
The peasant sees, with joyful eye,  
The blessing of his labor nigh.

IV.

And so, when falls Hope's sunny wreath,  
That crowned our first spring hours;  
And when the chilly hand of Death  
Plucks all life's tender flowers,  
We will not weep; God fills their place  
With the rich treasures of his grace.

V.

When twilight darkens o'er the earth,  
And the low breezes sigh,  
The lonely evening star looks forth,  
Like to a seraph's eye;  
We know 't will be, one short hour o'er,  
But one among a thousand more!

VI.

So when the parting soul is veiled  
With dreariness and gloom,  
And when its quiet is assailed  
With terrors of the tomb,  
The holy star of hope is given,  
To herald all the light of heaven.

## P A S S A I C :

A GROUP OF POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

BY FLACCUS.

'Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme;  
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.'

DENHAM.

## TALE THIRD.

## THE WORTH OF BEAUTY: OR, A LOVER'S JOURNAL.

## CANTO II.—SECOND LOVE.—CONCLUDED.

'Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aîné comme j'aime!'

DE SEVIGNE.

## I. September 22.

BEAUTY, fatal seal of Heaven,  
Stamps the holder for decay:  
'Tis th' hectic flush of even,  
Heralding the death of day.

## II.

'T is the bloom of bursting roses,  
Where the worm has fixed his fangs:  
Hues the tulip's cup discloses,  
Ere a withered wreck it hangs.

## III.

'T is the shroud of crimson gory,  
Autumn's gaudy funeral pall,  
Robing with a treacherous glory  
Forest-leaves, when doomed to fall.

## IV.

Maidens! all the charms you cherish,  
Die like Nature's, as they bloom;  
For if her fair beauties perish,  
How can yours escape the doom?

## V.

Those fair hands, which in their white-  
Rivals now with lilies glow, [ness,  
Soon with lilies lose their brightness,  
Soon will stains pollute their snow.

## VI.

O'er those cheeks the blushes driven,  
Gleam and die like parting day:  
Ah! too like the tint of even,  
Not like it to fade away!

## VII.

Those sweet eyes so softly shrouded,  
Show too much the heavenly cast,  
Not at moments to be clouded—  
Not to gloom in night at last.

## VIII.

Oh! then heavenly graces cherish,  
That your sky, at morn's decline,  
When all rosy blushes perish,  
With the blue of peace may shine!

## September 23.

A NOTE from Julia sent to-day,  
Takes hope, and even revenge away:  
She said reflection told her heart  
She had too harshly bid me part;  
That my unlooked-for suit was met  
With treatment she must e'er regret;  
That she was but a wayward child,  
To anger easily beguiled;  
That, having marked my frequent boast  
My heart was arrow-proof to love,  
She sought in girlish jest to prove  
Its firm resistance to the most;  
And, eager in the playful war,  
Had pushed her feigned attacks too far,  
Till at my sudden vow she found  
The scratch she meant had proved a  
wound:

That no reproaches I might cast  
Could match her own, and that the past  
Might all atonement now command,  
Even to the end I sought, her hand:  
Although but ill my wound 't would heal,  
To feign a love she could not feel.  
But, if such gift should worthless seem,  
Her best, her friendliest esteem  
Was mine, with wishes that my fate  
Might find a more deserving mate.  
Oh! comfort sad—oh! bitter sweet—  
Unclassed, though lifted from her feet.  
Can Friendship's hand for love atone?  
I ask for bread, she gives a stone.  
Blame, blame her not! the fault is here;  
Can form and face like this endear?  
Soul! why this carcass drag about,  
When the least rent would let thee out,

To soar to upper regions bright,  
 Robed in some angel form of light?  
 Sure 't is no murder to set free  
 A half-made, wretched thing like me!

Hold! hold! my wandering, maddening  
 Nor dare to act for Providence! [sense,  
 Oh! rather let me bear my load,  
 Than rush so rudely on my God!  
 Shall I, a low-born, guilty thing,  
 Intrude me on the heavenly King,  
 And brave his sacred presence? No!  
 When he invites me, will I go;  
 For never will unbidden guest  
 Find welcome to immortal feast.  
 Try, try me, Heaven, if thou wilt,  
 But keep my tempted soul from guilt!

— October 18.

A CLOUDY day, the woods I ranged  
 To chase in vain the form I see:  
 All nature, like my heart, was changed —  
 An Autumn change to her and me!  
 Unconscious to the spring I strayed,  
 Where late we roved; there stood the

oak,  
 There gushed the waters in its shade,  
 Then into sighs my feelings broke.  
 Not tears — I cannot shed a tear; [now:  
 Those rain-drops shower no longer  
 The passion-fire within my heart [flow.  
 Has dried their fount — they cannot  
 Winds, clouds, and drizzling mists ca-  
 Wildly along the autumn sky: [reered  
 All dismal as myself appeared,  
 And lent my heart sad sympathy.

Not all — not all; one speck of blue  
 Shoots through my clouds the heavenly  
 hue:

The gentian flower, whose azure clear  
 Completes the garland of the year;  
 Which ends with blue as it began, [man.  
 To mark whence dropped the wreath to  
 Sweetly its petals tightly rolled,  
 Untwist their fringes to the cold,  
 In lonely beauty; save the bloom  
 That lights the sick leaves to the tomb:  
 And widely round me, as I gazed,  
 The final conflagration blazed! [o'er,  
 Poor leaves! thus scarred and crimsoned  
 They seem all butchered in their gore:  
 Stabbed by the frost, and left for dead,  
 With Murder's mark of bloody red.  
 What tints! — the sumach bush is seen  
 Vermillion-tipped, with base of green;  
 And where each leaf o'erlaps its fellow,  
 The hidden edge is gilt with yellow:  
 While crimson vines the cedars screen,  
 And starry gum-leaves tease the eyes  
 With purple, pink, and creamy dyes;  
 With livid spots bespattered, these,  
 As if devoured by strange disease  
 But monarch of the glowing trees,  
 The maple rules the dazzling hour,  
 Upsoaring like a blazing tower;  
 All patched with hues, all pied and  
 freaked,

With scarlet, gold, and damask streaked.  
 And when the chill wind rushing came,  
 The forests heaved with billowy flame,

And loosened leaves whirled swarming  
 there,  
 Like glittering sparks along the air.  
 Yes! Nature, in our clime of blooms,  
 On funeral pile her dead consumes:  
 No slow gradations of decay  
 Deform them as they fade away:  
 No sickly hues, no foul offence  
 Of rank corruption, shock the sense;  
 But in one universal fire  
 Of sunset glory, they expire!

— October 20.

My task is done — for Julia meant,  
 My heart this farewell sonnet sent:  
 Last token of my hapless love!  
 Henceforth, whatever thrills may move,  
 Alone unpitied will I smart,  
 Nor show the world my naked heart:  
 Locked ever in my breast shall lie  
 The smouldering flame, till it or I,  
 Whoe'er the vanquished be, shall die.

#### SONNET TO JULIA.

How kindly Nature deals to leave their doom,  
 And lends their sunset bright apprelling!  
 They burn, they glow, and every breeze's wing  
 Fans them to flames which seemingly con-  
 sume:

Brilliant with hues, they drop into the tomb,  
 Out-blooming all the blossoms of their spring.  
 Oh! thus, fair maiden! when the Terror-King  
 Shall come to change thy glory into gloom,  
 Thus may he find, in thy calm hour of even,  
 Thy features lighted with a sunset glow —  
 Caught from the opening realms of souls for-  
 given —

From those best rays that glad the heart  
 below,  
 Past virtue, present peace, and coming Heaven,  
 More bright than all the roses on them now!

— END OF JOURNAL. —

Long years my heart the ache endured,  
 Before the rankling wound was cured:  
 Meanwhile, with lingering suffering tried,  
 My Julia faded, drooped, and died.

There is a dread, a fatal pest,  
 That plants its seeds within the breast,  
 Which, festering there to wide disease,  
 Eats out the life by slow degrees:  
 Where once those deadly seeds are laid,  
 Farewell all hope from mortal aid!  
 Unerring as with fleetest dart,  
 The slow destroyer wastes the heart;  
 Whose ravenous fang, that constant  
 preys,  
 Far more than rare contagion slays.

As fades a bloomy cloud at eve,  
 When all its scattering shreds unweave,  
 So gauzy as it sinks in blue,  
 Th' lights of heav'n show twinkling thro',  
 So soft she melted from the sight,  
 And from her features broke strange light,  
 As if through dwindling flesh had stole  
 The glimmering star-light of the soul.

She fell! in distant land she lies,  
 Denied the bliss of dying eyes,

To shed their last fond lingering rays  
On form that cheered their earliest gaze.  
Now, love! forever am I free —  
That hast so traitorous proved to me :  
That smiled when wooing, frowned when

won,  
Deceitful as the evening sun,  
Who tints the clouds that round him  
press,

With an unstable loveliness :  
A moment glads them with his light,  
Then gives them up to misty night.  
Each rose is girt with thousand thorns,  
Each favor by a thousand scorns;  
And where one sunny smile appears,  
There gush a thousand sighs and tears.

Woman, farewell! thy dangerous smile  
No more my sore heart shall beguile :  
Now safer pleasure do I find,  
To meet the young of thy dear kind :  
Green buds before their charms are blown  
With thorns too soft to wound, or slay ;  
As with young leopards one would play,  
Before their dangerous fangs are grown.  
Sweet, gentle pets! I love to see  
Your tricks, to place you on my knee ;  
To watch your eyes, whose morning rays  
Though bright, yet burn not with their  
blaze :

[tips,  
And cheeks, whose peach the bloom just  
Not yet too tempting for the lips :  
And lips, whose cheaply-granted kiss  
Declares unripe their precious bliss :  
And shouting laugh, unquelled by guile  
To the still venom of the smile :  
As is the snake of warning sound  
Less fell than silent adder found.

'Tis sweet to see the fledglings try  
Their feeble wings before they fly :  
'Tis sweet to search the well of eyes,  
To find where truth of hidden lies :  
To watch within her armory fair,  
How darts are forged and polished there :  
To mark beginners learn to wield  
Of beams the sword, of lids the shield ;  
And feel them, harmless as they be,  
Thus try their 'prentice hand' on me,  
Before their graduated charms  
Make war on hearts with practised arms.  
Thus gazing, I fall musing too,  
On coming harms they're doomed to do ;  
The groans, the tears, the wounds, the  
smarts,  
The bleeding and the broken hearts ;  
Rejoicing in my safety here,  
Though purchased at a price most dear.

When tired of harmless joys like these,  
I've hidden stores among the trees ;  
And in the wild-wood ever find  
Fresh beauties to delight the mind.  
Dear Nature! truest love to me,  
When shunned by all, I fly to thee ;  
By every winning grace adorned,  
Thee can I love, and be unscorned :  
To thy true lover constant still,  
Thy charms ne'er wound the heart they  
thrill :

The only love of all the rest  
That smil'd the more, the more I press'd :  
Whose chains the earliest held me fast —  
My first love, thou shalt be my last !

Where'er my wandering footsteps ply,  
Still Beauty meets my gladdened eye.  
No steepy rock, no humble sod,  
I find by her light foot untrod.  
However lone my hiding-place,  
Still welcomes me her winning face.  
I mount the hills to fields of air,  
She waves me from the tree-tops there :  
Now twines in dance with frolic vines,  
Now coy on mossy couch reclines ;  
And, breathing odors on the air,  
Sleeps with her sister violets there :  
I seek the valleys ; there her beam  
Of silver flashes from the stream,  
And 'mid the tinkling drops her voice  
Rings in my ear, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'  
I walk at eve before the gloom,  
And there her richest blushes bloom :  
I greet the sunrise from the hill,  
In vain ; she is before me still.  
And when the thunder-ridden cloud  
Groans from its tortured bosom loud,  
As on its cruel rider dashes,  
And thickly deals his fiery lashes,  
All lost she seems, but soon divide  
The terror-folded curtains wide,  
And queenly on a rainbow hill  
With crown of every brilliant stone,  
With wreath of every blossom blown,  
She smiles, and hails me from her throne  
'Behold me with you still !'  
Dear Nature! of physicians best,  
To heal the ills that wear the breast,  
Whose skill in mortal case is sure  
To soothe the pang it cannot cure,  
Still let to thy asylum fair  
The heart-sick invalid repair :  
He'll find, whate'er his suffering,  
A balmy clime in every bower,  
A curing herb in every flower,  
And health in every spring !

#### POSTSCRIPT.

DEAR Reader! if my tedious song  
Have held thy patient ear so long,  
And if the trials I relate  
Have waked an interest in my fate,  
To farther trace my wayward track,  
Till thirty years 'are on my back,'  
A moment's patience will disclose  
The happy issue of my woes :  
Yes, happy! Reader, give me joy!  
The form that witched me when a boy  
Long-parted, is at last my own :  
An early widow, childless, lone,  
In want, for he that won her eyes  
Had proved unworthy such a prize —  
My aid was claimed to shield from harm :  
Love walks with Pity arm in arm,  
And hearts long-lost on truant track,  
Still to their early haunts go back :  
And she, that in her morning hour  
Felt not my sun of passion's power,

Yet in life's steady noon confessed  
The melting god had won her breast.

Now pangs, and fears, and perils past,  
In peaceful port I'm anchored fast;  
And, after trial's heavy toll,  
Long-sought promotion, reign at last  
The idol of a woman's soul !  
But hark ! what tones of merry cheer  
Now challenge to a romp my ear ?  
'T is little Anna's shout I hear !  
Dear child ! she has her mother's eyes,  
Blue, softly blue, as summer skies ;  
And all her wealth of waving hair,  
And all the twinkling spangles there,  
Bright sparks ! that in my early days  
Kindled my heart to such a blaze !

But though its blessings be not few,  
Even wedlock has its trials too : [blow,  
Heaven gave, then smote with sudden  
Our pride, our eldest born, as though  
Repenting of a gift so rare,  
Or deeming else that aught so fair  
No worldly ordeal need endure,  
To prove a soul already pure,  
It plucked the flower at dawn of day,  
Before the earliest breath of care  
Had brushed its morning dews away.  
When the first stunning blow had passed,  
Came comfort in its suits at last.

Lost cherub ! in our musings lone,  
We feel thou art not wholly gone :  
There 's not a star in yon blue deep,  
That seeks from twilight cloud to peep,  
But our fond, willing hearts declare  
Thy own dear eyes are trembling there :  
There 's not a summer sigh that heaves  
Among the chafing forest leaves,  
But in the gentle rush it brings,  
We hear the rustling of thy wings :  
At hush of night, when every thrill  
In Silence 's smothering arms is still,  
Creeps thy soft whisper in my brain,  
'Be just ! and we shall meet again !'

Thou bright and star-like spirit !  
That in my visions wild  
I see mid heaven's seraphic host,  
Oh ! canst thou be my child ?

My grief is quenched in wonder,  
And pride arrests my sighs :  
A branch from this unworthy stock,  
Now blossoms in the skies !

Our hopes of thee were lofty —  
But have we cause to grieve ?  
Oh ! could our proudest, fondest wish  
A nobler fate conceive ?

The little weeper, tearless  
The sinner snatched from sin,  
The babe to more than manhood grown,  
Ere childhood did begin !

And I, thy earthly teacher,  
Would blush thy powers to see :  
Thou art to me the parent now,  
And I a child to thee !

Thy brain so uninstructed,  
While in this lowly state,  
Now threads the mazy track of spheres,  
Or reads the book of fate.

Thine eyes so curbed in vision,  
Now range the realms of space :  
Look down upon the rolling stars,  
Look up to God's own face !

Thy little hand, so helpless,  
That scarce its toys could hold,  
Now clasps its mate in holy prayer,  
Or strikes a harp of gold.

Thy feeble feet, unsteady,  
That tottered as they trod,  
With angels walk the heavenly ways,  
Or stand before their God.

Nor is thy tongue less skilful ;  
Before the throne divine  
'T is pleading for a mother's weal,  
As once she prayed for thine !

What bliss is born of sorrow !  
'T is never sent in vain :  
The heavenly surgeon maims, to save —  
He gives no useless pain.

Our God, to call us homeward,  
His only Son sent down ;  
And now, still more to tempt us there,  
Has taken up our own.

#### CONCLUSION.

FAIR reader ! for thy gentle eyes,  
However critics may despise  
My simple tale, will grieve to part  
With lowliest lay that feeds the heart  
With notes of honest love and truth,  
And all the rosy dreams of youth,  
And every trial, grief, and scorn,  
For woman's sake by lover borne,  
And reverence deep for beauty's sheen,  
In flower, or sky, wherever seen ;  
But most in her true dwelling-place,  
The rosy clime of woman's face —  
Fair reader ! in whose morning cheek  
The chasing blushes freshly break,  
My moral, if thou fain wouldst find  
Such fruit with flowery verse entwined,  
Is, not to boast thee of thy power,  
In blooming youth's triumphant hour ;

For beauty is a travelling grace,  
That knows no long abiding-place;  
Whose welcome is a cheating bliss,  
Whose greeting is her parting kiss:  
And he, the youth now by thee wooing,  
With eyes in vain thy favor suing,  
If haply on his face like mine  
No proud and winning graces shine,  
Let him learn patience; soon departs  
The hour when beauty governs hearts;  
On which a wiser time shall press,  
To crown his struggles with success:  
Let all with trials weary, wait  
With better patience from my fate;  
And soon will fly disheartening gloom,  
Or, lingering, will with rainbows bloom.

For who could love a cloudless sky,  
With one perennial blue on high,

With one wide-blazing glow of light,  
Untempered to the aching sight?  
Without one passing vapor, brief,  
To yield a moment's cool relief,  
To hedge the heaven in fleecy coil,  
And raise its beauty by the foil?  
Without one solemn thunder-speech,  
Alliance to our God to teach?

No! since the strife the spirit mends,  
We'll greet the storm His wisdom sends;  
And, like the sun in tempest-fray,  
Fight through the wrack our gallant  
Till, safe at sunset-hour at last, [way;  
Triumphant over trials past,  
The very clouds that prostrate lie,  
Reflect the blaze of victory;  
And, like bright ranks of captive foes,  
Complete our triumph at the close!

THE END.

*John Sanderson, Esq.* LONDON.

NARRATES A WALK OUT OF TOWN: BY THE 'AMERICAN IN PARIS.'

THE sun peeps like a cherub over Greenwich Hill; the buds are bursting from their husks in Saint James' Park; and the swallow repairs its nest under the eaves of the old Abbey:

'Furor jam celi æquinoctialis  
Jucundis zephyri silescit auris.  
Valete hominum cœtus,  
Mens jam prætrepidans avet vagari.'

It is well there are odes ready made to the Spring: I should have otherwise begun this letter with an invocation to the Muses. Our rural tastes revive with this season as naturally as the vegetation. We leave the town instinctively, as the bees their hive. England has a full compensation for the damps and vapors of winter, in the length and beauty of her summer's days. In July Aurora opens her eye-lids at three, and Apollo unyokes his steeds not sooner than ten of an evening. Day and Night, too, meet each other with gentle and courteous approaches, and not with blunt, unceremonious obtrusion, as in our unmannerly Pennsylvania. At six, I stood upon the Westminster Bridge, looking out upon the misty wilderness of houses, and the steeples and towers peering over the smoke of the dim city. It is a low, squat-looking town, Westminster, but prettily relieved by the winding Thames, and palace gardens, the Abbey, Houses of Lords and Commons, and in the distant prospect are old Sommerset, the Tower, Monument, Bank, and Gresham's Palace, where meet the antipodes on 'Change. Hindostan,

— 'And thy silvery soil, Peru,  
To get themselves discounted by the Jew.'

The river, too, is scanned by broad, uncovered bridges, alive with

their pigmy multitudes, and covered with all sorts of craft, more than twelve thousand at a look; frigates, barges, scullers, skiffs, the grave East-India-man, moving with solemn gravity toward the dock, and the gilded wherry scudding along, beautiful as Cleopatra's; the air love-sick with clustered ladies and their cavaliers; and a pitchy cloud of coal-boats, with swarms of smutty coal-heavers and sailors, float with the lubberly stream, knocking against each other, or warp inward with the east wind; and steamers at the wharf-side lie fizzing, or puffing, and blustering set out upon their voyages; or afar off, streak the heavens with their smoke. '*Boa-sa? Boa-sa?*' croaked a dozen of watermen, as I slipped from the bridge, hoarse as the ravens of the Mahonoy, and with a brevity worthy of Negro Hill, recommending their boats. But I had allowed myself a wider charter, and pursued my journey on foot to the south-west.

I passed Vauxhall in its morning *deshabille*, smelling of the night's debauch, and bowed respectfully to the reverend Lambeth, the dwelling of the Archbishop; its Gothic confusion of battlements; its thirteen acres of exquisite gardens; its lawn, covered with the soft emerald green of the new spring, and venerable trees that overshadow the palace to its roofs; with its parish church, St. Mary's. I saw here in the cemetery the grave of a woman once notoriously celebrated through the world, the Countess de la Motte. The Saxon kings had a mansion here, and the great Hardicanute died in it in 1042; a merry death, amid the jollity of a wedding dinner. The king's sister, the Countess Goda, lived on the very site of the present palace; and here Toni, a noble dame, led Gytha, Clapa's beauteous daughter, to the altar; and here stands, facing the Thames on the southwest corner, a silent monument of human folly and cruelty; the Lollard's Tower, the prison-house of the followers of Wickliffe. Among the existing relics are staples and rings in the wall, to which the victims were chained, before being brought to the stake. One beautiful niche you see, between the windows in the third story, used to contain a statue of Saint Thomas à Becket. What has become of it? In the garden, Cardinal Pole planted with his own Catholic hands two fig-trees, which are celebrated all over the country for the fine white and delicious fruit they furnish to his heretical descendants. They are above fifty feet high, and cover a surface of forty feet in diameter. In the great Gothic wall, which is ninety-three feet by thirty-eight, and fifty high, and carved with a profusion of images, there is a mitre between four negroes' heads; and the crest of the Archbishop is the head of a negro crowned. What is the reason ecclesiastical and also ladies' arms of now-a-days have no crests? Among the distinguished tenants of this palace, you must not forget Archbishop Cranmer. Here he confirmed, and after three years annulled, the marriage of Anna Boleyn with Henry. Do you wish to see an abridged list of his household? A steward, treasurer, comptroller, garnators, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of the ewry, bakers, pantlers, yeoman of the horse, yeoman ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larders, squilleries, ushers of the hall, porters, sewers, cup-bearer, grooms of the chamber, marshal, groom shers, almoner, cooks, chandler, butchers, master of the horse, yeo-

man of the wardrobe, and harbingers. Three tables were served in the hall at the same time. The Archbishop's for peers of the realm, and gentlemen of eminent quality; the almoner's for chaplains and other clergy and guests; and the steward's for the other gentlemen. What a pity to leave so good a kitchen, to be burnt at Oxford!

A great advantage one has in England, is the convenience of filling up a letter any where with little historic bits, without any other expense than of memory. The English (though the assertion may seem violent) admire us as much almost as themselves; but unless they write satires against us, how make a book? Now of this palace I could tell you, if I had time, a great deal more; how Essex was imprisoned here; how a queen of England took shelter here in a cold December night; how Queen Mary, to see Cardinal Pole, paid a visit here at five o'clock, P. M., July 21, 1556, and dined here with the Cardinal the eighth of August the following year; how Wat Tyler and his rebels plundered the palace, beheading Archbishop Sudbury, and drinking all his wine; *dolia vino referta confregerunt, hauseruntque*; how Peter the Great came hither to an ordination; and how the palace was robbed of £3000 worth of plate: finally, how Queen Elizabeth was entertained here by Archbishop Parker; and being toasted, how she rose and made a speech, thanking the prelate for his hospitality, and concluding with an acknowledgment to Mrs. Parker in the following complimentary manner: 'And you — Madam I cannot call you, and Mistress I am ashamed to call you, so that I know not what to call you — nevertheless, I thank you.' What would they call Mrs. Parker now? As the Archbishop takes rank next the royal family, his lady has no doubt some honorary designation. What an infinity of things a villager of Schuylkill county, coming into Britain, knows nothing of! I should be as puzzled as the Queen.

The palace contains now a fine gallery of paintings, and a library of 25,000 volumes; and a library of *ms.* registers of the church, on a variety of subjects. The Gate-House is a superb building; at the entrance is distributed to thirty poor of Lambeth the Archbishop's *dole*. It consists of fifteen quarter loaves, nine stone of beef, and five shillings in half pence, in three portions, thrice a week. This *dole*, which used to be dispensed at the gates of royalty, and of all the nobility, is now confined to his grace of Canterbury. The Lord Mayor — under what pretext? — comes hither upon the annual procession, in his barge, to receive also his *dole*; sixteen bottles of the Archbishop's prime wine. It is well his grace has £60,000 a year, if it is to be doled out in this manner.

I passed to the left of Battersea, where was born (and died) Bolingbroke, and not far from it, Gibbon; an infidel neighborhood, too near the religious odor of Lambeth. In a quiet and romantic spot in its vicinity, Wellington and Earl Winchelsea fought their little Waterloo. Next, in a delightful plain, rose up to view Clapham and its cockney villas. The traders both of London and Paris having acquired a certain sum, usually procure themselves houses and gardens in the environs of the capital, and retire; there to lead a monotonous life of gossip, reading news, going to town and returning on foot, on a nag, or in a carriage of one or two horses, according to their revenue. Happy American! who closes his eyes upon his hoarded



chest; struggles through his thirty years of restless toil, dies, and leaves his heir the glorious privilege of doing nothing! I bribed a passenger, with a smile and good words, to show me the villa of Wilberforce, elegant in its neat simplicity, and quite enough of itself to give dignity to this unfashionable district. And now I reached the goal for which I had set out, the country house of Mrs. Thrale at Streatham.

I walked about the gardens with such reverence as becomes one who treads upon consecrated ground. The genius of the place, you know, is Doctor Johnson. With feelings not very different, I have entered one of those long-forsaken Presbyterian meeting-houses, overgrown with brushwood and moss, by the lonely Juniatta; where one feels yet the presence of the Deity once worshipped there. There is a spacious dwelling, with out-houses, hot-houses, vineyards, and a walled garden; all which have been left to moulder away, or grow into a wilderness, since twelve years. The unpruned branches of the lime trees are drooping over the damp aisles; jessamines are straggling about in a hundred entanglements; flower-beds are choked up with weeds and briars, matted and clotted over the walks; walks that once so gently kissed the light foot of the beautiful Thrale. The present proprietor of the estate is called Philips, a miser and barbarian, who has wantonly cut down the best trees, and even a cedar, planted by Johnson himself, under his window. I have procured a piece of it made into cups, in which we may one day drink 'Old Sam's' health in the new world. I added half a crown to the price, with injunctions upon the farmer to preserve a favorite May-tree of Mrs. Thrale's, and a threat of bad crops, if he suffer a leaf of it to be touched. As I come from afar, the prophecy and malediction may perhaps not be disregarded. If this Caliph Omar, Philips, comes ever into Adam-street, have him tarred and feathered at my expense. But the sun yet shines sweetly upon the decaying tenement; the honey-bee gathers its nectar from the thyme; and the humming-bird is buzzing upon the ragged honey-suckle. Cold-blooded Mammon, with all the devotedness of his worship, cannot establish an absolute sovereignty upon the earth.

I found an old lady here, a kind of she-Boswell, who knew Johnson, and kindly related some particulars of his residence and visits at Thrale's. 'I used to see him,' she said, 'lie under this tree for hours reading, and all the while sticking his knife into the bark, and he did not seem to know it. I used to stand and look at him going up that long avenue of elms, of a Sabbath, to church, there on the hill. One while he would walk fast, then slow; and then he would stand still altogether, with a book close to his face, and sometimes came into service when it was a' most over. This room, Sir, was the library; a good part of the dictionary was wrote in it, and the Poets; and he had a desk on each side of the window. His bed chamber was just overhead; that was Mrs. Thrale's chamber, with the mahogany doors and closets. The dear woman! There is the very identical paper; and that May tree, opposite her window, was her favorite tree of all the gardens.'

And why did Johnson quarrel with Mrs. Thrale?

'Why, Sir, because she married that fellow Pozzi, her daughter's

music-master, that the Doctor did not like. He said to her, (you know her husband was a brewer,) 'Madam, I thought you *entire*,\*' and I find —'

Was Johnson ever convicted of this pun in his life-time? I felt something like a sudden tremor of heart, at being within the same walls that had so often thundered with the giant's voice. And now I ran about the house alone. Here Mrs. Thrale brewed mischief, while her husband brewed beer; and here she made a pudding and here a book; recollecting its eventful histories, and imagining more. The kitchen, judging from its size and cooking apparatus, must have been one of the immense considerations of the household. But slimy worms and snails are creeping upon the hearths and walls, once so embalmed with the perfume of good dinners; and a sickly vapor sleeps in its vaults, like the carbonic damp, scarce supporting life.

I sat up the best part of a night once, in America, reading manuscript letters of Mrs. Thrale to Conway. In one she says: 'If you go to Streatham, you will see the poor library dismantled of books. Over it is Dr. Johnson's chamber.' Only think of her, at three-score and ten, loving this player; 'as fair a soul,' she says, 'as was enshrined ever in human clay.' Her letters would do credit to sixteen, for vivid imagination, and intense ardor of amorous affection. They would furnish the public a literary curiosity, if propriety would justify their publication.

At this village of Streatham, I should not forget that a gentleman, resident of the place, took me to his home, introduced me to his wife, and that they sent me away loaded with kindnesses. If perchance you find near Pine-Hill any one called Smith, (for this is the name,) take him in and give him a hearty welcome; roast mutton, strawberries, gooseberry wine, and a bunch of flowers. It is not the direct way, but no other occurs just now, of requiting this debt of hospitality. One meets here such acts, cold and inaccessible as the people are, more frequently than in any other country I know of, except our southern states. To an Englishman's generosity, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*.

I walked two miles beyond Streatham into Wimbledon Park. Earl Spencer, who resides here, has delightful prospects. Adjoining is a house once occupied by the Prince de Condé. It is quite a military spot. A battle was fought here between Ethelbert and some West Saxon, and at a pretty place called Merton is the dwelling of that most glorious of Neptune's favorites, Nelson. He staid here to let his fangs grow for Trafalgar. The Wandal creeps by, now through the meadows, now the sweet solitude of the woods, till she receives the kisses of her mate upon her maiden cheek.† It was here that,

'From courts and senates Pelham found repose,  
By the soft windings of the silent Mole.'

These two streams, uniting their little dignity of rivers, about four miles west of London, pay their tribute to the lordly Thames. On

\* As WHITTEHEAD'S '*Entire*,' or pure malt-liquor.

† THE English poets, in defiance of grammatical propriety, have made this river feminine.

Wimbledon Common they show the house in which Horne Tooke died, in 1812.

I next stood upon the heights of Norwood, overlooking London at six miles distance; a prospect scarce inferior in beauty to Richmond Hill. It presents an endless landscape of green pastures, magnificent villas, forests of rich woodland, houses issuing out from clumps of trees, and the distant spires and towers of the metropolis. I saw here, and for the first time, what forms a part of the poetical machinery of the Island, a collection of Gypsies. About a dozen, male and female, sat on the ground near a road, looking 'wild as haggards of the rock;' long, soft, and glossy black hair falling profusely about their faces; the women in straw bonnets and cloaks of glaring colors, mostly red. Crazy Nora, so well known in the Philadelphia streets, is a good enough representative of the women. They sit squat upon the earth, and rise, scatter, and collect, with the simultaneous and rapid movement of well-trained infantry. A wagon stood by, with a donkey; in this they carry their tents, kettles, and provisions. They sat about a fire of dry sticks, watching a boiling pot. One of them, a girl with black and piercing eyes, approached, and unsealing the book, of fates, for a shilling made very flattering predictions in my favor. This tribe furnishes a wonderful lesson on the nature of the human species. Talk of our savages: these people have been born and bred in the very heart of the most civilized communities for ages, and in spite of extreme poverty and unrelenting persecution, still cling to their vagrant habits.

Beulah Spa is a mineral spring on these grounds. It has about forty acres tastefully laid out, and two hotels, and is much frequented. Here I waited for to-morrow. Beulah Spa has witnessed, in its close and tangled forests, I know not how many flirts: in the sweet opportunities of the night, I know not how many glozing words have crept into the hearts of unwary virgins. How should I know, but from report? I wandered late myself in the tufted wood, and upon 'the quaint mazes of the wanton green,' and heard 'giggings in the hedges, of girls, certainly not on their first rendezvous.' I wished to see the exhibition of an English moonlight. It was delightful; but you have seen, in our transparent skies, the large moon look down upon the lonely vale of the Catawissa; where the wailing whip-poor-will brings the still evening on; where the owl hoots upon your window-sill, and the katy-did pours forth its evening song.

A short and delightful walk, in the fresh morning, brought me to Beckenham, and its old church. Of all things, give me a church, when there is no one by. It seems like a private interview with the Deity; and beside the religious feeling, there is to me in the churches of these old countries always a sentiment of romance. I can wander back among the Druid priests, the Woden and Thor, and old gothic divinities; or I can see holy friars at their beads, and pretty nuns, prettier in their piety. Sometimes a miserable historian comes across me with his wisdom, and telling me of Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren, much to my displeasure, dissipates the delusion. What sad havoc science, experiment, and facts are making of our admiration and our veneration too! We believed once that the Almighty thundered in the clouds, as the Romans that Jove hurled the lightning with

his 'red right hand.' Alas! what is our obligation to Franklin for his kites, and to Newton for his school-boy nomenclature of the skies?

'Earthly god-fathers of heaven's lights,  
Who gave a name to every fixed star,  
With no more profit of the shining nights,  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.'

While I strayed through the grave-yard, thinking over the 'guiltless Cromwells,' and 'inglorious Miltons,' compounded here with their native dust, and surveying every thing, an utter stranger, as from another planet . . . But where is man a stranger upon the civilized earth? On a grave on which I looked carelessly, I read, '*Lo! where the silent marble weeps!*' I thought it had been printed only in a book. It was Gray's identical epitaph upon Mrs. Clarke's grave.

A delightful walk of a mile now placed me in Dulwich, one of the classical spots of the environs. There is a college here ('God's-Gift') founded by an actor, who had celebrity in his time, and played with Shakspeare, named Allen. The master also is required to bear the same name. It was endowed for the support of twelve old men, and as many old women, and the education of twenty-four boys. By the rise of property, the bequest has become of exceeding value, but the government, following the letter and not the spirit of the will, still apply the augmented means to the original number. Allen resided here; and the actress Nan Cately was born here. The place has quite a histrionic reputation. I found a gallery of paintings, an appendage of the college, in which I passed the morning with delight.

At my *début* in Europe, I had no taste in pictures, though very fond of the originals; nor indeed much taste in any thing else. But by dint of standing two hours at a stretch before the snowy marble bosom of the Queen of Love, in the Tuilleries, and living a whole life of twelve months in the Louvre, and going thrice a week to the Chamber of Deputies, now

I am a so-so politician,  
And know a Guido from a Titian;

and, as you see, can make my own poetry, to save quotations. This comes of travelling. I have read in Buffon of a man wonderfully stupid; with just sense enough to ride on an ass, but not to stick on. He fell off upon a rock, which proving thicker than his skull, broke it, just over the bump of ideality, and he became one of the 'honors' of the 'Siccle de Louis XIV.' Foutenelle has written his life. Come over; one gets one's bumps enlarged so in this country — there is such collision. And when you come, you will acknowledge your obligations to me for indicating to you this gallery at Dulwich. As friends find a pleasure even in the association of looks, I am going to point out the pieces I looked at particularly, this tenth day of June, Anno Domini, 1836.

*St. Thomas Distributing Alms.* MURILLO. The gravity of the saint is so expressive, one grows a saint in looking at it. If I had died, I could have worked miracles; cured people of the ague. And the beggars, Don Antonio, Fabricio, Señor Roderigo — at your service,

they are Spanish beggars, poetical beggars, and none of your mean paupers of St. Giles.

*A Flower Girl.* MURILLO. In the richest tints of a Spanish *brunetta*. Her smile ravishing — offering you her roses. The dew is upon the leaves, the buds are opening; the air seems perfumed with their fragrance.

You will see a little '*Farm-House*,' and you will swear it is yours. In front are five cows — one with a calf. Lucetta is milking. There are also as many sheep and a goat; and in the distance, a whole flock feeding. Nature does not make sheep more naturally than PAUL POTTER.

*Rembrandt's Wife.* Is not she beautiful? And so would be any body's wife, from the same pencil.

In the Valley of —, (I forget its ugly name,) near Richmond, there is a lake of inky water; a dying beech-tree hanging over it; in places covered with the broad leaves and yellow flowers of the lotus; overshadowed by a forest of huge tufted trees, unvisited by the sun; a gray moss hanging down in massive shawls, thirty feet to the ground from the limbs, or wrapped about an old deadened tree like a shroud; a few streaks of light entering here and there, just enough to throw a melancholy twilight upon the awful and mysterious gloom. A gun fired off, makes an explosion as a blow upon lead, so thick is the solitude! Except the funereal moss, here is the very Valley, to the closest life, by RYSDALE. Has the Dutchman been in Virginia, or has Nature stolen her copy from Dulwich?

The '*Mother of Rubens*,' or rather a piece of his mother, in an arm-chair. There is just enough left of the old lady, to make one weep for what is taken away.

'*A Girl*' is giving a last look-out, in closing the shutters; by REMBRANT. They say his maid-servant. The Greek used to set out his painted fruit, and the birds pecked at it; so our Xeuxis of the Netherlands used to set out this maid, and the Dutch beaux gathered thick around of an evening, sighing and serenading her. I did not believe this story before seeing the picture.

'*Rachel and Jacob*' embracing on their knees, in a shepherdly simplicity; (by MURILLO.) Rachel very attractive. A flock is grazing about, straight-eyed and indifferent. Goats of Spain not so inquisitive, squint, and malicious, as in Italy. *Transeversa tuentibus.* How refreshing the landscape! One feels cool in looking at it.

A whole-length *Mrs. Siddons*, representing the Tragic Muse, her eyes on heaven, (by REYNOLDS,) in some one of Shakspeare's inspired visions. . . . '*The great globe itself*' . . . '*and leave not a wreck!*' Your hair will almost stand on end with the contagious inspiration.

*Two Dimpling Negroes*, by MURILLO. One begging a cake from the other. You will be delighted with these cupids of ebony. How in error they, who ascribe the great merit of a picture to its harmony of tints, and organic combination of colors, rather than to our moral affections and human sympathies!

One naturally asks, 'What has this gallery to do five miles from London? Four hundred pictures! The best of the Rembrandts,

Rubens, Vandykes, and Murillos. Some evil genius certainly presides over the Fine Arts in England. With the means of one of the best galleries of Europe, in number and quality of pictures, she is inferior in this great ornament of a nation to any petty sovereignty of Germany. Her pictures are hung up here and there, as solitary as Achilles in Hyde-Park; almost as scattered as our 'regular troops.' One is delighted and surprised to see two in the same battalion.

Dine at the 'Gray House,' Hern Hill, and you will owe me also the obligation of a good dinner.

Affectionately Yours.

Sackville-street, No. 7.

# PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

BY MRS. S. B. DANA.

It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner. The lambs were separated from their dams, and enclosed in a sheep-cote, with only one narrow way out; the lambs were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join their dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, '*Let this be holy.*'—UNION BIBLE DICTIONARY. . . . 'And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant.'—EZEKIEL.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,  
 Bedecked in her snowy array,  
 And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,  
 And the future looked blooming and gay:  
 And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart  
 At the shrine of idolatrous love,  
 And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,  
 By the chain which her tenderness wove.  
 But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,  
 And the chain had been severed in two,  
 She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,  
 And her bloom for the paleness of woe!  
 But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,  
 And wiping the tears from her eyes,  
 And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,  
 And fastened it firm to the skies;  
 There had whispered a voice, 't was the voice of her God,  
 'I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod.*'

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend  
 O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,  
 And she kissed the soft lips, as they murmured her name,  
 While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.  
 Oh! sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,  
 When its fragrance is flung on the air,  
 So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,  
 As he lay in his innocence there!  
 But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,  
 Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,  
 But paler and colder her beautiful boy,  
 And the tale of her sorrow was told:  
 But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,  
 And taken her treasure away,  
 To allure her to Heaven, he has placed it on high,  
 And the mourner will sweetly obey!  
 There had whispered a voice, 't was the voice of her God,  
 'I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod.*'

I saw when a father and mother had leaned  
 On the arms of a dear cherished son,  
 And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,  
 As they saw the proud place he had won;  
 And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair;  
 And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,  
 And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,  
 And the whispers of fancy were sweet;  
 But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,  
 Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,  
 And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,  
 And the joy from their bosoms had fled:  
 But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,  
 And he led them with tenderest care,  
 And he showed them a star in the bright upper world,  
 'T was *their* star shining brilliantly there!  
 They had each heard a voice, 't was the voice of their God,  
 'I love thee, I love thee! — pass under the rod.'

Charleston, July 4th, 1840.

## THE CRAYON PAPERS.

### THE EARLY EXPERIENCES OF RALPH RINGWOOD.

NOTED DOWN FROM HIS CONVERSATIONS: BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.\*

'I AM a Kentuckian by residence and choice, but a Virginian by birth. The cause of my first leaving the 'Ancient Dominion,' and emigrating to Kentucky, was a jackass! You stare, but have a little patience, and I'll soon show you how it came to pass. My father, who was of one of the old Virginian families, resided in Richmond. He was a widower, and his domestic affairs were managed by a house-keeper of the old school, such as used to administer the concerns of opulent Virginian households. She was a dignitary that almost rivalled my father in importance, and seemed to think every thing belonged to her; in fact she was so considerate in her economy, and so careful of expense, as sometimes to vex my father; who would swear she was disgracing him by her meanness. She always appeared with that ancient insignia of house-keeping trust and authority, a great bunch of keys jingling at her girdle. She superintended the arrangement of the table at every meal, and saw that the dishes were all placed according to her primitive notions of symmetry. In the evening she took her stand and served out tea with a mingled respectfulness and pride of station, truly exemplary. Her great ambition was to have every thing in order, and that the establishment under her sway should be cited as a model of good house-keeping. If any thing went wrong, poor old Barbara would take it

\* Ralph Ringwood, though a fictitious name, is a real personage: the worthy original is now living, and flourishing in honorable station. I have given some anecdotes of his early and eccentric career in, as nearly as I can recollect, the very words in which he related them. They certainly afforded strong temptations to the embellishments of fiction; but I thought them so strikingly characteristic of the individual, and of the scenes and society into which his peculiar humors carried him, that I preferred giving them in their original simplicity. G. C.

to heart, and sit in her room and cry; until a few chapters in the Bible would quiet her spirits, and make all calm again. The Bible, in fact, was her constant resort in time of trouble. She opened it indiscriminately, and whether she chanced among the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the Canticles of Solomon, or the rough enumeration of the tribes in Deuteronomy, a chapter was a chapter, and operated like balm to her soul. Such was our good old house-keeper Barbara; who was destined, unwittingly, to have a most important effect upon my destiny.

'It came to pass, during the days of my juvenility, while I was yet what is termed 'an unlucky boy,' that a gentleman of our neighborhood, a great advocate for experiments and improvements of all kinds, took it into his head that it would be an immense public advantage to introduce a breed of mules, and accordingly imported three jacks to stock the neighborhood. This in a part of the country where the people cared for nothing but blood horses! Why, Sir! they would have considered their mares disgraced, and their whole stud dishonored, by such a misalliance. The whole matter was a town-talk, and a town scandal. The worthy amalgamator of quadrupeds found himself in a dismal scrape: so he backed out in time, abjured the whole doctrine of amalgamation, and turned his jacks loose to shift for themselves upon the town common. There they used to run about and lead an idle, good-for-nothing, holiday life, the happiest animals in the country.

'It so happened, that my way to school lay across this common. The first time that I saw one of these animals, it set up a braying and frightened me confoundedly. However, I soon got over my fright, and seeing that it had something of a horse look, my Virginian love for any thing of the equestrian species predominated, and I determined to back it. I accordingly applied at a grocer's shop, procured a cord that had been round a loaf of sugar, and made a kind of halter; then summoning some of my school-fellows, we drove master Jack about the common until we hemmed him in an angle of a 'worm fence.' After some difficulty, we fixed the halter round his muzzle, and I mounted. Up flew his heels, away I went over his head, and off he scampered. However, I was on my legs in a twinkling, gave chase, caught him and remounted. By dint of repeated tumbles, I soon learned to stick to his back, so that he could no more cast me than he could his own skin. From that time, master Jack and his companions had a scampering life of it, for we all rode them between school hours, and on holiday afternoons; and you may be sure school boys' nags are never permitted to suffer the grass to grow under their feet. They soon became so knowing, that they took to their heels at the very sight of a school-boy; and we were generally much longer in chasing than we were in riding them.

'Sunday approached, on which I projected an equestrian excursion on one of these long-eared steeds. As I knew the jacks would be in great demand on Sunday morning, I secured one over night, and conducted him home, to be ready for an early outset. But where was I to quarter him for the night? I could not put him in the stable: our old black groom George was as absolute in that domain as Barbara was within doors, and would have thought his stable, his



horses, and himself disgraced, by the introduction of a jackass. I recollected the smoke-house ; an out-building appended to all Virginian establishments for the smoking of hams, and other kinds of meat. So I got the key, put master Jack in, locked the door, returned the key to its place, and went to bed, intending to release my prisoner at an early hour, before any of the family were awake. I was so tired, however, by the exertions I had made in catching the donkey, that I fell into a sound sleep, and the morning broke without my awaking.

'Not so with dame Barbara, the house-keeper. As usual, to use her own phrase, 'she was up before the crow put his shoes on,' and bustled about to get things in order for breakfast. Her first resort was to the smoke-house. Scarce had she opened the door, when master Jack, tired of his confinement, and glad to be released from darkness, gave a loud bray, and rushed forth. Down dropped old Barbara ; the animal trampled over her, and made off for the common. Poor Barbara ! She had never before seen a donkey, and having read in the Bible that the Devil went about like a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour, she took it for granted that this was Beelzebub himself. The kitchen was soon in a hubbub ; the servants hurried to the spot. There lay old Barbara in fits ; as fast as she got out of one, the thoughts of the devil came over her, and she fell into another, for the good soul was devoutly superstitious.

'As ill luck would have it, among those attracted by the noise, was a little cursed fidgetty, crabbed uncle of mine ; one of those uneasy spirits, that cannot rest quietly in their beds in the morning, but must be up early, to bother the household. He was only a kind of half-uncle, after all, for he had married my father's sister : yet he assumed great authority on the strength of this left-handed relationship, and was a universal intermeddler, and family pest. This prying little busy-body soon ferreted out the truth of the story, and discovered, by hook and by crook, that I was at the bottom of the affair, and had locked up the donkey in the smoke-house. He stopped to inquire no farther, for he was one of those testy curmudgeons, with whom unlucky boys are always in the wrong. Leaving old Barbara to wrestle in imagination with the Devil, he made for my bed-chamber, where I still lay wrapped in rosy slumbers, little dreaming of the mischief I had done, and the storm about to break over me.

'In an instant, I was awakened by a shower of thwacks, and started up in wild amazement. I demanded the meaning of this attack, but received no other reply than that I had murdered the house-keeper ; while my uncle continued whacking away during my confusion. I seized a poker, and put myself on the defensive. I was a stout boy for my years, while my uncle was a little wiffet of a man ; one that in Kentucky we would not call even an 'individual ;' nothing more than a 'remote circumstance.' I soon, therefore, brought him to a parley, and learned the whole extent of the charge brought against me. I confessed to the donkey and the smoke-house, but pleaded not guilty of the murder of the house-keeper. I soon found out that old Barbara was still alive. She continued under the doctor's hands, however, for several days ; and whenever she had an ill turn, my uncle would seek to give me another flogging. I appeared

to my father, but got no redress. I was considered an 'unlucky boy,' prone to all kinds of mischief; so that prepossessions were against me, in all cases of appeal.

'I felt stung to the soul at all this. I had been beaten, degraded, and treated with slighting when I complained. I lost my usual good spirits and good humor; and, being out of temper with every body, fancied every body out of temper with me. A certain wild, roving spirit of freedom, which I believe is as inherent in me as it is in the partridge, was brought into sudden activity by the checks and restraints I suffered. 'I'll go from home,' thought I, 'and shift for myself.' Perhaps this notion was quickened by the rage for emigrating to Kentucky, which was at that time prevalent in Virginia. I had heard such stories of the romantic beauties of the country; of the abundance of game of all kinds, and of the glorious independent life of the hunters who ranged its noble forests, and lived by the rifle; that I was as much agog to get there, as boys who live in sea-ports are to launch themselves among the wonders and adventures of the ocean.

'After a time, old Barbara got better in mind and body, and matters were explained to her; and she became gradually convinced that it was not the Devil she had encountered. When she heard how harshly I had been treated on her account, the good old soul was extremely grieved, and spoke warmly to my father in my behalf. He had himself remarked the change in my behaviour, and thought punishment might have been carried to far. He sought, therefore, to have some conversation with me, and to soothe my feelings; but it was too late. I frankly told him the course of mortification that I had experienced, and the fixed determination I had made to go from home.

'And where do you mean to go?

'To Kentucky.

'To Kentucky! Why you know nobody there.'

'No matter: I can soon make acquaintances.'

'And what will you do when you get there?'

'Hunt!'

'My father gave a long, low whistle, and looked in my face with a serio-comic expression. I was not far in my teens, and to talk of setting off alone for Kentucky, to turn hunter, seemed doubtless the idle prattle of a boy. He was little aware of the dogged resolution of my character; and his smile of incredulity but fixed me more obstinately in my purpose. I assured him I was serious in what I said, and would certainly set off for Kentucky in the Spring.

'Month after month passed away. My father now and then adverted slightly to what had passed between us; doubtless for the purpose of sounding me. I always expressed the same grave and fixed determination. By degrees he spoke to me more directly on the subject; endeavoring earnestly but kindly to dissuade me. My only reply was, 'I had made up my mind.'

'Accordingly, as soon as the Spring had fairly opened, I sought him one day in his study, and informed him I was about to set out for Kentucky, and had come to take my leave. He made no objec-

tion, for he had exhausted persuasion and remonstrance, and doubtless thought it best to give way to my humor, trusting that a little rough experience would soon bring me home again. I asked money for my journey. He went to a chest, took out a long green silk purse, well filled, and laid it on the table. I now asked for a horse and servant.

'A horse!' said my father, sneeringly: 'why, you would not go a mile without racing him, and breaking your neck; and as to a servant, you cannot take care of yourself, much less of him.'

'How am I to travel, then?'

'Why I suppose you are man enough to travel on foot.'

'He spoke jestingly, little thinking I would take him at his word; but I was thoroughly piqued in respect to my enterprise; so I pocketed the purse; went to my room, tied up three or four shirts in a pocket-handkerchief, put a dirk in my bosom, girt a couple of pistols round my waist, and felt like a knight-errant armed cap-à-pie, and ready to rove the world in quest of adventures.

'My sister (I had but one) hung round me and wept, and entreated me to stay. I felt my heart swell in my throat; but I gulped it back to its place, and straightened myself up: I would not suffer myself to cry. I at length disengaged myself from her, and got to the door.

'When will you come back?' cried she.

'Never, by heavens!' cried I, 'until I come back a member of congress from Kentucky. I am determined to show that I am not the tail-end of the family.'

'Such was my first out-set from home. You may suppose what a green-horn I was, and how little I knew of the world I was launching into.

'I do not recollect any incident of importance, until I reached the borders of Pennsylvania. I had stopped at an inn to get some refreshment; and as I was eating in a back room, I overheard two men in the bar-room conjecture who and what I could be. One determined, at length, that I was a run-away apprentice, and ought to be stopped, to which the other assented. When I had finished my meal, and paid for it, I went out at the back door, lest I should be stopped by my supervisors. Scorning, however, to steal off like a culprit, I walked round to the front of the house. One of the men advanced to the front door. He wore his hat on one side, and had a consequential air that nettled me.

'Where are you going, youngster?' demanded he.

'That's none of your business!' replied I, rather pertly.

'Yes but it is, though! You have run away from home, and must give an account of yourself.'

'He advanced to seize me, when I drew forth a pistol. 'If you advance another step, I'll shoot you!'

'He sprang back as if he had trodden upon a rattle-snake, and his hat fell off in the movement.

'Let him alone!' cried his companion; 'he's a foolish, mad-headed boy, and do n't know what he's about. He'll shoot you, you may rely on it.'

'He did not need any caution in the matter; he was afraid even to pick up his hat: so I pushed forward on my way, without mole-

tation. This incident, however, had its effect upon me. I became fearful of sleeping in any house at night, lest I should be stopped. I took my meals in the houses, in the course of the day, but would turn aside at night, into some wood or ravine, make a fire, and sleep before it. This I considered was true hunter's style, and I wished to inure myself to it.

'At length I arrived at Brownsville, leg-weary and way-worn, and in a shabby plight, as you may suppose, having been 'camping out' for some nights past. I applied at some of the inferior inns, but could gain no admission. I was regarded for a moment with a dubious eye, and then informed they did not receive foot-passengers. At last I went boldly to the principal inn. The landlord appeared as unwilling as the rest to receive a vagrant boy beneath his roof; but his wife interfered, in the midst of his excuses, and half elbowing him aside :

'Where are you going, my lad?' said she.

'To Kentucky.'

'What are you going there for?'

'To hunt.'

'She looked earnestly at me for a moment or two. 'Have you a mother living?' said she, at length.

'No, madam: she has been dead for some time.'

'I thought so!' cried she, warmly. 'I knew if you had a mother living, you would not be here.' From that moment the good woman treated me with a mother's kindness.

I remained several days beneath her roof, recovering from the fatigue of my journey. While here, I purchased a rifle, and practised daily at a mark, to prepare myself for a hunter's life. When sufficiently recruited in strength, I took leave of my kind host and hostess, and resumed my journey.

'At Wheeling I embarked in a flat-bottomed family boat, technically called a broad-horn, a prime river conveyance in those days. In this ark for two weeks I floated down the Ohio. The river was as yet in all its wild beauty. Its loftiest trees had not been thinned out. The forest overhung the water's edge, and was occasionally skirted by immense cane-brakes. Wild animals of all kinds abounded. We heard them rushing through the thickets, and plashing in the water. Deer and bears would frequently swim across the river; others would come down to the bank, and gaze at the boat as it passed. I was incessantly on the alert with my rifle; but some how or other, the game was never within shot. Sometimes I got a chance to land and try my skill on shore. I shot squirrels, and small birds, and even wild turkeys; but though I caught glimpses of deer bounding away through the woods, I never could get a fair shot at them.

'In this way we glided in our broad-horn past Cincinnati, the 'Queen of the West' as she is now called; then a mere group of log cabins; and the site of the bustling city of Louisville, then designated by a solitary house. As I said before, the Ohio was as yet a wild river; all was forest, forest, forest! Near the confluence of Green River with the Ohio, I landed, bade adieu to the b and struck for the interior of Kentucky. I had no pre my only idea was to make for one of the wildest parts of t

I had relatives in Lexington, and other settled places, to whom I thought it probable my father would write concerning me: so as I was full of manhood and independence, and resolutely bent on making my way in the world without assistance or control, I resolved to keep clear of them all.

'In the course of my first day's trudge, I shot a wild turkey, and slung it on my back for provisions. The forest was open and clear from underwood. I saw deer in abundance, but always running, running. It seemed to me as if these animals never stood still.

'At length I came to where a gang of half-starved wolves were feasting on the carcass of a deer which they had run down; and snarling and snapping, and fighting like so many dogs. They were all so ravenous and intent upon their prey, that they did not notice me, and I had time to make my observations. One, larger and fiercer than the rest, seemed to claim the larger share, and to keep the others in awe. If any one came too near him while eating, he would fly off, seize and shake him, and then return to his repast. 'This' thought I, 'must be the captain; if I can kill him, I shall defeat the whole army.' I accordingly took aim, fired, and down dropped the old fellow. He might be only shamming dead; so I loaded and put a second ball through him. He never budged; all the rest ran off, and my victory was complete.

'It would not be easy to describe my triumphant feelings on this great achievement. I marched on with renovated spirit; regarding myself as absolute lord of the forest. As night drew near, I prepared for camping. My first care was to collect dry wood and make a roaring fire to cook and sleep by, and to frighten off wolves, and bears, and panthers. I then began to pluck my turkey for supper. I had camped out several times in the early part of my expedition; but that was in comparatively more settled and civilized regions; where there were no wild animals of consequence in the forest. This was my first camping out in the real wilderness; and I was soon made sensible of the loneliness and wildness of my situation.

'In a little while, a concert of wolves commenced: there might have been a dozen or two, but it seemed to me as if there were thousands. I never heard such howling and whining. Having prepared my turkey, I divided it into two parts, thrust two sticks into one of the halves, and planted them on end before the fire, the hunter's mode of roasting. The smell of roast meat quickened the appetites of the wolves, and their concert became truly infernal. They seemed to be all around me, but I could only now and then get a glimpse of one of them, as he came within the glare of the light.

'I did not much care for the wolves, who I knew to be a cowardly race, but I had heard terrible stories of panthers, and began to fear their stealthy prowlings in the surrounding darkness. I was thirsty, and heard a brook bubbling and tinkling along at no great distance, but absolutely dared not go there, lest some panther might lie in wait, and spring upon me. By and by a deer whistled. I had never heard one before, and thought it must be a panther. I now felt uneasy lest he might climb the trees, crawl along the branches over head, and plump down upon me; so I kept my eyes fixed on the branches, until my head ached. I more than once thought I saw fiery eyes

glaring down from among the leaves. At length I thought of my supper, and turned to see if my half-turkey was cooked. In crowding so near the fire, I had pressed the meat into the flames, and it was consumed. I had nothing to do but toast the other half, and take better care of it. On that half I made my supper, without salt or bread. I was still so possessed with the dread of panthers, that I could not close my eyes all night, but lay watching the trees until day-break, when all my fears were dispelled with the darkness; and as I saw the morning sun sparkling down through the branches of the trees, I smiled to think how I had suffered myself to be dismayed by sounds and shadows: but I was a young woodsman, and a stranger in Kentucky.

‘Having breakfasted on the remainder of my turkey, and slaked my thirst at the bubbling stream, without farther dread of panthers, I resumed my wayfaring with buoyant feelings. I again saw deer, but as usual running, running! I tried in vain to get a shot at them, and began to fear I never should. I was gazing with vexation after a herd in full scamper, when I was startled by a human voice. Turning round, I saw a man at a short distance from me, in a hunting-dress.

‘What are you after, my lad?’ cried he.

‘Those deer,’ replied I, pettishly; ‘but it seems as if they never stand still.’

‘Upon that he burst out laughing. ‘Where are you from?’ said he.

‘From Richmond.’

‘What! In old Virginny?’

‘The same.’

‘And how on earth did you get here?’

‘I landed at Green River from a broad-horn.’

‘And where are your companions?’

‘I have none.’

‘What? — all alone!’

‘Yes.’

‘Where are you going?’

‘Any where.’

‘And what have you come here for?’

‘To hunt.’

‘Well,’ said he, laughingly, ‘you’ll make a real hunter; there’s no mistaking that!’

‘Have you killed any thing?’

‘Nothing but a turkey; I can’t get within shot of a deer: they are always running.’

‘Oh, I’ll tell you the secret of that. You’re always pushing forward, and starting the deer at a distance, and gazing at those that are scampering; but you must step as slow, and silent, and cautious as a cat, and keep your eyes close around you, and lurk from tree to tree, if you wish to get a chance at deer. But come, go home with me. My name is Bill Smithers; I live not far off: stay with me a little while, and I’ll teach you how to hunt.’

‘I gladly accepted the invitation of honest Bill Smithers. We soon reached his habitation; a mere log hut, with a square hole for a window, and a chimney made of sticks and clay. Here he lived, with a wife and child. He had ‘girdled’ the trees for an acre or two

around, preparatory to clearing a space for corn and potatoes. In the mean time he maintained his family entirely by his rifle, and I soon found him to be a first-rate huntsman. Under his tutelage I received my first effective lessons in 'woodcraft.'

'The more I knew of a hunter's life, the more I relished it. The country, too, which had been the promised land of my boyhood, did not, like most promised lands, disappoint me. 'No wilderness could be more beautiful than this part of Kentucky, in those times. The forests were open and spacious, with noble trees, some of which looked as if they had stood for centuries. There were beautiful prairies, too, diversified with groves and clumps of trees, which looked like vast parks, and in which you could see the deer running, at a great distance. In the proper season, these prairies would be covered in many places with wild strawberries, where your horses' hoofs would be dyed to the fet-lock. I thought there could not be another place in the world equal to Kentucky — and I think so still.

'After I had passed ten or twelve days with Bill Smithers, I thought it time to shift my quarters, for his house was scarce large enough for his own family, and I had no idea of being an incumbrance to any one. I accordingly made up my bundle, shouldered my rifle, took a friendly leave of Smithers and his wife, and set out in quest of a Nimrod of the wilderness, one John Miller, who lived alone, nearly forty miles off, and who I hoped would be well pleased to have a hunting companion.

'I soon found out that one of the most important items in woodcraft, in a new country, was the skill to find one's way in the wilderness. There were no regular roads in the forests, but they were cut up and perplexed by paths leading in all directions. Some of these were made by the cattle of the settlers, and were called 'stock-tracks,' but others had been made by the immense droves of buffaloes which roamed about the country, from the flood until recent times. These were called buffalo-tracks, and traversed Kentucky from end to end, like high-ways. Traces of them may still be seen in uncultivated parts, or deeply worn in the rocks where they crossed the mountains. I was a young woodman, and sorely puzzled to distinguish one kind of track from the other, or to make out my course through this tangled labyrinth. While thus perplexed, I heard a distant roaring and rushing sound; a gloom stole over the forest: on looking up, when I could catch a stray glimpse of the sky, I beheld the clouds rolled up like balls, the lower parts as black as ink. There was now and then an explosion, like a burst of cannonry afar off, and the crash of a falling tree. I had heard of hurricanes in the woods, and surmised that one was at hand. It soon came crashing its way; the forest writhing, and twisting, and groaning before it. The hurricane did not extend far on either side, but in a manner ploughed a furrow through the woodland; snapping off or up-rooting trees that had stood for centuries, and filling the air with whirling branches. I was directly in its course, and took my stand behind an immense poplar, six feet in diameter. It bore for a time the full fury of the blast, but at length began to yield. Seeing it falling, I scrambled nimbly, round the trunk like a squirrel. Down it went, bearing down another tree with it. I crept under the trunk as a shelter, and

was protected from other trees which fell around me, but was sore all over, from the twigs and branches driven against me by the blast.

'This was the only incident of consequence that occurred on my way to John Miller's, where I arrived on the following day, and was received by the veteran with the rough kindness of a backwoodsman. He was a gray-haired man, hardy and weather-beaten, with a blue wart, like a gréat bead, over one eye, whence he was nicknamed by the hunters, 'Blue-bead Miller.' He had been in these parts from the earliest settlements, and had signalized himself in the hard conflicts with the Indians, which gained Kentucky the appellation of 'the Bloody Ground.' In one of these fights he had had an arm broken; in another he had narrowly escaped, when hotly pursued, by jumping from a precipice thirty feet high into a river.

'Miller willingly received me into his house as an inmate, and seemed pleased with the idea of making a hunter of me. His dwelling was a small log-house, with a loft or garret of boards, so that there was ample room for both of us. Under his instruction, I soon made a tolerable proficiency in hunting. My first exploit, of any consequence, was killing a bear. I was hunting in company with two brothers, when we came upon the track of Bruin, in a wood, where there was an undergrowth of canes and grape-vines. He was scrambling up a tree, when I shot him through the breast: he fell to the ground, and lay motionless. The brothers sent in their dog, who seized the bear by the throat. Bruin raised one arm, and gave the dog a hug that crushed his ribs. One yell, and all was over. I do n't know which was first dead, the dog or the bear. The two brothers sat down and cried like children over their unfortunate dog. Yet they were mere rough huntsmen, almost as wild and untameable as Indians: but they were fine fellows.

'By degrees I became known, and somewhat of a favorite among the hunters of the neighborhood; that is to say, men who lived within a circle of thirty or forty miles, and came occasionally to see John Miller, who was a patriarch among them. They lived widely apart, in log-huts and wigwams, almost with the simplicity of Indians, and well nigh as destitute of the comforts and inventions of civilized life. They seldom saw each other; weeks, and even months would elapse, without their visiting. When they did meet, it was very much after the manner of Indians; loitering about all day, without having much to say, but becoming communicative as evening advanced, and sitting up half the night before the fire, telling hunting stories, and terrible tales of the fights of the Bloody Ground.

'Sometimes several would join in a distant hunting expedition, or rather campaign. Expeditions of this kind lasted from November until April; during which we laid up our stock of summer provisions. We shifted our hunting-camps from place to place, according as we found the game. They were generally pitched near a run of water, and close by a cane-brake, to screen us from the wind. One side of our lodge was open toward the fire. Our horses were hobbled and turned loose in the cane-brakes, with bells round their necks. One of the party staid at home to watch the camp, prepare the meals, and keep off the wolves; the others hunted. When a hunter killed a deer at a distance from the camp, he would open it and take out the



entrails; then climbing a sapling, he would bend it down, tie the deer to the top, and let it spring up again, so as to suspend the carcass out of reach of the wolves. At night he would return to the camp, and give an account of his luck. The next morning early he would get a horse out of the cane-brake and bring home his game. That day he would stay at home to cut up the carcass, while the others hunted.

'Our days were thus spent in silent and lonely occupations. It was only at night that we would gather together before the fire, and be sociable. I was a novice, and used to listen with open eyes and ears to the strange and wild stories told by the old hunters, and believed every thing I heard. Some of their stories bordered upon the supernatural. They believed that their rifles might be spell-bound, so as not to be able to kill a buffalo, even at arm's length. This superstition they had derived from the Indians, who often think the white hunters have laid a spell upon their rifles. Miller partook of this superstition, and used to tell of his rifle's having a spell upon it; but it often seemed to me to be a shuffling way of accounting for a bad shot. If a hunter grossly missed his aim, he would ask, 'Who shot last with this rifle?' — and hint that he must have charmed it. The sure mode to disenchant the gun, was to shoot a silver bullet out of it.

'By the opening of Spring we would generally have quantities of bear's-meat and venison salted, dried, and smoked, and numerous packs of skins. We would then make the best of our way home from our distant hunting-grounds; transporting our spoils, sometimes in canoes along the rivers, sometimes on horse-back over land, and our return would often be celebrated by feasting and dancing, in true backwoods style. I have given you some idea of our hunting; let me now give you a sketch of our frolicking.

'It was on our return from a winter's hunting in the neighborhood of Green River, when we received notice that there was to be a grand frolic at Bob Mosely's, to greet the hunters. This Bob Mosely was a prime fellow throughout the country. He was an indifferent hunter, it is true, and rather lazy, to boot; but then he could play the fiddle, and that was enough to make him of consequence. There was no other man within a hundred miles that could play the fiddle, so there was no having a regular frolic without Bob Mosely. The hunters, therefore, were always ready to give him a share of their game in exchange for his music, and Bob was always ready to get up a carousal, whenever there was a party returning from a hunting expedition. The present frolic was to take place at Bob Mosely's own house, which was on the Pigeon Roost Fork of the Muddy; which is a branch of Rough Creek, which is a branch of Green River.

'Every body was agog for the revel at Bob Mosely's; and as all the fashion of the neighborhood was to be there, I thought I must brush up for the occasion. My leathern hunting-dress, which was the only one I had, was somewhat the worse for wear, it is true, and considerably japanned with blood and grease; but I was up to hunting expedients. Getting into a periogue, I paddled off to a part of the Green River where there was sand and clay, that might serve for soap; then taking off my dress, I scrubbed and scoured it, until

I thought it looked very well. I then put it on the end of a stick, and hung it out of the periogue to dry, while I stretched myself very comfortably on the green bank of the river. Unluckily a flaw struck the periogue, and tipped over the stick: down went my dress to the bottom of the river, and I never saw it more. Here was I, left almost in a state of nature. I managed to make a kind of Robinson Crusoe garb of undressed skins, with the hair on, which enabled me to get home with decency; but my dream of gayety and fashion was at an end; for how could I think of figuring in high life at the Pigeon Roost, equipped like a mere Orson?

'Old Miller, who really began to take some pride in me, was confounded when he understood that I did not intend to go to Bob Mosely's; but when I told him my misfortune, and that I had no dress: 'By the powers,' cried he, 'but you *shall* go, and you shall be the best dressed and the best mounted lad there!'

'He immediately set to work to cut out and make up a hunting-shirt, of dressed deer-skin, gaily fringed at the shoulders, with leggins of the same, fringed from hip to heel. He then made me a rakish raccoon-cap, with a flaunting tail to it; mounted me on his best horse; and I may say, without vanity, that I was one of the smartest fellows that figured on that occasion, at the Pigeon-Roost Fork of the Muddy.

'It was no small occasion, either, let me tell you. Bob Mosely's house was a tolerably large bark shanty, with a clap-board roof; and there were assembled all the young hunters and pretty girls of the country, for many a mile round. The young men were in their best hunting-dresses, but not one could compare with mine; and my raccoon-cap, with its flowing tail, was the admiration of every body. The girls were mostly in doe-skin dresses; for there was no spinning and weaving as yet in the woods; nor any need of it. I never saw girls that seemed to me better dressed; and I was somewhat of a judge, having seen fashions at Richmond. We had a hearty dinner, and a merry one; for there was Jemmy Kiel, famous for raccoon hunting, and Bob Tarleton, and Wesley Pigman, and Joe Taylor, and several other prime fellows for a frolic, that made all ring again, and laughed, that you might have heard them a mile.

'After dinner, we began dancing, and were hard at it, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a new arrival—the two daughters of old Simon Schultz; two young ladies that affected fashion and late hours. Their arrival had nearly put an end to all our merriment. I must go a little round about in my story, to explain to you how that happened.

'As old Schultz, the father, was one day looking in the cane-brakes for his cattle, he came upon the track of horses. He knew they were none of his, and that none of his neighbors had horses about that place. They must be stray horses; or must belong to some traveller who had lost his way, as the track led no where. He accordingly followed it up, until he came to an unlucky pedlar, with two or three pack-horses, who had been bewildered among the cattle-tracks, and had wandered for two or three days among woods and cane-brakes, until he was almost famished.

'Old Schultz brought him to his house; fed him on venison, bear's

meat, and hominy, and at the end of a week put him in prime condition. The pedlar could not sufficiently express his thankfulness; and when about to depart, inquired what he had to pay? Old Schultz stepped back, with surprise. 'Stranger,' said he, 'you have been welcome under my roof. I've given you nothing but wild meat and hominy, because I had no better, but have been glad of your company. You are welcome to stay as long as you please; but by Zounds! if any one offers to pay Simon Schultz for food, he affronts him!' So saying, he walked out in a huff.

'The pedlar admired the hospitality of his host, but could not reconcile it to his conscience to go away without making some recompense. There were honest Simon's two daughters, two strapping, red-haired girls. He opened his packs and displayed riches before them of which they had no conception; for in those days there were no country stores in those parts, with their artificial finery and trinketry; and this was the first pedlar that had wandered into that part of the wilderness. The girls were for a time completely dazzled, and knew not what to choose: but what caught their eyes most, were two looking-glasses, about the size of a dollar, set in gilt tin. They had never seen the like before, having used no other mirror than a pail of water. The pedlar presented them these jewels, without the least hesitation: nay, he gallantly hung them round their necks by red ribbands, almost as fine as the glasses themselves. This done, he took his departure, leaving them as much astonished as two princesses in a fairy tale, that have received a magic gift from an enchanter.

'It was with these looking-glasses, hung round their necks, as locketts, by red ribbands, that old Schultz's daughters made their appearance at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the frolic at Bob Mosely's, on the Pigeon-Roost Fork of the Muddy.

'By the powers, but it was an event! Such a thing had never before been seen in Kentucky. Bob Tarleton, a strapping fellow, with a head like a chestnut-burr, and a look like a boar in an apple orchard, stepped up, caught hold of the looking-glass of one of the girls, and gazing at it for a moment, cried out: 'Joe Taylor, come here! come here! I'll be darn'd if Patty Schultz aint got a locket that you can see your face in, as clear as in a spring of water!'

'In a twinkling all the young hunters gathered round old Schultz's daughters. I, who knew what looking-glasses were, did not budge. Some of the girls who sat near me were excessively mortified at finding themselves thus deserted. I heard Peggy Pugh say to Sally Pigman, 'Goodness knows, it's well Schultz's daughters is got them things round their necks, for it's the first time the young men crowded round them!'

'I saw immediately the danger of the case. We were a small community, and could not afford to be split up by feuds. So I stepped up to the girls, and whispered to them: 'Polly,' said I, 'those locketts are powerful fine, and become you amazingly; but you don't consider that the country is not advanced enough in these parts for such things. You and I understand these matters, but these people don't. Fine things like these may do very well in the old settlements, but they wont answer at the Pigeon-Roost Fork of the

Muddy. You had better lay them aside for the present, or we shall have no peace.'

'Polly and her sister luckily saw their error; they took off the lockets, laid them aside, and harmony was restored: otherwise, I verily believe there would have been an end of our community. Indeed, notwithstanding the great sacrifice they made on this occasion, I do not think old Schultz's daughters were ever much liked afterward among the young women.

'This was the first time that looking-glasses were ever seen in the Green River part of Kentucky.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

### L I F E ' S   L E S S O N S .

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

Let us go to the hall, where the red wine flows,  
And roses and myrtles are gaily wreathed;  
Where many a cheek with its deep joy glows,  
And the sad, sweet music of lutes is breathed.  
Ere morning comes, the scene will be fled,  
Faded will be the dream of bliss;  
The song will be hushed, and the roses dead —  
Is there nought to be learned by this?

Let us go to the shore, where the sea-shells lie,  
And the sand with weeds and wrecks is strown;  
Where o'er the rocks the cold waves fly,  
And make their hollow and sullen moan:  
Those desolate things were cast away  
From the false breast of the raging seas;  
And there they are sadly left to decay —  
Is there not a lesson in these?

Let us go to the wood, where the hawthorn blows,  
When its leaves in the soft spring-time are green;  
When its mantle around it the woodbine throws,  
And the pearly flowerets peep between;  
Oh, we shall find a moral in them,  
Thus with the leaves deceitfully twined;  
Decking awhile the thorny stem,  
Yet dropping off with the first rude wind!

Let us go to the fields, when the storm is o'er,  
And the rain-drops sparkle like stars at eve;  
When the thunder peal is heard no more,  
And the ocean's bosom hath ceased to heave:  
Then shall we see the rainbow bright,  
From the gloomy clouds and the sunshine wrought,  
Shedding on all things its colored light —  
Something, surely, by this is taught!

Let us go to the graves, where our loved ones are,  
And let us choose the midnight time,  
When the heavens are glorious with many a star,  
And silence and grandeur raise thoughts sublime;  
And as we look from the mouldering dust,  
Up to the cope of the beauteous sky,  
So shall our spirits ascend, in their trust,  
To the HOLY SPIRIT that dwelleth on high.

M. A. B.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**THE GREEK READER:** BY FREDERIC JACOBS. A new Edition, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, a Metrical Index to Homer and Anacreon, and a copious Lexicon. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Jay-Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New-York, and Rector of the Grammar School. New-York, 1840: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

**THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.** NUMBER CVIII. pp. 274. Boston: FERDINAND ANDREWS.

Two rival 'series' of classical works are now in course of publication among us, one from the Boston press, of which the 'Greek Reader' forms a part, the other put forth by the HARPERS of this city, under the care of Professor ANTHON. The reception with which these two collections have thus far met, has been by no means equally cordial. The 'series' of Professor ANTHON is used in almost every quarter of our country; has been recommended in the strongest terms by individuals eminently qualified to pass an opinion upon its merits; has become extremely popular in every place where it has been adopted; and what is more, has been reprinted abroad, without any effort for that purpose on the part of its editor or publishers at home; and is now actually used in some of the leading seminaries of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of the volumes composing this series have even reached their fourth edition in those countries; almost all of them a second; while, in the case of the 'Horace,' one edition was published from the London press in January, 1835, and was succeeded by another in May, of the same year. On the other hand, the Boston collection is little known out of its own immediate neighborhood; is regarded by those who are competent to judge, and who are unbiassed by personal or sectional interests, as ill adapted to the purposes of instruction, and calculated rather to injure than benefit; while the chances of a passage across the Atlantic, even if its friends should exert themselves in its behalf, seem to be as far removed from it, as those of successful competition at home. The manner of editing, too, which has been pursued in these rival publications, is as dissimilar as would appear to be their respective destinies. The volumes of Professor ANTHON are accompanied by full and valuable commentaries, and are replete with every thing that can expedite the progress of the student; while, on the other hand, the books composing the Boston collection are, in point of commentary, so extremely meagre, and contain so little of what can either benefit or prove interesting, that the only wonder is, why they were ever published at all.

It was easy to perceive, from the first, that this state of things could not long continue without some demonstrations of hostility; nor did it require any very strong powers of divination to foresee the speedy appearance of a *third series*; a series of bitter and vindictive attacks; a series of gross and scurrilous invective, marked by all that rancorous malignity which springs from wounded self-love, or from disappointed hopes of pecuniary profit. This *third series* has now commenced, and we regret to say, under very unexpected and singular auspices. It is made to grace the pages, not of a periodical which, having no character to lose, could not well appreciate the value of character in others.

but of no less dignified a literary journal than the *North American Review*, and bids fair to confer upon it a species of notoriety, which any other journal, that has a regard for its own standing, would not be very anxious to share with it. We do not remember, indeed, to have ever met, in the whole course of our literary experience, with an article more plainly marked by malignity of feeling, more evidently dictated by the ranklings of private animosity, and by a determination to injure, at all hazards, the character of another, than the *pretended review* of Mr. ARTHUR'S 'Greek Reader,' in the last number of the *North American*. The ferocity of the attack; the grave nature of the charges that are preferred; the coarseness of invective, and the total departure from all the established rules of literary courtesy, by which the whole article is characterized; struck us, we confess, with so much surprise, that we determined to inquire into the affair, for our own satisfaction, being more than half persuaded, that so much vindictive feeling could not possibly spring from any reputable motive. The result of this investigation we now proceed to lay before our readers; and we have no doubt whatever of their coming, one and all, to the same conclusion with ourselves, namely, that Professor ARTHUR has been singled out for attack, by a paltry clique of would-be literati, who deny *his* claims to scholarship, because he will not acknowledge these same modest gentlemen to be the leading scholars of America; who call *him* a plagiarist, in order to deter him if possible from exposing *their own* monstrous plagiarisms; who stigmatize *his* learning as pedantry, because they have neither intellect enough to appreciate, nor scholarship sufficient to imitate, his labors; and who get all their rancor, and all their abuse, and all their blunderings, endorsed by the *North American Review*, because *their* lines have fallen in the '*Athena of America*!' We entreat our readers not to be deterred by the length of the present article, from giving it a fair and careful perusal. Indeed, we claim this of them, as a mere act of justice; and we assure them, that all the statements we may have occasion to make, have been obtained from sources on which they, together with ourselves, can rely with the most implicit confidence.

The first charge brought against Professor ARTHUR by the Boston reviewer, is, that he has been *guilty of plagiarism*, in taking for his new edition of the 'Reader' the very same Greek selections that were already contained in the Boston work. The answer to this paltry charge will be found in the history of the 'Reader' itself. In 1823, Mr. EVERETT, then Eliot-Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, published a part of the 'Greek Reader' of Professor JACOBS, with English notes, and a Greek and English Lexicon. The part taken by Mr. Everett, for his American edition, consisted of the first volume of the German work, in regular order, omitting merely ten pages at the end, and of eighty-nine pages of the second volume, in consecutive order likewise, from the beginning. Our readers will perceive, that very little expenditure of intellect was required to make such a selection, if indeed it deserve to be called one. The true praise and the true ownership belonged to Professor JACOBS. It was he who had brought together and arranged the several extracts of which the 'Reader' was composed, and Mr. Everett did nothing more than merely copy his labors. The latter gentleman, therefore, seems to have done, in the case of the German edition, the very same thing which Mr. ARTHUR is charged with doing in the case of the Boston work; with this *slight* difference, however, that the 'Reader' of Professor JACOBS was an original production, whereas the Boston work was a mere copy. It was soon found, however, that Mr. Everett's 'Greek Reader' was not as useful a work as it was expected to have been. The notes were too brief, and too few in number, and the Lexicon was too limited in extent, to be of much benefit to the young student, in the outset of his labors. In other words, Mr. Everett had not adapted either the notes or the Lexicon to the peculiar wants of the American scholar. No attempt, however, was made to remedy these acknowledged deficiencies, until the year 1832, when the *fourth* edition of the 'Reader' appeared, the title-page of which declared that it contained '*new selections from the text of Jacobs*,' while the preface asserted that the pupil was now presented with '*all the valuable notes*' of the German editors. *Both these declarations were disingenuous!* The Greek excerpts, appended

to this edition, consisted of a few specimens of epistolary correspondence, and of large selections from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus. The epistolary extracts were *alone* taken from Jacobs; *all the rest was obtained from the Minora of Dalzell*. The assertion that the editors had given *all* the notes of Jacobs, was equally erroneous. Along with the selections from Dalzell, they had *taken the entire notes of the same editor*; they had *omitted numerous notes from Jacobs*, because in all probability unable to translate or even understand them; and thus the notes of Dalzell, which it cost them no trouble whatever to obtain, appeared to the public to be the valuable annotations of the German editor! What is singular enough, and looks in fact like retributive justice, they tell the tale of their own disingenuousness from their own lips; for, after stating in the preface to the edition of 1832, that 'the pupil will *now* have *all* the valuable notes of Jacobs,' they state the very same thing over again, in the very same words, in the preface to the edition of 1837, thus contradicting their own remark, made in 1832; and, what is more, the *original assertion* still remains, in all its naked deformity, for the notes of Dalzell still hold their place in the edition of 1837, and appear, as before, to be the '*valuable notes of Jacobs*!' And do these men talk of plagiarism? Do these men charge another with the very act of which they have been guilty themselves? The only parallel to this matchless effrontery is to be found in the conduct of the reviewer himself, who *knowingly* undertakes to defend them.

But to return to the thread of our narrative. During the interval between Mr. Everett's first edition, and that of 1832, Mr. DEAN, of New-York, published an edition of the 'Greek Reader' of Jacobs, under the supervision of Mr. PATTERSON, *containing precisely the same selections, arranged too in precisely the same order*, as the work of Mr. Everett, excepting indeed the extracts from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus, which Mr. D. in all probability, did not deem it worth his while to print, at that time, since they are contained, *notes and all*, in the New-York edition of the *Græca Minora*! Mr. Dean's first edition of the 'Greek Reader' of Jacobs appeared in 1827, and passed through *eight* other editions between that period and 1836; and yet, it will hardly be credited, not an outcry was raised in Boston during this long interval of *nine whole years*; not a single charge of plagiarism was made against Mr. Patterson; not a complaint was uttered by the watchful guardians of American criticism; the lion of the Boston review was as quiet, and meek, and gentle as a lamb; and the two rival editions, the New-York and the Boston one, jogged on together, upon the same route, with the most edifying and fraternal cordiality. In all probability the Boston work needed the aid of its New-York friend, to enable it to prosecute its destined journey, since it had been rendered somewhat lame by the loss of its Lexicon, which, though made by the 'Eliot-Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University,' it had nevertheless actually stigmatized as an '*imperfect*' one, and most ungratefully thrown aside!

Matters continued in this state until 1836, when the *ninth* New-York edition of Jacobs's 'Greek Reader' was sent forth from the press. This edition, be it remembered, contained the *very same selections*, and the *very same arrangement*, as before. The editor, Mr. CASSELY, who had been educated in the halls of a foreign university, laid the rod over the shoulders of the Boston editors, in the preface to his work, and was, as the reviewer himself now openly confesses, '*cruelly ironical*' in his remarks. Yet, strange to tell, the Boston editors were silent under this infliction. No cry of plagiarism was raised; no complaint of unfair dealing was uttered; there was no strain heard of indignant remonstrance; there was no outpouring of invective from the far-famed fountain-head of American criticism; Mr. Casserly's editions of the 'Reader' enjoyed the same good fortune as Mr. Patterson's had; there was the same degree of friendly communion as before, between the rival 'Readers' of New-York and Boston; although Mr. Casserly had been '*cruelly ironical*' toward the editors of the latter, and although, as the reviewer now informs us, he had '*copied the most important part of their labors*!' Were these men so cowardly that they dared not retaliate? Or were they so deficient in scholarship as to be unable to defend themselves? In all probability both causes

operated. But there was a third and a more secret motive for their silence: the edition of Mr. Casserly, like that of Mr. Patterson, *did not threaten to make any serious inroad upon their profits.*

We now come to Professor ANTHON. This gentleman had been requested again and again to prepare an edition of the 'Reader.' He had uniformly declined; and had stated his resolution, time after time, not to put forth such a work, unless it were called for by a large majority of teachers. In the summer of 1839, his publishers informed him that they had received numerous applications for a new edition of the Reader, and he then at length consented to prepare one. In the preface to his work, there is no attempt at concealment on the part of Mr. ANTHON. He states openly the plan which he has seen fit to pursue, that of retaining unaltered whatever Greek selections had been accustomed to be read in our classical seminaries. In carrying this plan into execution, he takes the *same extracts* which had appeared, without any complaint on the part of the Boston editors, in the work of Mr. Patterson; the *same extracts* which Mr. Casserly had adopted without a murmur of disapprobation from any quarter; the *same extracts*, be it remembered, which had been allowed to appear in *nine* consecutive New-York editions, for the space of *thirteen whole years*, and which were free to be used by all, and not the sole property of the Boston editors; he adds to these extracts certain selections from the *Minora*, which had been read for more than *twice thirteen years* in almost every school throughout the land: he acted merely on what he had openly avowed in his preface, the intention of taking such selections as were read in the classical seminaries of the day; and in an instant he is assailed with the grave charge of *plagiarism*; he is made the subject of coarse and virulent invective; and his name is paraded in the pages of the North American Review, as that of a gross defaulter against the rights of literary property. Why this sudden burst of indignation? Why this peculiar sensitiveness, where none had before existed? Why this awakening from the long slumber of thirteen years? Was it because Mr. ANTHON's edition was *rapidly out-selling* the Boston one, and its progress must therefore be *stopped*? What an admirable *collyrium* have we here, for the feeble eyes of criticism!

This brings us to the reviewer's second charge. Well aware how open to attack the untruth respecting the '*new*' selections from Jacobs had left the editors of the Boston work, the reviewer endeavors to uphold a sinking cause, by asserting, with the most consummate assurance, that Mr. ANTHON did not know that the selections from Dalzell *were not contained in the Reader of Jacobs*. Why, he had read them at school, in the *Minora*, *thirty years before*; he had possessed a copy of the German work of Jacobs for the space of *fourteen years before*! Not know that these extracts were not contained in Jacobs! What a miserable cause must that be, which requires for its defence such shameless and unheard-of effrontery!

'But,' says the reviewer, 'the Boston editors, where they made new selections from Jacobs, curtailed the length of his extracts considerably,' and yet, in their quotations, they are followed by Dr. ANTHON without deviation.' The charge is totally *untrue*. What is worse, the reviewer *knows* it to be untrue. He knows that these Boston editors *did not take* their new poetical selections from the 'Reader' of Jacobs. He knows that they obtained these very selections, ready made to their hands, from the *Minora* of Dalzell. He knows that their extracts begin where those of Dalzell begin, and omit what those of Dalzell omit, and end where those of Dalzell end. And he knows too that the *very notes* on these extracts, all but three of which, he says (and he says falsely) have been in some way introduced into the edition of Mr. ANTHON, *are merely transferred from Dalzell's Minora, by the Boston editors*! This is not mere idle assertion on our part. Any one can institute the comparison for himself; and we hope that many will do so; nor will we anticipate, for one moment, the feelings of honest indignation with which every one will rise from such an exposure of vile and malignant calumny.

We have said that Professor ANTHON merely took the selections that were in common use. We have not done him justice in this. He corrected the text by a reference not



only to Jacobs and Dalzell, but to the original authorities. He silently altered the punctuation on almost every page of his volume; he suppressed indelicate passages; he gave in fact a far more correct text than any previous edition had exhibited; and yet we are gravely told that he plagiarised his whole text, blunders included, from the immaculate readings of the Boston edition! Before we leave this part of our subject, it may not be amiss to recur to one charge, on which we have already in some degree commented. The reviewer says, that out of thirty-one notes on the selections from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus, as contained in the Boston edition, all but three are in some way introduced into the 'Reader' of Dr. ANTHON. The charge, as we have already said, is untrue; and any one can satisfy himself on this head, by an examination of the volume. But what if Mr. ANTHON had introduced these notes into the body of his work? Did they *belong to the Boston editors*? Have they not merely taken them from Dalzell, and called them their own? The truth is, that *thirty* of these so-called Boston notes are literally and bodily the property of Dalzell, who himself compiled most of them from others; and the only thing that belongs to the editors of the Boston work, is a *mistranslation* from the Greek; the meaning of a passage being correctly given by Dalzell, but the same passage being altered and converted into a blunder, in the Boston work, for the purpose, in all likelihood, of making a show of *originality*. Pretty people these, to talk of *their* thirty-one notes, when the only thing that belongs to them in the whole budget, is the following specimen of a *translation* from the Greek; *τί μῆκος οὐ γίνηται*; 'what remedy is there?'

But they have not been content to take from Dalzell the notes on the poetry merely. They lay him under contribution wherever an opportunity presents itself. In the Dialogues of Lucian, they bear off a rich harvest of spoils; rich in a double sense, for these notes give them an air of scholarship, and save them, beside, the trouble of translating from Jacobs: although, while they are continually omitting the annotations of the German work, they assure the reader, with unblushing effrontery, that they are actually *giving them all*!

We come now to a very grave charge, and one which the reviewer evidently regards as in every way unanswerable. There are, he says, a great number of errors in accentuation, contained in the Greek text of the Boston work, which are corrected in the Lexicon. These same variations are observable, he adds, in the New-York work, and therefore he concludes that the latter has been taken, errors and all, from the pages of the former. To confirm this accusation, three instances are given of what he calls errors in accent, with their appropriate corrections, and this having been done, he considers his charge to have been fully made out. A brief history of the way in which the Lexicon of the New-York 'Reader' was prepared for the press, will give, we conceive, rather a different aspect to the argument. The text of the New-York 'Reader' was carefully corrected by Mr. ANTHON, according to that of Jacobs and Dalzell, and also of the authors from whom both of them selected; and, when this was done, he entered upon the preparation of the notes. The Lexicon, on the other hand, was compiled by Mr. DRIESSEN. The whole text was carefully read by the latter gentleman, with the view of forming a complete Lexicon to the work; and how well he has executed his task, may be seen by one simple fact, that there have been found, on a cursory examination of only a part of his labors, sixty separate words, occurring in the text of the Boston work, which are not contained in their Lexicon at all, and yet are mentioned and explained in his. In preparing his Lexicon, Mr. Driesen was principally guided in accentuation and etymologies by the authority of Passow. He consulted, however, constantly, the Lexicons of Scapula and Donnegan also, as well as many other subsidiary works. It so happened, that on several occasions the accentuation of Passow differed from that which Jacobs had adopted; and it became a question to which of the two scholars the preference should be allowed. The decision was in favor of Passow; and whenever the variations could be remembered as existing between the Lexicon and the text of the 'Reader,' the corrections were accordingly introduced

into the latter. It was impossible, however, to remember all the discrepancies of this nature; and in many instances, therefore, they were allowed to remain, as matters comparatively unimportant.

We now come to the strangest part of the whole affair. Will it be believed, that the three *errors in accent*, as the reviewer is pleased to call them, are in truth and in fact *no errors at all*, and that he has only shown his utter ignorance in calling them so? Every scholar knows (the reviewer very probably does not) that questions of accent often arise among editors of classical works in Germany; that the discussion of such questions is regarded as no little trial of each other's skill; and that hardly a classical work appears in that country, in which some deviation from the pre-established rules of accent, in particular words, is not introduced and commented upon. Now it so happens, that Jacobs has brought in some accentual variations of this very kind, wherein he differs directly from other authorities; and it so happens, moreover, that Jacobs's opinion in these respects is supported by that of other scholars in Germany. In the case of *ἄγης*, *ἰσίς*, and *ἄμνος*, he adopts an accentuation different indeed from that of Passow, but then he has for *ἄγης* the authority of Schneider, the well known editor of Xenophon; for *ἰσίς*, the authority of Bähr, who has given us the best text of Herodotus; and for *ἄμνος*, that of Riemer, in his Greek and German Lexicon. The blundering reviewer in the North American, however, not knowing any better, and merely perceiving that the accentuation of these three words in Jacobs differs from that of Passow, takes them all for so many *typographical errors*, and talks forsooth of their being *corrected* in the Boston Lexicon! And yet this man calls himself a critic in Greek, and a *judge of Greek accentuation*!

This brings us to the question respecting the two Lexicons themselves, where the reviewer sings so loudly his psalm of triumph. He is certain, for example, that the New-York Lexicon must have been all filched from the Boston one, because, in column after column of the two Lexicons, great part is identically the same. The degree of modest assurance requisite for making such a charge, is difficult to be calculated. The Boston Lexicon is, from beginning to end, *mostly an abridgment of Donnegan's*; and Donnegan's, as all know, is only a translation from the German work of Passow. Mr. Driessler's Lexicon is compiled from Passow, from Donnegan, from Scapula, from Planche, from Crusius, and many more beside. And yet, whenever the New-York and Boston Lexicons resemble each other, as they undoubtedly often will, since they are drawn in part from the same sources, our Boston friends walk up very coolly and complain of being robbed. Robbed of what? — *of that which never justly belonged to them!* But to the proof. The reviewer brings forward three words in which he says the coincidence is precise, and he therefore sagely concludes that they have been pilfered by Mr. ANTHON from the Boston Lexicon. These three words are *μακαρίζω*, *μαλάσσω*, and *μαλάχη*. There is, we are free to confess, a *very precise coincidence indeed*, in the case of these words; but then it exists *between the Boston Lexicon and those which it has itself been plundering*. It exists between the Boston Lexicon and Dalzell and Donnegan, and we proceed to prove it to our friend the reviewer, in his own very ingenious way:

## THE BOSTON LEXICON.

## DALZELL AND DONNEGAN.

*Μακαρίζω*, to bless, to pronounce happy, to deem happy.  
*Μαλάσσω*, to soften, to appease, to prevail by entreaty.  
*Μαλάχη* (*μαλάσσω*, from its emollient properties, or the softness of its leaves) the plant mallows.

*Μακαρίζω*, to bless, to pronounce happy, to deem happy.  
*Μαλάσσω*, to soften, to mollify, to appease, to prevail by entreaty.  
*Μαλάχη*, a plant of emollient properties. Mallows. *Th. μαλάσσω.*

We rather think that these 'coincidences' are somewhat *more 'precise'* than those between the Boston Lexicon and the New-York one; and if any one wishes to discover

still more of the same, let him compare the words *αἶμας*, *χαρηγέας*, and *χαρηγέας*, as they occur in Donnegan and in the Lexicon to the Boston work. What renders the whole matter still more amusing, is the air of assurance with which the reviewer lectures Mr. ANTHON for explaining *μαλδένω* by the word 'mollify,' *when this very meaning has the authority of that very Donnegan in its favor, from whom the Boston editors have taken all their borrowed plumes!*

To such of our readers as have any taste for arithmetical computation, we will present the question respecting the plagiarism between the two Lexicons in a still more convincing light. The Boston Lexicon contains, in all, one hundred and eighty-one pages; the New-York one, two hundred and thirty-one. Each page of the Boston Lexicon consists of ninety-six lines; in the New-York one, of one hundred and ten lines. Now, what is the result?

In the Boston Lexicon, there are . . . 17,376 lines.

In the New-York Lexicon, there are . . . 25,410 "

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Difference in favor of the New-York Lexicon, 8,034 lines.

*And yet the New-York Lexicon is a mere plagiarism from the Boston one!* There is another feature, also, which strongly distinguishes the New-York Lexicon from its Boston rival. In the latter, the roots are almost always given *without any explanation*; in the former they are *constantly explained*. The reviewer boasts, that the Lexicon to the Boston 'Reader' was the first that gave the roots of words. Of what possible value, however, are mere roots to a young student, without any explanations accompanying them? In preparing a Lexicon, the difficulty consists, not in giving the mere roots, for these may easily be found in other works, ready for our use: but the chief labor is in *explaining them*, a thing which Passow and Donnegan seldom do; and a task in which Mr. Drieler has displayed great skill and ability. *This single circumstance alone renders, in fact, his Lexicon immeasurably superior to the other.* Speaking of Lexicons, reminds us here of another amusing charge against the 'Reader' of Mr. ANTHON; in relation, namely, to the verb *ἀνθίσω*. A few words will satisfactorily explain this (as the reviewer imagines) most inexplicable circumstance. While Mr. ANTHON was engaged upon the notes, and before he had made his emendations in the text, Mr. DRIELER had read over the whole of the text, in order to form a Lexicon; and consequently had marked *ἀνθίσω* for insertion, since *ἡθισσε* is the ordinary reading. As Mr. ANTHON proceeded in his commentary, he kept noting down the alterations made by him in the text, and, at the close of his labors, handed them to Mr. DRIELER, for insertion in the Lexicon. In the number of these new readings was *ἡθισσε*, and *ἀνθίσω* was accordingly inserted in its proper place; but *ἀνθίσω* could not be omitted without reading again the whole of the text to ascertain that it occurred no where else.

We crave the patience of our readers for only a few moments more, while we discuss the question of plagiarism that has been brought against Mr. ANTHON's notes. These notes, says the reviewer, closely resemble many of the notes in the Boston 'Reader.' So they do; and they would have resembled them still more closely, *if the Boston editors had known a little more of the German.* The reviewer most certainly, even with all his powers of assurance, will not go quite so far as to say that the editors of the Boston 'Reader' wrote the notes of Professor Jacobs! Our readers must understand, that Mr. Jacobs appended to his German work a collection of notes, by no means so full as we could wish them to be, nor quite so rich a 'mine' as the reviewer is pleased to call them, yet copious enough for all the purposes of German drilling, wherein so much is imparted by means of oral instruction. These notes Mr. ANTHON, wherever he thought them of value, translated, and introduced into his commentary. *These same notes* have been taken by the Boston editors, and added to their own volume; and thus it happens that occasionally the notes in the two Readers bear a kind of resemblance to each other. This the sapient reviewer considers a clear proof of plagiarism; but it so happens, that

from this very circumstance we are able to draw a proof of the unfitness of the Boston editors for the task on which they have entered. *Their knowledge of German is such as would disgrace even a school-boy.* They translate *die Nomaden der Libyer*, 'the Nomades of Libya;' they make *du bist gezeißelt worden*, signify 'thou wert whipped;' they assign to the verb *verkaufen* the meaning of to 'buy;' they translate *das Gebiet von Miletus*, 'the empire of Miletus;' they make Jacobs say, in effect, that all the slave-holders throughout Greece were members of the Stoic sect; and they show in a variety of other curious ways their knowledge of German. All which, no doubt, has elicited the *high admiration which the reviewer expresses for their notes.* We may hence infer, also, that the reviewer's own acquaintance with German is as profound as his knowledge of the rules of Greek accentuation!

But, says the reviewer, the notes of Mr. ANTHON are pedantic and cumbersome, and are loaded with useless and misapplied erudition. And yet it is better, we think, to write notes, the only sin in which is their pedantry and heaviness, than 'pithy' annotations, decked with such graceful flowerets as these; that, in *μυδόν*, for example, *μή* is strengthened by the addition of *δεν*; that *ἄλιον* means 'long,' and that *τολόν* signifies 'short;' that Æsop, the fabulist, lived only fifty-seven years before our era, and that, consequently, what Herodotus tells us about him is a piece of pedantry and a fib; that the Parthenon at Athens was at the bottom of the Acropolis; and that the Corycian cave, near Delphi, was removed to Cilicia, and abounded in saffron; that there were two Hectors present at the siege of Troy, and that one beheld from the ramparts the other fighting with Achilles! These are beauties, of course, to which Mr. ANTHON could never aspire, and which are only discoverable by those who carry 'pocket editions' about with them, wherein are seen neither 'notes, nor the shadows of notes,' and who 'read Homer and Sophocles as their countrymen always read them!' What hopes of success can the lumbering series of Mr. ANTHON entertain, when brought into collision with the graceful scholarship of this gifted race of men; who inform us, in their works, that Lucian wrote in Latin, as did also the Stagirite, and the famous law-giver of Athens; that Themistocles killed all the Persians who escaped with Xerxes from Greece, and that Cicero sent his son to a Greek university; that Cato stabbed himself in the city of Attica, and that the gardens of Lucullus still exist, and vie in beauty even with those of kings; that Magna Græcia was situate near the kingdom of Naples, and that Mesene was the name of a city in Italy; that the war of the Seven against Thebes was only a civil contest among the Thebans themselves, and that the Republic of Plato had an actual existence; that the treatise of Cicero de Republica is burnt, and that the metres in Terence are nothing but Iambics; that the *scena* of the ancient theatres was in a tent or arbor, made of branches and leaves, and that the satyric dramas of the ancients were mere satirical compositions; that the ordinary class of arts are painting and statuary, and that the highest class of arts are war, mathematics and medicine; that in heroic poetry the Greeks had only Homer and Hesiod, and that their only lyric bards were Pindar and Anacreon; that in comedy they had no other writers but Menander and Aristophanes, and in tragedy no other poets but Sophocles and Euripides! It is worth while to publish the classic writers, and disseminate information such as this. It is worth while to make use of 'pocket editions,' unsullied by a 'note, or even the shadow of a note,' and elicit from their pages such stupendous discoveries. They who live in glass houses ought never to engage in the dangerous pastime of throwing stones about them at random; and they who write such trash as that which we have just been describing, ought not to be too hasty in condemning the notes of their neighbors.

But we have not done yet. The reviewer pretends to find fault with one or two of Mr. ANTHON's translations, and in particular makes himself very merry about an explanation given to ἀφίρρις. As far as we can understand his meaning, for in the joy of the moment he does not express himself very intelligibly, he seems to be of opinion, that the verb ἀφίρρι never means 'to neglect,' or 'abandon,' but always denotes 'to throw

from one,' and that too with a fixed or settled design; and he gives three luminous examples to illustrate his doctrine; of a man, mentioned by Homer, who, on one occasion, threw a discus; of another man, who, at another time, threw himself into a river; and of the soldiers of a Roman commander, who threw fire, early one morning, at the ramparts of the foe. We have here, in all likelihood, three specimens of that rare kind of learning, which he picked up at his college, when he studied '*proprio Marte*,' and 'with severe toil' from 'pocket editions' of the classics, unsullied by 'notes, or even the shadows of notes,' and when he 'read Homer and Sophocles just as their countrymen had read them.' But what did he do with this passage in his Sophocles, *πῆψον . . . μὴδὲ τοῦτ' ἀφῆς*, '*Send . . . and do not neglect this?*' Did he render it, as in duty bound, '*Send . . . and do not fling this?*' Or how did he understand that other passage, in the 'pocket edition' of his Aristophanes, where the man tells his servant *not to mind* the little pots and other utensils in the kitchen? Did he suppose the master meant that the domestic should *fling them at his head?*

Our readers, probably, are by this time very curious to know what has called forth all this display of learning on the part of the reviewer. The history of the affair is simply this. In one of the extracts that occur in the 'Reader,' mention is made of the Pyrenees, and an account is given of the way in which their name is said to have originated. The story says, that the forests on this mountain-range were once consumed by fire, and it adds that the fire was communicated by some shepherds. Mr. ANTHON understands the Greek to mean, that the conflagration originated in carelessness, and he condemns the common mode of translating the passage, which makes the shepherds to have flung fire purposely into the woods, and the source of which is to be found in the Latin translation of Rhodomann. The reviewer cannot endure this with any kind of patience. He comes to the sage conclusion that Rhodomann was actually 'somebody,' an inference which all, we think, will very readily allow; and he then enters into a warm defence of that scholar's version of the Greek. All this is very handsome on his part, and remarkably disinterested, since these same 'accomplished Hellenists' to whom Rhodomann belongs, and who have left us Latin translations of the ancient Greek writers, are the very individuals, of all others, whom more modern scholars, that use 'pocket editions' of the classics, unsullied by a note, hold in open and unmeasured contempt. Now it happens, that our friend the reviewer could not for the life of him perceive, that *ἀφῆμι*, beside its primitive meaning, 'to send away,' had a variety of other meanings, all deduced from this, among which those of 'to forsake,' 'abandon,' 'neglect,' etc., were given by every one who had at any time compiled a Lexicon. He had no time to attend to this part of the affair. His whole soul was bent on attacking the 'Reader' of Mr. ANTHON, and, in his eager zeal to accomplish this object, he shuts his eyes, and lays about him to the right and left with the most indiscriminating fury. The consequence is, he hits people whom he did not intend to hit, while those whom he meant to harm step aside and laugh at his antics. *He hits his own friends, the Boston editors; for their very Lexicon contains the meanings which we have just been enumerating.* It is worth while indeed to have so skilful a champion.

Our readers will perceive, at a glance, that this whole question about the fire on the mountains, is a question of common sense, which any one can discuss for himself, without the aid of either an 'accomplished Hellenist' or a Boston reviewer. If the shepherds, of whom we have been speaking, were blockheads, then they undoubtedly must, as the reviewer and the Boston editors think, have marched up the mountain in grim array, armed each with his fire-brand, and after having, for some time, 'looked Mars' at the woods, as old Æschylus terms it, (one of the writers, by the by, *whom our Boston friends kill off*,) they must have flung their torches among the trees with the most heroic self-abandonment. The feeling of intense delight that pervaded their bosoms, as they saw the flames curling above the cedars, must have been very like the emotion that came over our friends, the Boston editors, when they read the re-

viewer's article in the last number of the North American, and already beheld with the eye of fancy the total combustion of Mr. ANTHON's series. The disagreeable sensations, however, which the wise shepherds must soon after have experienced, when they found that they had been kindling a fire which they could not themselves control, and saw their pasture grounds ruined, and their flocks burnt to cinders, must have been very similar to the feelings which we should think the editors of the Boston 'Reader' now entertain, when, after attempting, without any provocation, to *injure another*, they find they have been only *injuring themselves*. So much for the 'battle of the Pyrenees,' and so much for one specimen (the only one with which we shall trouble our readers) of the extent of the reviewer's acquaintance with the principles of translation.

Our friend complains sadly of the dictatorial tone of Mr. ANTHON's notes. Thus, on one occasion, Mr. ANTHON says: 'The more correct accentuation is undoubtedly *ἔλαι*;' and again: 'There can be but one opinion as to the inferiority of the common lection.' This is rather an amusing charge. According to the reviewer, an editor must never give any opinion of his own, but must merely state conflicting opinions, and leave the student to grope his way out of the darkness as he best may be able. The reviewer observes that this mode of writing annotations makes him feel 'extremely disagreeable.' Very probably it does; for people who read 'pocket editions' of the classics unsullied by 'notes or even the shadows of notes,' and who think too that they read the ancient authors 'just as their countrymen themselves read them,' are not very fond of being told of their blunders. If Mr. ANTHON, however, shocks the nerves of the reviewer by his bold and dictatorial tone, we are happy to say *he has company* in this offence, for we find among the notes of the Boston editors the following magisterial one *on the very same Greek word* about the accentuation of which Mr. ANTHON has spoken. Hear the Boston editors: '*I have with Brunck adopted the reading ἔλαι, instead of the common ὥσαι, the seasons.*' Now we confess this same note made us feel 'extremely disagreeable;' for we thought that we perceived in it very plain indications of a classical scuffle among the Boston editors, and that one of them had differed in opinion from his colleagues, since the phrase is worded in the singular number, '*I have adopted*,' etc. We were soon, however, relieved from all our apprehensions, for we found that '*I*' meant *Mr. Dalzell*, whose note the editors had taken as usual, but to which as usual they had *forgotten to put his name!*

The reviewer is very angry with Mr. Casserly for praising Mr. ANTHON in the dedication of the *ninth* edition of the 'Reader,' and also for saying that he is a better scholar than the editors of the Boston work. He thinks that Mr. ANTHON praises Mr. Casserly because Mr. Casserly praises Mr. ANTHON, and he tells a very capital story, exactly in point, about the wife of a militia colonel in one of the eastern states. What afforded us additional pleasure in reading this excellent hit, was the light which it threw on the authorship of a note in one of the Boston works, where it is said that the Romans always '*served in the militia*' for a certain number of years. Our friend the reviewer must have contributed this very note himself. *Who else* could have written it? There is one little matter connected with Mr. Casserly's dedication, which we recommend to the reviewer's especial notice. Although living in the same city with him, *Mr. Anthon is personally unacquainted with Mr. Casserly, and has never to his knowledge laid eyes upon him!* As for the strong language employed by Mr. Casserly in his dedication to Mr. ANTHON, this, we conceive, is very easily accounted for. It is probable that Mr. Casserly, when first he landed upon our shores, made some inquiries in relation to American scholars, and that immediately a number of young gentlemen presented themselves, with 'pocket editions' of the classics in their hands, unsullied by either 'notes or the shadows of notes,' and who told him that they 'read Homer and Sophocles as their countrymen had read them.' A very few questions, however, must have convinced Mr. Casserly of the *true* nature of their claims to the title of the scholars of America; and his disgust at their pretensions may have caused so strong a revulsion of feeling in favor of Mr. ANTHON, as to have betrayed him into the very warm encomiums which he bestowed on that gentle-

man's productions. If Mr. Casserly, therefore, went in this respect, beyond the bounds of sober moderation, the 'scholars of America,' who carry 'pocket editions' of the classics, are alone to be blamed for it.

The reviewer appears to think that Mr. ANTHON gets his title of *Jay-Professor* from a bird, and he calls him, therefore, very courteously, '*a Jay in the borrowed plumage of the peacock*.' In making this remark, he adopts the French language, to show, very probably, that he is a French as well as German scholar; and he appears moreover to mean by the peacock the Boston edition of the 'Reader.' It is said that the old poet Ennius used to boast to his friends, the Roman '*militia-men*,' that the soul of Homer had passed into his, the poet's body, through the medium of a peacock. Perhaps a similar destiny awaits, at no distant period, the great body of American learning, and the collected wisdom of by-gone ages is to animate its frame, through the all-vivifying medium of *peacock scholarship*.

The last feat of the reviewer, and the one which he probably considers the most astounding of all, is displayed in the department of Latin poetical composition. We have already shown, that in his eagerness to abuse, our friend is exceedingly careless of his own footsteps. The most amusing instance of the kind, perhaps, is the very one where he intends to be most severe. He selects a Latin quotation, the second line of which is a pentameter verse, and in order to bestow upon Mr. ANTHON the courteous appellation of '*a thief*,' he perpetrates a pun, the mirth excited by which can hardly have yet ceased among the classical *cognoscenti* of Boston. Unluckily, however, his old propensity adheres to him. For his life he cannot avoid blundering, and he immortalizes himself in print by inserting a *false quantity* into a pentameter, in a way that would have subjected an English school-boy to the discipline of the birch. He seems, it is true, to have some misgivings himself; for, in offering the line, he begs pardon of the Muses with a familiar nod of the head. But what do the Muses know about such a man? Why, the very stream of Castaly itself would run up hill at his approach!

We have now reached, *for the present*, the termination of our labors. The controversy in which we have here engaged is not one of our own seeking. We have only undertaken the defence of a much injured individual, and all that we regret is, that our weapons have not been wielded by some more skilful hand than our own. Whether the contest is to be continued, depends entirely on those who commenced this most unwarrantable attack. If they persist in their aggressions, we will meet them at every step. Strong in the justice of our cause, we have that to say yet, compared with which what we *have said* will appear to be but weak and irrelevant; and if our opponents will still raise the cry of '*Delenda est Carthago*,' we are resolved to have a voice in determining where *that* Carthage is situated. Mr. ANTHON is accused of being unfair toward his brother-scholars. The *true* scholars of his country, and their number, we are proud to say, is not small, *know this charge to be false*. He is also said to fancy himself '*an Anacharsis among Scythians*.' What claims he may have to the character of an Anacharsis, we are unable to say; but his antagonists we do believe to be *very Scythians*; *Scythians* in feeling; *Scythians* in scholarship; and *Scythians* in their total departure from manly and honorable warfare.

GREYSLARE: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK. By the Author of 'A Winter in the West,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 503. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

AN extended notice of this excellent and very popular romance, by our townsman C. F. HOFFMAN, Esq., although in type, is for obvious reasons omitted from this department of the present number. It will appear in our next; and although it will doubtless accompany the *fifth* edition of the work to the public, yet we cannot forbear to place on record a synopsis of its character, and our high estimate of its various merits; although labor may probably prove a supererogatory one, and the aid we would render it, altogether adscititious.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU. — We derive the following interesting 'records of travel' from a friend and correspondent to whose kindness we have heretofore been indebted for means wherewith to edify our readers. The writer's long residence in the East, and his personal knowledge of the renowned German traveller, impart to his communication additional attraction: 'It is now about six years, since Prince PUCKLER MUSKAU commenced his travels in the East, by landing at Alexandria, and entering the territories of that extraordinary potentate, the Pacha of Egypt. The eminence he had attained in the republic of letters had preceded him. While making a short sojourn in Greece, studying its remains of antiquity, the manners and customs of its people, and their capacity for civil government, as developed under the new order of things, time was afforded to MEHEMET ALI to prepare for the distinguished traveller a reception only accorded to those who have actual claims to a place in the great family of rulers. From the representations, it is said, of the consuls of France and Austria, the Pacha had derived information\* of his acuteness as an observer, and his eloquence as a writer; and his work on England was alluded to, as commanding the respect of intelligent men, and as having placed him foremost among enlightened modern travellers. His visit to the East was assumed to have relation to the same object; and his voyage to Egypt to become acquainted with the extraordinary man, whose genius and sagacity had formed, in that degraded and miserable region, the nucleus of an empire, which, though in its infancy, yet commands the attention of Europe. It was kindly intimated to the semi-civilized Mehemet, that himself, his system of government, and the civil and social condition of his dominions, were to be submitted to the ordeal of a powerful intellect, and the result emblazoned to the civilized part of mankind.

'The reception, therefore, of PUCKLER MUSKAU at Alexandria, was flattering to himself as a man of letters, and creditable to the pacha, who had the discernment to appreciate, or the timidity to fear, a man of refined intellect, and approved abilities as a writer. The officers of the pachalic were directed to afford every facility for the investigations of the traveller, and to allow no obstacle to interfere with the complete accomplishment of his design. In process of time, the prince reached Cairo, and his reception there, by his 'illustrious friend,' was such as to encourage him to make a long sojourn in the country. He was received by the pacha with frankness and cordiality, which were allowed to result in an intimacy that afforded our traveller ample opportunity to study the character of the most singular person of our times, and which, if given to the world, may form an interesting addition to the biography of celebrated men. Upon his departure for Thebes and the Cataracts, Mehemet furnished the tourist with a firman, addressed to the functionaries of government, commanding protection to himself and his suite, and that all *proper* facilities should be afforded him for examining the antiquities of the country. A firman is one of those omnipotent missives, which, in the East, are only second

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\* It is a fact, not perhaps generally known, that there is not an article respecting Egypt, published in any of the periodicals or papers of Europe, but is, within a very short time, translated and placed in the cabinet of the ever-watchful pacha at Cairo.



in power to the despot who dictates it. To the sight of an officer or peasant, it is synonymous with decapitation or confiscation; and they shrink from it with trembling and terror, until its contents are known to be peaceful. The use which the prince made of this document, will form a lively chapter in the history of the distinguished individual who received it. The substance of the incidents which follow, were related by the pacha himself, to several distinguished individuals at Cairo, in 1838.

'From some cause, yet unexplained, it appears that our traveller had failed to receive remittances from his banker; and his funds failing him somewhere in Upper Egypt, he commenced the system of settling his accounts by exhibiting the firman of the pacha. If a dragoman or guide was to be compensated; if a peasant presented a claim for the edibles of a day's sustenance for the prince and his suite; the potent parchment was thrust in the eyes of the astonished Arab: and the disappointed expectant of paras would shrink from the awful scroll, and genuflex his salaam of humility, with an accompanying 'it's well' and disappear from the presence, to mutter in secret his curses on a document which deprived him of the merited reward of his labor, and the produce of his industry. Many and amusing are the accounts the pacha gives of the traveller's ingenuity in smoothing away the inconveniences originating from an exhausted exchequer. The season of drought was of no short continuance; but was near rivalling those days of short commons, in the reign of one of Mehemet's illustrious predecessors, the submarine Pharaoh. That which was adopted as a matter of expediency, in a pecuniary emergency, it is feared resulted in forming a part of our traveller's system of finance, while in the dominions of his patron. But the document was not exclusively applied to the liquidation of claims; it was found efficacious in various emergencies where, through folly or recklessness, he invoked consequences which a wise man would have avoided. The writer will not enter into particulars, although they have the authority of a monarch for their accuracy. A fact or two will be given, rather to illustrate the character of the pacha, than to reflect on the weaknesses of a traveller, one of a class which, when beyond the verge of civilization, often give the reins to those passions, which at home are either restrained by a high moral principle, or the opinions of society.

'The prince had visited the whole land of Egypt; he had seen all that tempts the man of intelligence or enthusiasm to visit it; he had been placed in a position from which to study its master, and the main-spring of his actions; he had perverted to unworthy uses a document of courtesy; and — I know not of a more comprehensive term — he had '*diddled*' his people; and now, with his suite, he had turned his back on its 'flesh-pots,' for those of Syria and Palestine. One lovely day, such an one as is peculiar to the Orient, our travellers arrived at the base of that cluster of eminences which, as a whole, bear a name as imperishable as their substance — that of Sinai. From time immemorial the Holy Mount has been the resort of pilgrims, whose piety has led them to visit the scene of some of the most extraordinary events in the world's history. Numerous monasteries scattered around, attest the piety of the devotees who for many ages have frequented it; and the traveller may find that the place has not yet lost its attractions for those who prefer seclusion and devotion rather than the cares and vexations of active life. The venerable monks who issued from the monastery at which our traveller had applied for admission and refreshment, beheld with astonishment that the train of the prince was not exclusively of males; but that the sanctity of their retirement was threatened and invaded by four of that sex, against whose approach the rules of their order interposed a distance as great and as severe as that of their brethren at Mount Athos; not even a hen, or a female quadruped, being tolerated within or upon the grounds of the sacred domain. The recluses of Sinai, for a small tribute paid annually into the exchequer of Cairo, receive from the master of Egypt and Syria a precarious protection against the marauding Bedouins, though his authority at times is as fluctuating as the sands of the intervening deserts. The monks of Sinai have sought no independence beyond their religious association; nor have their rules ever been scruti-

nized, or in any way molested, by their liege-lord and protector. But an unexpected trial awaited them, in the application of PUCKLER MUSKAU for admission for himself and party within the precincts of their sacred retreat. The general request was politely rejected by the superior, who informed him of that rule of their order which excluded females from their walls; but there was no obligation to prevent the admission of the males of his train, to whom they were ready to accord all the hospitality a stranger had a right to expect or demand. The tourist would not listen to the invidious distinction; but demanded entrance in the name of the Pacha of Egypt; and presenting the magic document to the gaze of the venerable father, traced with his finger that which he had a right to command. It was in vain the monk urged rules inviolate for centuries; the sanctity of a religious retreat; the customs of Europe; the obligations of gentlemen to gentlemen. His reply was, *the firman*. He 'stood there upon his bond.' The community were obliged to yield; and the prince, his Circassians, and other followers, entered the sacred abode. An apartment overlooking the interior enclosure of the monastery was appropriated to the noble intruder, but rejected by him as unsuitable: another and another passed the ordeal of a similar judgment; and finally that part of the establishment most exposed to the gaze of the passer-by, was promptly chosen, and most reluctantly yielded to the dignitary and his females; where for weeks the Turk and Bedouin might perceive at the windows of the monastery — rare sight in such a place! — a 'christian harem,' as it was sometimes characterized by those jeering observers. The edifice was on a route occasionally traversed by caravans. The camel-drivers, as they watered their animals from the wells of the monastery, beheld with wonder and dismay the faces of females gazing upon them, while engaged in their avocations. They looked at each other, and then at the ladies; and inferred at once that the 'true faith' was making progress, even in the strong-holds of its enemies. Such was their opinion; nor did they conceal it from the monastic servants, who, at the instigation of their superiors, were busily mingling with the caravans, and vainly endeavoring to persuade the followers of the Prophet that a Christian potentate was receiving the hospitalities of the holy fraternity, for a few days, and that the ladies were of his family. Though they pressed the facts and their excuses with energy, it was of no avail. Their exculpatory efforts were vanquished by the interposition of a query from a venerable Turk, from Damascus, whether Christian princes indulged in a plurality of wives, and if they chose them from among the daughters of the East? They remembered that in times past such things were never allowed by the pious fathers; yet they deigned no other reply to these plausibilities, than an unanimous shrug, and an interchange of sly smiles, with an occasional hint, in tones sufficiently loud to be overheard by the anxious inmates of the desecrated mansion, as well as by the 'noble author,' who, from a secluded position, was quietly enjoying the confusion of his hosts. This incident afforded the pacha much mirth, while relating it, as mentioned on a preceding page. It is necessarily stripped, however, of some of its eastern embellishments.

'PUCKLER MUSKAU was next mentioned as at Damascus, enjoying the superb scenery which environs that most ancient of cities, and occasionally developing peculiarities of character, quite unknown to his admirers in Europe. The history of his sojourn there is also identified with that of the everlasting firman. We find him afterward at Jerusalem. The magic firman opens the gates of the Mosque of Omar, and procures not only his admission into that edifice, but such an examination as perhaps no after-comer will probably dare attempt. In relating this part of our traveller's career, the pacha's manner became excited; but when he adverted to the desecration of the tomb of David, alike venerated by *giaour* and *paynim*; of its disruption and almost demolition, by the inquisitive tourist; the monarch evinced an excitement of feeling and passion, which plainly exhibited to the eyes of his listeners how far civilization had extended its inroads upon the prejudices of the Mahometan.

'During a sojourn in the Anatolian capital, the writer, in wandering among its

bazaars, and examining the merchandise every where exposed in a way the best calculated to inspire a resolution for purchasing, heard the shouts of Greek and Turkish urchins, announcing the approach of a prince. The person so styled was of ordinary stature, plainly habited in the costume of the East; with a *phex* sitting so loosely upon the head as partially to obscure the expression of his countenance. His features were regular, his complexion fair, and of feminine delicacy; his gait magisterial, without affectation; in fine, he was in appearance one of those personages whom he of Ioannina would have pronounced a 'lord,' without reference to the hand. It was PUCKLER MUSKAU. He was preceded by a janizary. With him were two persons, Germans, apparently secretaries, who walked by his side a half step in the rear; next came two uncouth Nubians, of diminutive stature, dressed in the fantastic garb of their country, with certain Germanized improvements, which excited the wonder even of a Turkish spectator. Farther behind, were some half dozen personages and dogs, forming the remainder of his suite. He was engaged in a minute examination of the articles exhibited for sale in the multitudinous shops of the bazaars. I met him frequently in various quarters of the town: and whether at the Caserno, contemplating the maiden evolutions of the raw recruits from the Asiatic provinces, or the rude artificers at their various occupations, there was no lack of attention on his part. Every thing was subjected to a most rigid scrutiny. I regret that the shortness of my stay at Smyrna compelled me to forego the pleasure of an introduction to this singular traveller, which was politely tendered me by a mutual friend. The Prince was then sojourning at Barnabat, a small village about two hours' distance from town, and was said to be easy of access to such as came properly introduced. . . . The literary world, it may be reasonably expected, will ere long have the result of our tourist's migratory residence of seven years in the East. He has visited almost every nook and corner of Asiatic Turkey and Egypt; and reasoning from the past, it may be safely assumed that his forthcoming work on those countries will afford more information respecting their internal condition, than all those which have preceded it; and from which some future Gibbon may write, without much additional research, the last chapters of the decline and fall of the Mahometan power in Europe and Asia.'

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A LITTLE OUT OF THE WAY!—In a note to a very grave and learned work on International Law, recently published in Germany, and but just received in this country, there may be found the following important information: 'Der beliebte Amerikanische Schriftsteller, WASHINGTON IRVING, hat unter dem Namen '*Astoria*,' einen sehr unterhaltenden Roman geschrieben, wovon Herr JOHANN JACOB ASTOR der Held ist.' Which being hastily interpreted, meaneth: 'The popular American author, WASHINGTON IRVING, has published a *novel*, called '*Astoria*,' of which Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR is the *hero*.' However this may be regarded in Germany, it will be considered a capital joke in America. *Apropos* to GEOFFREY CRAYON: We find the following in a very friendly notice of the KNICKERBOCKER for July, in the Providence, (R. I.) Daily Journal: 'We instinctively turn to the table of contents, upon opening the KNICKERBOCKER, to see if the name of IRVING yet stands there, and we have not been disappointed for many months.' Our friend is informed that he need never turn to our table of contents, in *doubt* to find GEOFFREY CRAYON there. Mr. IRVING's connection with this Magazine is a *permanent* one; and our readers will find occasion to admit, that in what he has already written for the KNICKERBOCKER, widely popular as his articles have proved, he has not yet exceeded, if he has equalled, some of the papers of which we have been permitted to gain distinct inklings.' The 'Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood' we have perused entire; and can assure the reader that the fresh adventure, lively incident, and quiet humor, which pervade the remaining numbers of this 'Mountjoy of the West,' cannot fail to win their admiration; and this admiration, we have good reason to know, will suffer no diminution, in the articles that shall succeed it, glimpses whereof have already been afforded.

**ASSININE CONNOISSEURS IN ART.** — Our readers will remember the admirable paragraph which we quoted in the last **KNICKERBOCKER** from Rev. Dr. BETHUNE's Address, describing those travelled personages, miscalled *Americans*, who pass through our own galleries of pictures, with a supercilious smile of contempt for every thing like indigenous effort; young bloods, 'full of scraps from foreign languages, and abusing by misuse the terms of art,' a matter in which they affect great delicacy of taste, and profound knowledge; who would shrink from the purchase of an American picture, and yet would not hesitate to parade upon their walls the miserable dark daubs imposed upon them by scheming picture-dealers. We termed these pretenders, whom we had frequently encountered at our exhibitions and at picture-auctions, 'solemn asses;' little dreaming that at that very moment a representative of the genus was sitting, or rather standing, for his portrait, and that the wily picture-dealer had the honor of sharing the canvass with his victim. But here (thanks to the kindness of Mrs. MASON,) is the sketch:



Observe the practised squint of the unopened eye, the hand-tube, and the decidedly *appreciating* aspect of that uncommonly great donkey's physiognomy! It is evident that he is 'nothing, if not critical.' Remark, too, the expression in the countenance of Mr. Fox, the picture-seller. He is 'coming the evil eye' over the connoisseur, and in a sort of 'Irish blarney, diluted with honey-water,' is enlarging upon the merits of the 'noble piece of art' which he holds in his hand. And the superficial dupe admits that there is 'a something about the style of the artist that is peculiar; a softness, a tone, a *je ne sais quoi*, a keeping about his *capi d'opera*, his *chef d'œuvre*, that prove him a master.' 'Right!' exclaims Mr. Fox, 'exactly so! I see you are no ordinary common-sewer of the arts; you are a judge. Allow me to call your attention to the splendidly graceful arrangement of the drapery; the natural and glowing tints of the roseate cheek; the unity in design and coloring! Why, Sir, you may explode the whole European continent, and you will find but two copies from this unquestionable original; and them is owned, one by a distinguished Italian prince, who has kindly permitted it to be exhibited in the Vacuum, at Rome, in conjunction with PAUL POTTER's pictures of the pope's

bulls, and the other by the king of Paris, at his country-seat at Sanelew.' Possibly, good reader, you may deem this colloquial sketch exaggerated; but there are hundreds in this metropolis who will scarcely consider it overdrawn. We ourselves have seen a wretched 'church-piece,' by some modern Italian copyist, representing diverse naked angels playing upon violins, and cherubs blowing the flute, to amuse the Holy Virgin, bought by an American pseudo-amateur at a price incredibly high; and a muddy landscape, with forests blacker than Mrs. RADCLIFFE's, and lakes like a pall,

'Where Chinese cake dispensed a ray  
Of darkness like the light of DAY  
And MARTIN over all!'

purchased at a still dearer rate: and yet good native pictures, at the same sale, could not command the value of their frames. These facts are not unknown abroad. We have been credibly informed, indeed, that there are inferior foreign 'DAVENSONS' in Rome and Florence, who drive a brisk trade in 'pictures for the American market;' and the identity of their figures is so apparent, that no doubt can be entertained that they have three or four favorite domestics, who are the saints and demons of their necessities. A few facts like these, properly appreciated, would render artistical humbug innocuous among us, and secure that respect for native paintings, which their excellence demands.

POEMS BY 'FLACCUS' IN THE KNICKERBOCKER. — It is somewhat rare, we believe, for a grave quarterly, like the *North American Review*, to notice productions, whether in prose or verse, while in progress of publication in the magazines of the day. Our correspondent 'FLACCUS,' therefore, has good reason to be gratified with the exception in his favor, in the number of this Review for the July quarter; which issue contains a highly commendatory notice of 'The Great Descender,' the first poem in the 'Passaic' series, of which 'The Lover's Journal,' completed in the present number, is the continuation. The reviewer observes:

'Here is a mock-heroic poem, of very moderate compass, but with a great deal of ingenuity and poetic fire, on the story of Sam Patch, who jumped himself into strange notoriety and a melancholy fate, a few summers ago. The facts themselves are so ludicrous, yet so thrilling and tragical — there is such a mixture of the mean and sublime in them, from beginning to end — that they offer one of the most suitable subjects that can be imagined for a composition of this kind. The poet is compelled to be lofty and droll at the same time. His strain will naturally be wild and serious; for his scenes are cataracts, and the action of his piece is really terrible. And yet he can demean nothing, nor is tempted to throw burlesque over what is too awful for merriment. The task seems to us to be accomplished with no little talent; and indeed could scarcely have fallen into better hands. New-York is happy in the names of its well-known bards; names that have been mentioned too often in our journal, to need being repeated here. This little epic leads us to think, that the list is likely to be increased. But we must leave Flaccus at present under his disguise, and will only present our readers with a taste of his verses, in order to justify our praise.'

The writer proceeds to quote what he terms 'a very picturesque description,' with PATCH's soliloquy before leaping into the cataract. The courteous reviewer, however, must permit us to set him right in relation to the 'physical difficulty of tracking meteors, and seeing stars, in a rainy night.' It was the *mist-rain* of the Falls that dripped from the drenched hat of the 'Great Descender.' The gushing deluge that at first 'outrained and roared' the cataract, had *ceased*, before SAM commences his soliloquy, in which allusion is first made to the meteor:

'The glancing moonlight, as the clouds roll by,  
Reveal the startling phantom to the eye,' etc.

The rain over, and the clouds dispersed, stars and meteors might surely be visible, without the aid of poetic license. 'A critical eye,' adds the reviewer, 'may discover, now and then, an obscurity, or a mixture of metaphor, or even an inadvertency in syntax.

But these faults are such as a little care might have avoided; and we are ready to give our cheerful 'So be it!' to the truly Horatian confidence with which the writer concludes his theme:

'Yes! I shall buoy thee on th'immortal sea,  
Or, failing that, thyself shalt carry me.'

SCARCELY was the ink dry with which the foregoing synopsis of the article in the North American was jotted down, when an afternoon journal, which is gathered weekly into the huge folds of the 'NEW-WORLD,' was laid before us, and our attention called to a notice, in the true slashing, M'GRAWLER style, of 'The Lover's Journal,' by our correspondent, in which its simple, connecting records were separated from the context, with the evident intention to render the whole ridiculous, in the eyes of those who had not seen the entire performance. 'But what matters it?' said we, after a moment's reflection; 'our readers have seen the whole poem, and have doubtless judged it according to its merits; and very many of them have recorded the gratification which its perusal afforded them, in terms of cordial eulogy. We are quite content that other readers shall derive their impressions of the 'Journal' from the apparent fairness of the notice in question,\* and from the reputation of 'FLACCUS,' as an old and popular correspondent of the 'New-York American.' But at the same time,' thought we, 'FLACCUS belongs as legitimately as his critic to the *genus irritabile*, and what will be the effect upon him, when some good-natured friend, seizing him by the button-hole, shall thrust the obnoxious critique into his hand, and exclaim: 'Tremble!—for a pleasant man has come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk against thee, and thou shalt be no more!' May he not peruse the missive, with one-hand holding convulsively 'by the hair of his head,' and then, in stress of criticism, put some paving-stones into his pocket, and walk deliberately off the pier, or take some other easy method of 'suaciding his self,' as Mr. YELLOWPLUSH would term it?' Indeed, we almost longed—shall we say it?—for some such catastrophe, that compunctious visitings might thenceforth molify the heart and cicurate the literary notices of our Cerberus of criticism. What would have been the emotions of our friend—we put it to his conscience, or rather to a jury of his consciences, for we would not so far impugn the stability of his opinions, or the impartiality of his reviews, as to regard him in the light of one individual—what would have been his emotions, to have encountered an obituary notice like the following, in the daily journals:

'DIED, last evening, of a short but violent critical attack, Mr. PASSAIC FLACCUS, in the thirtieth year of his age. Mr. FLACCUS was a gentleman of reputation and integrity, and esteemed by all who knew him. Indeed, with the exception of an attempt, on one occasion, to amuse the public, through the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, we never heard a syllable breathed against his character, either as a man or a gentleman.'

What, we repeat, would have been the effect of such a melancholy announcement upon the conscience of our censor-general? Would he require to be trepanned, before his opinions would be changed? Would he not rather remark, somewhere on the vast surface of his very next weekly sheet, as a corollary upon an affecting narrative of the sad event, and the causes which led to it: 'Hence we view the error of being ever upon a cold scent after literary matériel to ridicule or condemn! Henceforth, unless a violent discharge of ink be absolutely necessary to avoid a fatal and plethoric congestion, we will never more aim to do injustice to the fair fame of any clever poet; and in the mean time, we cordially commend to our readers the following passage from an article on

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\* This reasoning must be our apology for declining the communication of 'PHILO-VINCENT.' We have no revenges to gratify, as he would seem to infer; nor would we willingly scatter agreeable remembrances of the past, like chuck-farthings, or let old and pleasant associations drop from our heart like hour-glass sand. Beside, in nine cases out of ten, unjust criticism injures the censor more than his subject. It has even a better effect, we may believe, upon the latter, than the noxious sweetness of undiscerning praise.

'Criticism and Critics,' by WASHINGTON IRVING, in that highly popular and never-to-be-sufficiently-esteemed publication, the KNICKERBOCKER for August, of last year:

"Were every one to judge for himself, and speak his mind frankly and fearlessly, we should have more true criticism in the world than at present. Whenever a person is pleased with a work, he may be assured that it has good qualities. An author who pleases a variety of readers, must possess substantial powers of pleasing; or, in other words, intrinsic merits; for otherwise we acknowledge an effect, and deny the cause. The reader, therefore, should not suffer himself to be readily shaken from the conviction of his own feelings, by the sweeping censures of pseudo critics. The author he has admired may be chargeable with a thousand faults; but it is nevertheless beauties and excellencies that have excited his admiration; and he should recollect that taste and judgment are as much evinced in the perception of beauties among defects, as in a detection of defects among beauties. For my part, I honor the blessed and blessing spirit, that is quick to discover and extol all that is pleasing and meritorious. Give me the honest bee, that extracts honey from the humblest weed, but save me from the ingenuity of the spider, which trails its venom, even in the midst of a flower-garden."

A WEEK has elapsed, and 'FLACCUS' comes not. 'Once it was not so!' The foregoing sad obituary and sadder recantation may yet be needed. . . . 'A pacquet, Sir, from the country.' 'Lay it on the table, Thomas, and set the dog on it.' . . . 'It is from FLACCUS, by the head of Confucius! *'He lives!'* — as they say on the stage, with a double-stamp, and a rushing slide toward the foot-lights — 'he lives! thank the gods for that!' — and lives to write! And the reader will agree, moreover, that under all the circumstances of the case, he has a *right* to write, being a 'very ill-used gentleman!'

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

MY DEAR MÆCRNAS: Let appalling news  
The rude abruptness of my note excuse;  
From Gotham's din rejoiced at my release,  
In rural shades indulging dreams of peace,  
Judge my dismay, when doubling peals of thunder  
Rest the calm silence of my sky asunder!  
In wild alarm, the tenants of my brain  
Held sudden parley 'mid the hurricane;  
And, as I listened to each dropping word,  
My Muse and Reason meeting, thus conferred:

#### MUSE.

What crash — what peal — what rupture of the  
spheres,  
Rings its loud 'larum through my startled ears!

#### REASON.

What crash, good Muse? I cannot hear a sound;  
Some teasing wasp, perchance, is buzzing round;  
Some hooting owl, that cannot silence bear,  
Pours out his doleful discord on the air.

#### MUSE.

Would that it were! — ah, no! I see it now —  
The source tremendous of this stunning blow:  
No common tempest at my head is hurled,  
But the dread thunder of a crushing 'WORLD.'  
That mammoth sheet, whose giant folds I see,  
Wide-spread to smother — whom? — poor timid  
me!

Oh! thou, its guide to such 'renowned success,'  
Penny Apollo of our Gotham press!  
Great Sonneteer! why stretch thy mighty arm  
To crush a Muse that never did thee harm?  
That viewed thy sheet's vast sea of words with  
dread —

That ten of thy ten hundred sonnets read,  
And one remembered? Why not better aim  
Thy barb'd goose-feather at some nobler game?  
SPRAGUE, BRYANT, HALLECK, whose exalted  
shrine  
Stands on Parnassus somewhat nearer thine;  
And leave to me my humbly-plodding place,  
To gather flowers by streams that wash its base.

#### REASON.

What! art thou stirred by noises such as these?  
A hissing serpent, or a whistling breeze?  
And know'st thou not thy bark is wasted on  
Far better by an adverse wind than none?  
What! deprecate the malice of a foe  
That loves to bend at shining mark his bow?  
That strove with throes convulsive to defeat  
COOPER'S renown, and hurl him from his seat;  
That even in ELLSLEY found no graces rare,  
Who, touching earth, seems most at home in air;  
That dubbed our Iaving, when his stinging  
page

Lashed home the pseudo critics of the age,  
'A blown-up bladder,' which his pen of steel  
Would pierce, and all its emptiness reveal;  
Which dreadful fate, though friends were much  
alarmed,

He by some miracle escaped unharmed. [great  
Methinks, good Muse, thou shouldst be proud to  
Abuse such merit has been doomed to meet.

#### MUSE.

Too true — too true; I feel my humble name  
Unworthy praises such as these may claim,  
Unworthy even to mate with them in blame:  
Yet painful 'tis one's bantlings to decry  
Torn limb from limb, upheld to public eye  
Thus raw, and ragged, with this taunting sneer:  
'What precious offspring of the brain is here!'

#### REASON.

And dost thou think that JUSTICE deference  
pays

To partial censure, more than partial praise?  
Censure, the chaff that winnows for its food,  
That sifts the ill, but touches not the good;  
That picks from stones the mortar they enclose,  
As sample of the fabric they compose;  
That strikes at random, hoping still to hit,  
That in its zeal to blaze its flippant wit,  
Would scruple not an honest fame to kill,  
Had it the venom as it has the will.  
'Tis pity talents should be thus misused;  
Good Muse, though rudely by thy foe abused,

Do not to him, with hate too blind to see,  
 Deny all merit, as he did to thee:  
 For he some tolerable verse has writ;  
 But now, mistaking decent parts for wit,  
 Deals right and left his rude yet harmless knocks,  
 But mostly loves with startling paradox  
 To fly directly in the Public's face,  
 And all received opinions to displace.  
 This 'stirs the town;' but will it long be stirred  
 By empty cries, where Reason has no word?  
 Injustice soon a sword of lath is found,  
 Gilded, perchance, but powerless still to wound.  
 Wit is the polish, justice is the steel.  
 Whose temper only will the offender feel:  
 No, no; such carpings as assail thee now,  
 The just heed not — the unjust, heed not thou!

## MUSE.

Yet have I thought, so dreadful was my fright,  
 'T were best to reign my courser, and alight,  
 Like HALLECK — like in this alone, alas! —  
 And send, awhile, my Pegasus to graze.

## REASON.

Regard my counsel: shallow wits despise,  
 But to just errors never blind thine eyes;  
 And when some honest critic, ere he chide,  
 Shall place thy faults and merits side by side,  
 And teach, in manner courteous, fair, and true,  
 What thou must shun, and what thou shouldst  
 pursue,  
 Cherish his counsel in thy heart of hearts,  
 And to each censure from his quill that parts,  
 July 9, 1840.

Submissive bow; and then, and not till then,  
 Pause in thy course, and mend afresh thy pen.

THE parley ceased: and Reason, thou hast heard,  
 (Rare case, Mæcenas!) had the final word:  
 So I suppose the jade should have her will,  
 And, thou approving, I must scribble still.  
 Though well aware my most redoubted foe  
 Ten thousand tempests round my course will blow;  
 Portentous 'Signals' wave in billows high, [sky;  
 And 'Worlds' o'erhang like thunder clouds my  
 But larger craft the awful storm have passed,  
 So let me hope to weather out the blast;  
 Secure in this, however gales be rough,  
 My bark, although not fleet, perchance, is tough:  
 Too tough for such vain-battering, frothy waves  
 To strew its fragments round the ocean-caves.

But in this modern Phœbus' quiver lies  
 A venomous dart, whose wound all art defies;  
 And I have dreaded lest his vengeful brain,  
 Exhausting all its hoarded terrors vain,  
 In wild despair of means to bring me low,  
 With his *apoplexie* might strike a deadlier blow;  
 And my poor Muse, that braved his anger's  
 blaze,  
 (Forbid it Heaven!) drop withered at his praise!  
 May the kind Fates, that cheered us with his  
 wrath,  
 Conceal this fatal weapon from his path;  
 Or my poor Muse, and thine, Mæcenas, too,  
 With pen and ink have little more to do!

FLACCUS.

SLEEPY HOLLOW. — During a recent delightful sojourn near the wizzard region of Sleepy Hollow, it was our good fortune to attend 'divine service' at the famous old Dutch church, as well as to obtain several pleasant records, connected with a narrative of certain events which once took place in its near vicinity; a story which has since been 'industriously circulated' at home, and in various languages abroad. There is a class of dogged unbelievers, who regard the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow' as something too apocryphal for sober belief. What injustice such incredulous readers do to its conscientious author! There is not a character introduced in the whole sketch, nor the smallest bit of scenery, that had not its faithful counterpart in nature. We ourselves have often verified the Daguerreotypic truth of the reflected landscapes; we have enjoyed many a pleasant hour in the mansion of old BALTUS VAN TASSEL; we have been driven past the residence of the rich Mynheer, who parried the musket-ball with a small-sword, and who still exhibits the same to the incredulous, with the hilt a little bent; we have seen a brother of the veritable BROM BONES, a man of marvellous forecast, who, if we may believe himself, argued from the first that the 'Legend' would make that roystering blade famous. 'I tell'd Brom,' said he, 'that that story would be as good as five dollars to him; and it was, for an Englishman, who came down from York to ride through the Hollow, giv' him a five-dollar gold-piece, some years ago, just to look at him, and have a chat with him about ICHABOD CRANE, and old Balt. Van Tassel's KATRINE.' The 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow' *fabulous* indeed! . . . The pulpit of the old Dutch church chanced to be supplied, on the Sunday to which we have alluded, by an itinerant vender of very poor and pious common-places, instead of the excellent clergyman who stately ministers to the congregation. He was a Boanerges — a very 'Son of Thunder;' and while he was putting obvious truths into the most vehement language, and apparently exulting in the idea that he was taking the rod of reproof out of his MAKER's hands, we could not avoid fancying that he must have sat for the portrait of a 'powerful preacher' at the East, whose style was thus depicted: 'Jotham Briggs, what on 'arth is the matter t' other side o' the river? Some darnation accident has played



Old Sam with the saw-mill! Jest hark, now—how it grates! To which Mr. Briggs responds: 'You considerable darned idiot!—it jest shows how much you know! That's the Rev. HIRAM JENKINS a-preachin'. He's a powerful expounder, and never throws away nothin'. Darn'd if you may 'nt hear his word half over the state. He's a prime practitioner, and will be heed'd! But the minister apart. We sat for an hour in a pleasant reverie, looking out upon the populous grave-yard, wherein ICHABOD CRANE used to figure on Sundays, between the services, reciting, for the amusement of the rustic belles, the epitaphs on the tomb-stones; the loud monotony of the discourse interrupted only by the spasmodic cough of a calico mare, tethered near an open window; the whisper of the breeze in the trees that skirt the adjacent stream; and the whistling sound of some vexed Rosinante, 'a-lashin' the flies *with* his tail.' And it was not until the speaker implored a dismissal-blessing upon the congregation, 'after they should have again sung to divine praise,' that our agreeable dream of the past was broken. It was difficult to keep one's countenance amidst the clustering thoughts that rose to mind, when the church-chorister, armed with a pitch-pipe, and facing the congregation, arose in the very place where his illustrious predecessor in the same vocation was wont to carry away the palm from the parson, and 'started the tune,' in which the primitive worshippers joined, in various note, but with hearty sympathy; bringing out, ever and anon, those tones which the historian informs us have legitimately descended from ICHABOD CRANE's nose. It was a striking feature of the past, too, to see the rustic lads unroll their Sunday repasts, when the service was concluded, and stroll leisurely along the shady stream, or among the moss-grown tomb-stones, while the elders who lived near, rattled over the dusty roads that lead up the Hollow, to enjoy a more formal meal at home, previous to being 'brought together in the after part of the day' for the remaining 'gospel privilege.' . . . The services at the Sleepy Hollow Church were originally performed in the Dutch dialect. It was at length proposed, at a stated meeting, that as there were many in the congregation who did not understand Dutch, and but few who could not comprehend more or less of English, the religious performances should be in English, at least a part of the time, and that English Bibles should also be used among the members. This proposition met with decided opposition from one old-school Dutchman. 'I don't know any t'ing about dat,' said he; 'I an't going to give up my religion: I mean to stick to *de fait* of my faders!' When remonstrated with, and informed that the change could in no respect vary his creed, or vitiate the faith of his fathers, he waxed exceedingly wroth, and put an end to all farther discussion, with: 'I shan't argue mit any body about it at all: I shan't alter my 'ligion! I'll stick to *de fait* of my faders, and I'll stick to mine Dutch Bible, if I'm d—d for it!' We believe it was this same choleric stickler for ancient usages, who refused to vote for a lightning-rod, when the old church was new. 'We've been,' said he, 'to great deal droubles, and great deal 'spence, to build a house for God Almitis; and now if he's a mind to dunder on his own house, and burn him up, let h'im dunder den! I shan't vote for *de dunder-rod*!'

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THE FOREIGN REPUBLICATIONS.—MRS. MASON, late Mrs. LEWER, continues her series of republishings, with unabated spirit and promptitude. In an incredibly short period after their arrival by the steam-packets, they are before their American readers, in a style of execution quite equal to the originals. We observe that Mr. BENTLEY still perpetrates his depredations upon the KNICKERBOCKER. The last number contains a 'Psalm of Life,' written by Professor LONGFELLOW for this Magazine, and 'My Mother's Grave,' by JAMES ALDRICH, from a late number, and both inserted not only without acknowledgment, but as *original communications*! Highly honorable! . . . Since the foregoing was penned, the July number has reached us, containing another of Professor LONGFELLOW's 'Psalm of Life,' from the KNICKERBOCKER, without acknowledgment! 'Go on, Sir!—go on!' The 'Church of England Magazine,' also, has a poem by WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, credited, not to its original source, but to a *Dublin* magazine. This omission, however, is as evidently an accident, as Mr. BENTLEY's is an intentional fraud.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER maintains the high character which we predicted for it, under the editorial supervision of our valued friend and correspondent, the accomplished author of the 'Palmyra Letters' and the 'Letters from Rome.' Chief among the articles of the July issue, we have esteemed the Lecture by Rev. W. B. O. PRASOBY, upon the 'Foundation of Christianity in the Wants of the Soul,' and the paper entitled 'Local Vestiges of the Early Propagation of Christianity in the City of Rome.' The first is marked by that purity of diction, and felicity of illustration, which are the characteristics of its author. Take, for example, the subjoined passage, enforcing the proposition that the thirst for religion is born in the human breast: 'Stified and suppressed it may be; stifled and suppressed indeed it is; buried deep, both in single hearts and great communities, under a crushing weight of meaner interests and passions. Still it is there; and had we a divining-rod for the purpose, we could find the living spring, under all the worldliness that surrounds us. We are told that engineers are now sounding the Asiatic deserts with Artesian wells; and they are sure to find the element far down beneath the sands that are whitened by the suns of ages. And those who, in the name of Jesus CHRIST, have gone into moral deserts, into those howling wastes of abandoned men in which the world abounds, exploring the haunts of sensual excess, the caverns of the dungeon, and the lanes of poverty, have found, if not weary in well-doing, they could set springs of devotion flowing, even there: all was not evil; the veriest rocks of the wilderness have melted under the touch of holy and gentle hands.' An equally admirable passage upon the independence of Christianity of all sects and parties, for its life and growth, we are compelled reluctantly to omit. A great amount of novel and interesting information is conveyed in the description of the 'Christian Antiquities of Rome.' The catacombs, which were at once the burial-places of the martyrs, and the humble and secret chapels of early Christian worship, are objects of great and sacred curiosity. These are labyrinthine galleries, deep beneath the soil of Rome, which were excavated before the Christian era, for the peculiar sand which formed a prominent ingredient in the ancient Roman cement. 'Along the sides of these galleries, rising in tiers above each other, are horizontal recesses, of the size of the human body, covered with slabs of marble. On these may now be read the first Christian inscriptions, and within the recesses lie the remains of the early martyrs and disciples of the faith. They discard the pomp of epitaphs; they merely express the prayer that the sleeper may rest in peace, and give the length of his earthly pilgrimage.' The following are some of the more simple inscriptions: 'O Domitius! mayest thou rest in peace;' 'Aphona! mayest thou live in God;' 'Farewell! O Sabina! Mayest thou live sweet in God,' and the like. Many of the Catholic antiquities are sufficiently apocryphal and amusing. Among these 'pious frauds,' is shown a spring, in a prison where PAUL was confined, which he caused to rise and flow, that he might baptize his fellow prisoners; and also on the surface of one of the solid stone walls, a print of the Apostle's face, indented by the keeper, in striking his head against it, while conveying him to his dungeon! The cavity is protected by bars of iron, lest devout worshippers should kiss away the impression! We were reminded, while reading the description of these very *probable* relics, of a remarkable curiosity we had lately encountered on the library-table of a friend, at his mansion on the Hudson. After having admiring a relic from the Alhambra, a piece of the Parthenon at Athens, with the sculpture of the Grecian chisel freshly preserved, and sundry interesting trifles from Italy and Spain, our host seized an instrument that *looked* very like a beautiful letter-folder, with an elaborately-chased handle, and holding it up, exclaimed: 'There! *that* is one of my choicest relics. What, now, do you imagine that to be?' One attempted a surmise; another hazarded a guess; we confessed our utter ignorance. 'Well, Sir, that is the *air-drawn dagger that Macbeth thought he saw!* He was mistaken, you will remember; yet this is the dagger that he *thought* he saw! There is no doubt of its identity; for I obtained it in Scotland, at great expense.' This was the incarnation of a shadowy relic. Its interest was rather *collateral*, it is true; and not unlike that which attaches to a curiosity in the possession of a southern acquaintance of ours, who has in his collection the *fork* that belonged to the *knife* with which DESHA stabbed BEAUCHAMP, in Kentucky, many years since. The knife itself now divides the profits with a piece of the rope that suspended GIBBS, the pirate, in a western museum!

INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT. — We would call the attention of our readers to a 'Letter' upon this important theme, just published by Messrs. WILEY and PUTNAM, in pamphlet form, and addressed to Hon. WILLIAM C. PRESTON, of South Carolina. It is from the pen of Mr. FRANCIS LIEBER, and is one of the clearest and best-reasoned essays upon the subject of which it treats, that we have ever perused. We shall aim to advert to it more at large in a subsequent number. This treatise, with the 'Plea for Authors,' and a short series of articles on 'International Copy-Right,' published a few months since in that excellent journal, the '*New-Yorker*,' and written by Mr. SACKETT, of Brooklyn, will place the merits of this important question fully before the public.

*Monthly Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.*—The story of '*Micromegas, the Celestial Traveller*,' in preceding pages, will arrest the attention of the reader. It is faithfully, and for the first time, to our knowledge, rendered into English, by a capable scholar, of the Amherst (Mass.) University. It contains touches of satire, upon the folly of war, the emptiness of merely speculative philosophy, and the vanity of human pretension, quite equal, as we conceive, to those in *Bergerac's* 'Journey to the Moon,' *Rabelais'* famous 'Voyage of Pantagruel,' or *Swift's* more celebrated *Travels of Gulliver*. Observe, particularly, the 'heaping' between the travellers themselves, as well as between their globes and ours, and between them and the inhabitants of this 'little ant-hill.' As in the case of *Gulliver*, but grant *Micromegas'* first postulates, which nobody can gainsay; suppose such a planet and such a people as he and his friend come from; and every other step of the story follows naturally enough; and the improbability of the original is palliated by the artificial combination of the detail. *Swift* took *Gulliver* to *Brobdingnag*, after he had sojourned in *Lilliput*; and it would be a pleasant return for a courteous condescension, if *Mr. Locke*, who has been to the moon, would take a friend with him, and repair to *Saturn* and *Sirius*, to repay the visit of *Micromegas*, and his little companion, the dwarf! . . . '*Dramatic Drawbacks*' will probably appear. It is a pleasant sketch of stage accidents, which have marred the theatrical enjoyments of the writer, at sundry times and in diverse places. Could he have been at the *Bowery Theatre*, when *Herold Nano*, that wonderful deformed dwarf, by some defect in stage machinery, was compelled to hang for some minutes on the edge of a cloud? By the way, one cannot sufficiently admire the manner in which *Mr. Hamblin* 'gets up' his melo-dramas. The effect of his union of physical and moral power is astounding. Now he spreads an ocean over the scenic area, and 'they that go down to the sea in ships,' to do stage-business in the great waters, are drowned in the sight of the audience; now, by a blast of gunpowder, he destroys a host of conspirators; and anon he restores the principal with a clap of thunder. We look forward, as the wag to *Mont Lewis*, for the production of some play, in which a water-spout shall be introduced, or a fall of snow, three or four feet deep, wherein the plot shall unfold itself by means of a general thaw! Care should be taken that the man who snows, should not overstep the modesty of nature, after the manner of a careless subordinate, who, in snowing a violent storm one night at the principal theatre of a sister city, used up his few materials too early, and began to pour down paperflakes two or three inches square, and finally rounded off with half sheets, and vexed at the prompter's importunity for 'more snow,' finished with a 'bundle,' in the realm! One should not look, however, for too close an imitation of real life now-a-days, in mimic scenes and personations. It would be in bad taste. The following, from a late English magazine, represents the manner in which the 'mirror is held up to nature' in the life-like performances of the French ballet: 'The scene is a beautiful wooded country in France, with a cottage on one side; lively music; *Mr. Gilbert* comes on as a peasant, in a blue satin jacket, with white silk sleeves, tight white breeches, and silk stockings, which prove that he has not been to plough that morning, at any rate; he taps at the cottage door, and *Miss Ballin* looks out at the window, and although it is just sunrise, she is up and dressed, with flowers in her hair, with a close-fitting velvet bodice and gauze petticoat made very full, and quite enough bustle to keep up the interest of the ballet. He lifts up his leg as high as he possibly can, and asks her to be so obliging as to come down and dance with him. She says she has no particular objection, and leaves the window to descend the stairs, or ladder which leads to her cock-loft. The swain now gathers a nosegay all ready tied up; twirls round several times, to see that he is all right; hears the door of the cottage opening, trips across to give his bouquet to his love, when it is snatched by *Miss Ballin's* mother, who reprehends the conduct of *Mr. Gilbert* for coming a-scouring at that time of day, tells him to go and work for his bread, and not be idling about there. The rustic swain asks the old lady to feel how terribly his heart beats; the mother informs *Mr. Gilbert* that his head is more likely to feel the beating:

'Says he, 'at my heart I've a beating';  
'Says I, 'then take care at your back.''

She drives him off, and then goes to market. *Mr. Gilbert* presently re-appears, and clapping his hands, eight of his young companions appear. All these are in such an independent state in happy France, that they are enabled to quit their village toll; and the most singular circumstance is, that all eight are accidentally attired exactly alike, with pink vests, straw hats, and light blue smalls, with a black stripe down the seam. Of these youths the first named is about sixty years of age, and the latter approaching seventy-three, which renders it the more kind of them to come out and fatigue themselves at that time in the morning. There appears an excellent reason for their complaisance, because eight young female villagers, also dressed alike, (excepting one unfortunate, who has mislaid her white silk shoes, and is obliged to venture out in black prunella, thereby disarranging the uniformity which is so pleasing in well-regulated hamlets,) come now to the rendezvous. Each youthful swain in a moment selects his partner. Then all the sixteen point simultaneously to the cottage, and then touch their hearts and wedding-ring fingers, and then point to *Mr. Gilbert*, who shrugs his shoulders, extends his arms widely, and nods. . . . *John Waters* is over the water, or he would doubtless defend himself triumphantly, against the insinuations, nay the open incredulity, of *Friend 'Hezekiah Starbuck, Third*,' touching his knowledge of 'Chowder.' Wait until his return, *Friend of the Nantucket Shoal*, for a rejoinder to thy mislive. Peradventure some pellet may attain unto thee even there, which shall fracture thy glass tuncement. Thou reasonest, questionless, from the consciousness and felicity of expression; the propriety and elegance of diction; the abounding tenderness and delicacy of feeling; and the urbane and courtly satire, of *John Waters*, that he can be little proficient in other matters than 'apt pieces of writing.' Know, then, that he may challenge comparison with the most renowned *chef de cuisine* in the French capital, for various knowledge in the 'art preservative of all arts'—the art of eating. In this regard, *Mr. Waters* has no rival near his throne in this country. But what a describer! We can answer for *His Picture of the Boths'* beautiful master-piece, (having beheld it in reality,) that the one is worthy of the other; and higher praise we could not award either. A child sleeping in dewy freshness in the softest of atmospheres, in *Mr. Amor's* drawing-room, and this noble effort of the *Boths*, would alone compose a gallery fit for a monarch. 'Till our eye-lids should no longer wag,' could we sit and regard the nameless charms of each of these productions, from the hands of three '*Favorites of Nature*.' '*Spoken of Chowder*.' A correspondent inquires: 'What is that 'long anthem-pool' to which *John Waters* refers, in his '*Chowder*' article, 'that often, when the shores are calm and tranquil, takes possession of the air, and tells of the distant or the approaching storm?' By the moon, we cannot tell; but we believe it to be identical with

— 'that wild and incommunicable sound,  
Which in the *Mexico Gulf* the seamen hears,  
Vexing the deep profound;'

of which the poet Simms speaks, in one of his admirable poems; but of his own knowledge, farther this deponent saith not. . . . Deeply do we sympathize with 'A Bereaved Mother,' and rejoice at the same moment, that the article upon the 'Erroneous Views of Death,' in our last number, should have afforded her joy and consolation. Soon after the death of an affectionate husband, her little daughter was brought low; and those dear eyes, that I never looked into without pleasure, unless sorrow had suffused them, or illness dimmed their light, were soon closed forever, and the lips I had so often kissed, were faded and cold! Then the season's very joyousness but mocked my grief: for when

'I saw around me the wide fields revive,  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
I turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring!'

Such sentences as these are from the heart. 'All the mother' and the wife breathe in the tender thoughts, the touching language. . . . 'Affectations, Look You,' shall have a place, with curtailment; for the writer's 'examples,' as prolonged, prove a little monotonous. The 'affectation' which springs from a smattering of the French language, might, however, have been enlarged, without detriment. A friend of ours records one out of a thousand instances, of daily occurrence: 'Come here, Gas-son,' said a young fopling, at one of our metropolitan eating-houses. A waiter presented himself. 'Your name is n't Gas-son, is it, Stupid? I called 'Gas-son,' yonder' — and he beckoned to a lad, whom he had heard called gargon, the day before, to do his bidding! We have often laughed at the story of a person of pleasing address and appearance, who was encountered on board a steam-rocket from Dover to Calais. It was observed, that whenever he obtained an auditor, he would address him courteously, and commence a discussion of the qualities of two carriages which were on the forward deck. 'That 'ere big coach,' said he, 'is a nice 'un; but them 'ere scratches on the cab, them's the worst on't, though!' A gentleman who heard these coarse remarks thrice repeated to different individuals, by a person of pleasing and gentlemanlike exterior, had the curiosity to inquire of one who seemed to be a companion voyager, why it should happen that his language was so strangely out of keeping with his general bearing; when lo! it transpired that he was a Parisian, sporting the little English he had learned of a cockney valet, in a brief stay in London, before his countrymen. Many an 'ignorant ramus' on this side the water makes himself equally ridiculous, in misapplying and mispronouncing the language of this ambitious Gai: speaking it like the man whom Matthews describes, who boasted of his perfection in French, but gave the credit to his felicitous acquisition; he 'l'arnt it of a German, that 'l'arnt it of a Scotchman at Dunkirk!' . . . We are glad to be able to mention, on the authority of a recent letter from Mr. Carlyle, that should an occasion occur, wherein he can write to edification — and we have no misgivings that such a mind as his will not find occasion — our readers may hope to hear 'at first hands' from the author of 'Sartor Resartus' and the 'French Revolution;' who does us the honor to say, that he has frequently met the Knickerbocker in London, and that it 'pleases him well;' and he adds, 'It seems to be becoming in England our chief representative of America, in its department.' . . . Mr. Stephens' *Discoveries of American Antiquities*. — Many of our readers will have seen, in the public journals, a brief reference to the recent discovery by Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood, at Quirigua, in Central America, while on their way to Palenque, of several gigantic statues, erect and prostrate, monuments, Titianian erections, obelisks, etc.; and this too before they had reached the scene of, or had actually commenced, their researches. Mr. Stephens, previous to his departure, kindly consented to keep Mr. Irving advised of his travels and discoveries; and these valuable and interesting communications will be inserted in the Knickerbocker. The reader will share our regret at learning that a packet, received for Mr. Irving, by a relation of Mr. Stephens in this city, has been accidentally mislaid. There is reason to hope, however, that it is not lost; and we may presume that subsequent communications will reach us with regularity. . . . The *Eclectic Review*, several numbers of which we have received from London, is a publication of decided merit. American productions are reviewed in its pages with a laudable spirit of fairness and candor. We observe in a recent issue extended critiques upon Mr. Dewey's 'Discourses,' and Rev. John A. Clark's 'Glimpses of the Old World,' both of which are warmly commended. An article upon the 'Present Condition of British India,' amply confirms the abuses which have been charged by an American writer upon the British Government in India, whose *friendship* for its ill-fated princes has been always fatal. It has pulled them every one from their thrones, or has left them there, the contemptible puppets of a power that works its arbitrary will through them. If they resisted alliance with the encroaching English, they were soon charged with evil intentions, fallen upon and conquered; if they acquiesced in the proffered alliance, they soon became ensnared in those webs of diplomacy, from which they never escaped without the loss of all honor and hereditary dominion; of every thing, indeed, but the lot of prisoners, where they had been kings. . . . We have but time and space to acknowledge, as we are hastening to press, the reception from our accomplished correspondent and friend, C. C. Faxon, Esq., the translator, of a copy of Menzel's '*German Literature*,' in three volumes, forming the seventh, eighth, and ninth of the '*Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*,' edited by Mr. George Ripley. We shall have more to say of these volumes hereafter; and therefore content ourselves for the present with the passing remark, that Menzel is a writer of extraordinary vigor and clearness, keen critical perceptions, pure moral and religious feelings, and in a wide range of literary and scientific acquisitions almost unrivalled. The work before us was extremely well received in England, and strongly commended by the reviewers, one of whom compares the author to Burke. . . . '*The Mermaid's Isle*' is unequal. In portions it is exquisitely beautiful, reminding us of the finest passages in the '*Antient Mariner*,' of Coleridge. We have left the MS. at the desk, with suggestions for corrections, as requested. Is there not a slight trenching, in one 'Part,' upon the language of the '*Lights of the Light-House*,' by Epes Sargent, Esq.? — one of the most charming poems that has graced an American periodical for years. We think so. . . . In reply to the note of 'Bracebridge,' who asks to what other journals, beside the Knickerbocker, Mr. Irving is, or has been an original contributor? — he having seen a paragraph to that effect in a Boston gazette — we answer, on the best authority, to none whatever. . . . We have on file a 'rich assortment' of articles for our next number; a capital one from the author of 'A New Home, Who'll Follow?' the second part of 'Arthur's Superstition;' another 'Reminiscence of the Late War;' an 'Ollapodiana;' the continuation of 'The Haunted Merchant,' which begins to develop the plot of the story; the second number of 'Ralph Ringwood,' a prose sketch, and 'Lines written in Affliction,' by John Waters; a letter from the 'American in Paris;' the first of an entertaining series of 'Recollections Abroad,' from the letters of a friend; 'A Visit to the Pictured Rocks,' by H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq.; with other articles, in prose and verse, from old and favorite correspondents, which have been unavoidably omitted from the

present number. . . . What has become of the authors of '*Childhood*,' and '*Living in the Thoroughfare*?' Both have been frequently inquired after. . . . Notices of the following publications, although in type, are necessarily omitted: Guizot's Washington; Ellis's Collegiate Address; the Reviews for the July quarter; 'Brother Jonathan' literary journal, etc. . . . '*An Irish Catholic*,' whose good feeling and courtesy we cordially reciprocate, informs us — w. at we certainly did not know before — that the 'Dublin University Magazine' is not a national journal, but the organ of a faction known as the 'Orange-Tory Party'; that the story of the numerous daily masses, mentioned in our last, is absurd; since no priest can or does read more than one mass on any one day in the year, except on Christmas Day, when he reads three, by a special dispensation of the Church; and that since its establishment, the periodical in question has labored assiduously to 'heap slander and ridicule upon the national faith.'

'THE DIAL,' a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion,' is the title of a quarterly publication, the first number of which has reached us from Boston. It is to be devoted to that refinement upon common-sense literature, just now so much in vogue at the East; which, like the memorable science of SIR PIERCE SHARTON, shall indocrinate the dull in intellectuality, the vulgar in nobility, and give that 'unutterable perfection of human utterance;' that eloquence which no other eloquence is sufficient to praise; that art which, in fine, when we call it *Literary Euphuism*, we bestow upon it its richest panegyric. The editors declare in their address to their readers, which would seem to have been penned by the luminous author of the preface to the American edition of '*Phantasmion*,' that they 'cannot foretell, in orderly propositions, what the work shall attempt;' yet it will aim to 'give expression to that spirit which lifts men to a higher platform,' (a species of '*drop*,' most likely,) and scope to those spirits which are withdrawing from all old forms, and seeking in all that is new, somewhat to meet their insatiable longings.' We may infer, from the editors' clear and comprehensive definition of true criticism, that in that department the work will be characterized by 'a oneness, a universal dovetailedness, a light and a shade,' that cannot fail to be sufficiently marked. 'All criticism,' say the editors, 'should be poetic; unpredictable; superseding all foregone thoughts; and making a new light on the whole world: its brow is not wrinkled with circumspection,' etc., etc. In consonance, we may presume, with these 'principles' we have, in 'Notes from the Journal of a Scholar,' among other critical remarks upon SHAKESPEARE, the following, which certainly 'supersede all foregone thoughts' on the same general theme: 'His genius was omniscient and all-sympathising. The message he was sent to do, he delivered, unembarrassed, uncomplicated. He gave voice to the finest, curiousest, boldest speculations. Hamlet and Othello he counted not his creatures, but self-subsistent; too high-born to be *propertied*; if they lived, he lived,' etc. The subjoined characteristic paragraph is '*level to the meanest capacity*;' in fact, nothing could be *flatter* :

'The popular genesis is historical. It is written to sense not to the soul. Two principles, diverse and alien, interchange the Godhead, and sway the world by turns. God is dual. Spirit is derivative. Identity hails in diversity. Unity is actual merely. The poles of things are not integrated; creation is globed and orb'd. Yet in the true genesis, nature is globed in the material, souls orb'd in the spiritual firmament. Love globes, wisdom orbs, all things. As magnet the steel, so spirit attracts matter, which trembles to traverse the poles of diversity, and rest in the bosom of unity. All genesis is of love. Wisdom is her form; beauty her costume.'

'Granting,' says a brother journalist, 'that the popular Genesis is historical, may we not ask the author of these comprehensible sentences, what he thinks of the Exodus of the Egyptians, in days of yore? Were 'the poles of things' integrated then? Or was unity actual merely,

'What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldean land,  
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage?'

and what was the general effect of it on the growth of sheep? — and collaterally, upon the price of putty? These are points which the writer should settle at once. They have a 'dual' interest; and if he can 'orb' out any thing 'right nice' on the subject, he will oblige the Universe particularly. Let him help the dial to show Europe and America what 'o'clock, as soon as he can. *Quære*: Is not the dial dual? But enough. There are good *thoughts* in several of the 'Dial' papers, but they are smothered in 'words, words.' This school of literary euphuists cannot last: the imitative pupils, especially, are destined to a speedy dissolution. 'If your meats are good, what is the use of *disguising* them?' said a plain-spoken Yankee, to a boasting *chef de cuisine* at Paris. 'You might serve up the leg of a monkey, or the head of your grand father, and it would pass perhaps as ever you might please to call it, when covered up with your contraptions. For my part, I like to *know* what I eat.' There is a moral in this. 'Four pails of water to a turnip' may authentic '*potage à la mode de Paris*;' but a kindred proportion of mind to a literary *ead*, would scarcely edify the public, or improve American letters.

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## THE 'ROBINSON HOUSE.'

OR REMINISCENCES OF WEST-POINT AND ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

BY A MEMBER OF THE 'BOARD OF VISITERS.\*'

BENEDICT ARNOLD was a native of Connecticut; and the brick building in which he once kept store, although time-worn and decayed, is still standing at New-Haven, near the harbor, with one end overgrown with ivy, and in the garret may still be seen the sign he then used. No officer of the American army stood higher than he, in the confidence of the government, and the love of the people, prior to that dark period, when, plotting the ruin of his oppressed country, he effected his own, and exchanged for ever the bright and spotless inheritance of a soldier's fame, for the withering curse of a nation's contempt, and the unending infamy of a traitor's name, which living, haunted every hour of his life, and will be fresh in the history of all future time.

All writers agree that the deep pecuniary embarrassments of Arnold, into which his love of pleasure and great extravagance had led him, were the leading motives that impelled him to the fearful step. Ramsay informs us that 'the generosity of the States did not keep pace with the extravagance of their favorite officer. A sumptuous table and expensive equipage, unsupported by the resources of private fortune, ungarded by the virtues of economy, and good management, soon increased his debts beyond a possibility of discharging them. His love of pleasure produced the love of money; and that extinguished all sensibility to the obligations of honor and duty.

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\* THE writer, in a note to the Editor, says, that at the recent examination by the 'Board of Visitors' of the Military Academy, an officer of the post politely suggested, during their stay, an excursion to 'Beverly' or the 'Robinson House,' on the opposite side of the Hudson, about two miles below West Point, and memorable as the Head Quarters of General ARNOLD, while plotting with ANDRE the surrender of his country. The deep interest excited by the scene where one of the most striking events of the Revolution had its inception and melancholy termination, induced our correspondent to recall and arrange, in a methodical form, the 'scattered legends of the past, which time had almost obliterated.' The result is here given to the reader, who will scarcely fail to share the impressions of the writer.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

The calls of luxury were pressing, and demanded gratification, although at the expense of fame and country. Contracts were made, speculations entered into, and partnerships instituted, which could not bear investigation. Oppression, extortion, misapplication of public money and property, furnished him with the farther means of gratifying his favorite passions. In these circumstances, a change of sides afforded the only hope of evading a scrutiny, and at the same time held out a prospect of replenishing his exhausted coffers.

In the midst of his desperation, his funds gone, detection unavoidable, he resolved to unburden his griefs to the French envoy; and mingling in their detail the 'ingratitude' of his country, to seek from the sympathy of a foreigner the means to retrieve his shattered fortunes. The application was not only unsuccessful, but was rejected with such disdain, and accompanied with such bitter rebuke, as to add greatly to the desperation of Arnold. Thus baffled and mortified, he was at last driven, by his impetuous feelings, into the fatal project of selling his country; that country which had heaped honor after honor upon him, with prodigal kindness; which had given him birth, and placed his name high upon the roll of her great and distinguished men; whose shores were covered with a mercenary foe, seeking her subjugation; that country, in fine, whose soldiery were barefoot and starving, amid the storms of winter, and which, poor in every thing but her reliance on God, her valor, and the bravery of her people, had no hoarded gold with which to win back to love and duty the traitor to her standard and her righteous cause.

After the British evacuated Philadelphia, many families were left, who were disaffected toward the Americans, and among others, that of Mr. EDWARD SHIPPEN, afterward Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. His beautiful and accomplished daughter had been the 'toast' of all the British officers, of whom none stood higher in the estimation of the family than Major JOHN ANDRÉ. With him Miss Shippen was in the habit of constant and friendly correspondence. Arnold was not an unmoved spectator of the young lady's beauty and worth; and having made an offer of his hand and heart, was accepted, and thus entered a family hostile to his country, and whose interest and pleasure it would naturally be, to win from the cause of the 'rebels' to that of the king one so well known to fame. The acquaintance with Major André commenced at this time; and even then the determination of Arnold was formed, to make André the instrument by which the hellish plot was to be consummated. Arnold had been for some time leading an inactive life, having been excused from duty, owing to the wounds he had received: but he became suddenly anxious for active service in the field. His first effort was to procure at the hands of General WASHINGTON the command of West Point, then universally esteemed the most important military post in the country. He succeeded in this, and established his head quarters at 'Beverly' or 'Robinson House,' on the eastern side of the Hudson river, about two miles below West Point. This place had belonged to one Beverly Robinson, who having taken up arms with the British against his country, forfeited his property. The main part of the army was at this time down the Hudson, between 'Dobbs' Ferry' and 'Tappan.' General La Fayette had employed, at his own ex-

pense, in New-York, several spies, who were to furnish him secret intelligence of the movements of the enemy. Arnold applied to him for their names and address, on the pretence that they could communicate with him with greater facility, and he would then send the information to La Fayette; but the request was promptly refused, as some old-fashioned notions of honor seemed to forbid it. Arnold, after his marriage, encouraged Mrs. Arnold in keeping up the correspondence with Major Andre, and thus, although unknown to herself, the devoted wife was made one of the tools by which American liberty was to be crushed. In a little time Arnold commenced a direct correspondence with André, the letters of the former being signed '*Gustavus*,' and of the latter, '*John Anderson*.' For some time Sir Henry Clinton did not know the real author; but he soon became satisfied, from a chain of circumstances, that it was General Arnold. The grand project of securing West Point, with all its dependant posts, stores, and property, was of such vast importance, that Sir Henry Clinton deemed no expense or trouble too great to effect it. It being now known to the British commander that Arnold was in fact the person with whom the correspondence commenced, measures were taken to perfect the details of the system of villany which he proposed. Arnold requested that Major André should be the person to hold communication with him, and Clinton accordingly deputed him.

Major John André was intended for commercial life, and had entered upon its busy employments; but the abrupt and sad termination of his addresses to a young English lady, whose father forbade the union, drove him to the excitement of military life; and, forsaking England, he sought in the fascination of military glory, a forgetfulness of his bitter fate. He was taken prisoner of war soon after he entered the army; and when searched, he concealed in his mouth a miniature of his lady love, which in happier days his own pencil had sketched, and which in distant lands and amidst other scenes, he wore as memory's talisman; the silent, though still loved companion of life's weary pilgrimage. He was a most graceful, elegant, and accomplished gentleman, and ripe scholar; passionately fond of the fine arts, and a finished master of painting and drawing. He was the favorite of the whole army, and into every domestic circle was welcomed as a friend and brother. Such was the man selected to conduct the delicate and dangerous negotiation, which had for its unholy aim the base surrender of America; such the man with whose aid Benedict Arnold was to strike a blow at the heart of that country, under whose 'stripes and stars' he had fought Freedom's battles; from whose gory fields he had borne away the wounds and scars which are the soldier's best certificates, and the mute pleaders for a country's gratitude.

It was the original intention of Arnold to receive André within the lines, at his own Head-Quarters, and to arrange there the whole plan of operations. At that time, part of the army was stationed at Salem, a town on the eastern side of the Hudson, some distance from the river, and under the command of Colonel Sheldon. He had been told by General Arnold that he expected a person from New-York



whom he wished to meet at Sheldon's quarters, and desired instant notice of his arrival. A letter was then written, informing André of this arrangement: to this he replied, in the enigmatical style which distinguished all their correspondence, that he would be at 'Dobbs' Ferry' at a certain time. Arnold left West Point in the afternoon of the tenth of September, went down the river in his barge to 'King's Ferry,' passed the night at the house of Joshua Smith, and went early next morning down to 'Dobbs' Ferry.' André had arrived the night before, but not finding Arnold, and fearing mistake, he returned to New-York. Another meeting was fixed for the 20th. Arnold then wrote to Major Tallmadge, commandant at one of the out-posts, that if a man calling himself '*John Anderson*' arrived at his station, to send him without delay to Head-Quarters, escorted by two dragoons. Sir Henry Clinton, in order to afford means of easier intercourse and escape, had sent Colonel Beverly Robinson up the river, in the sloop of war *VULTURE*, with orders to stop at 'Teller's Point.' A letter from the *Vulture*, addressed to General Putnam, (known not to be there,) reached Arnold, and was of course understood to apprise him that André was on board.

On that very day, and but a few hours after the boat had carried the letter on shore, General WASHINGTON and his suite crossed the Hudson at 'King's Ferry,' in Arnold's barge, the *Vulture* then in full view below; and while WASHINGTON was viewing her with his glass, Arnold is said to have betrayed great uneasiness. It is worthy of remark, that before André left New-York, he was expressly ordered by Sir Henry Clinton not to change his dress, nor to go within the American lines, and on no account to take any papers.

Arnold employed a man by the name of Joshua Smith to aid him generally in the prosecution of his plan, although it is now generally believed that he never did communicate to Smith the purpose he had in view. Smith was to bring André on shore from the *Vulture*, and 'Smith's house,' in case of ultimate necessity, was to be the place of negotiation. At Arnold's request, Smith sent all his family away except the servants. Being furnished with a boat and pass, and assisted by two brothers by the name of Colqhoun, who were forced very reluctantly to go, he went off to the *Vulture*, with orders to bring Mr. Anderson on shore. The oars were muffled, the night was tranquil and serene; the stars shone brightly above them; the water was calm and unruffled; and the gentle air floated mildly by. The work of treason went noiselessly on, and the whispers of conscience found no echo, save in the heart where they originated.

Smith was shown into the cabin of the *Vulture*, into which soon after Colonel Robinson brought a man, whom he introduced as Mr. Anderson. He was in full uniform, but over it he wore a blue travelling coat. They left the *Vulture*, and landed at the foot of a mountain called the 'Long Clove,' on the west margin of the river, about six miles below 'Stony Point.' The exact spot for the first interview had been fixed, and to this place Arnold had ridden from Smith's house. And there, in the darkness of night, amid its stillness and gloom, stood the arch-traitor of America, and the flower of England's chivalry! It was a picture worthy of a master pencil.

At their feet lay the mighty but tranquil Hudson ; above and around them, were the towering monuments of God's omnipotence, that

'Proclaim the eternal Architect on high,  
Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.'

This conference was continued the greater part of the night ; and when the wasting of the tide, and the near approach of day-light, was urged by Smith as a reason for its termination, the parties agreed to proceed to 'Smith's House.' The boat was sent off, and Arnold and André proceeded on horseback. Near the house, the challenge of a sentinel gave André the unwelcome and startling intelligence that he was within the American lines ; but it was too late to retreat. The recollection of the positive orders of Sir Henry Clinton was vivid and distinct : but more time was necessary to accomplish the great object of his mission ; and he dared the peril, with the cherished belief that he was serving acceptably the cause of his king and country.

Soon after the parties had reached Smith's, a heavy cannonading was heard down the river, which proved to be against the 'Vulture,' and caused her to change her position. After breakfast, Arnold and André were left together ; and in the course of the day the nefarious scheme was finished, and the conditions settled. But so secret were all the proceedings, that to this hour the veil has never been entirely removed from the transaction. The grave has closed over the actors in the great drama. Fancy has run wild with conjecture, yet the minute details have not transpired, and never can. Enough, however, is known to verify the truth of Walpole's remark, that 'every man has his price :' how derogatory soever to the nobler feelings of our nature, it yet found its practical illustration in the miserable Arnold. Various conjectures have been indulged as to the price paid by the British ; and the better opinion seems to be, (but even that is little else than conjecture,) that he received ten thousand pounds sterling, in exchange for that brilliant reputation, 'which the wealth of a world ought to have been insufficient to purchase.'

André was then furnished with the following papers : I. Artillery orders, recently published at West Point, directing the disposition of each corps in case of alarm. II. An estimate of the American force at West Point and its dependencies. III. An estimate of the number of men requisite to man the works. IV. A return of the ordnance in the different forts, redoubts, and batteries. V. Remarks on the works at West Point, describing the construction of each, and its strength or weakness. VI. A Report of a Council of War lately held at Head-Quarters, containing hints respecting the probable operations of the campaign, and which had been sent by General Washington to Arnold, a few days before, requesting his opinion on the subjects to which it referred. These papers were all in the handwriting of Arnold, and bore his signature ! At Arnold's request, the papers were all put by André between his feet and stockings, and in the event of detection, were to be destroyed. It was then farther arranged, that André was to return immediately to New-York ; that the British troops already embarked under the pretext of an expedi-

tion to the Chesapeake, were to be ready at a moment's warning to ascend the river; the post at West Point was to be weakened by such a disposition of its troops as would leave no adequate force for its defence: as soon as it was known to Arnold that the British troops were coming up the river, parties of soldiers were to be sent out from the garrison to certain distant points, under pretence of meeting the enemy, while the British landed, and were to march upon the undefended garrison by other and different routes. These details being all arranged, André was furnished with several different passes, to be used in case of emergency. The next question was, how he should get back to New-York? André insisted that he should be put on board the *Vulture*, but to this Smith interposed so many serious obstacles, that the matter was still unsettled when Arnold and André parted — to meet no more on this side the grave.

After Arnold had departed, Smith positively refused to incur the hazard of rowing down to the *Vulture*; and much to the chagrin and disappointment of André, he was compelled to adopt the only alternative, a journey back by land. Smith agreed to accompany him until he should have passed beyond the American posts. Arnold had, after much difficulty, prevailed on André to exchange his military for a citizen's dress. Smith was still the dupe of Arnold's cunning. He neither knew the rank, the name, nor the business of his illustrious guest; and when, with the natural curiosity which such an occurrence would arouse, he inquired why a man coming in a civil capacity, and on commercial business, should be dressed in full uniform, he was told it was Mr. Anderson's ambition to be considered a man of consequence, and that he had borrowed from an acquaintance the military costume in which he appeared; but now that he was compelled to return by land, a citizen's dress would be obviously more proper. With this plausible reasoning, Smith was so well satisfied, that he furnished André from his own wardrobe with the necessary apparel. Just before sunset, he and Smith, accompanied by a negro servant of the latter, proceeded to 'King's Ferry,' and crossed the River from 'Stony Point' to 'Verplanck's Point.' In pursuing the route which was considered most safe, they met with many of Smith's acquaintances, with whom he drank and joked, but suffered no interruption until near Crompond, where they were hailed by the sentinel of a patrolling party, by whose captain they were examined. The pass signed by Arnold was produced, and ended all farther delay; but the worthy captain of the guard was so urgent that they should not incur the personal danger of farther travel that night, that Smith resolved, greatly to the annoyance of André, to stop, and in the humble cottage of Andreas Miller, an honest old farmer, they found rest for the night.

Early in the morning, they proceeded on the road leading to Pine's Bridge, and about two miles beyond it partook of a frugal breakfast at the house of a good Dutch woman, who, though plundered by the marauders, was enabled to spread before them a repast of hearty-pudding and milk, accompanied, we doubt not, with an equally welcome, and a woman's blessing. After breakfast, Smith, with André his small stock of paper money, took his final

leave, and with his servant returned to Peekskill, and thence to Fish-kill, whither he had sent his family during the memorable scenes that had occurred at his house. On his way back, he took occasion to call at 'Beverly,' dined with General Arnold, and gave him a full account of Mr. Anderson's progress, and where he had left him. When Smith and André parted, it was understood that André would pursue the route through 'White Plains, avoiding the river roads, and thus reach New-York; but instead of that, he turned off toward the Hudson, taking the Tarrytown road.

It so happened, that the same morning on which André passed Pine's Bridge, seven persons, who resided near the Hudson, on the neutral ground, agreed to go out in company and watch the road, to intercept any suspicious stragglers, or droves of cattle, that might be passing toward New-York. Three of this party, JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN WART, were concealed near the road, in the bushes. About half a mile north of Tarrytown, and a few hundred yards from the Hudson, the road crosses a small brook, from each side of which the ground rises into a hill, which at that time was covered over with trees and underbush. At this point Major André was stopped. After an examination of his passports, he was suffered to proceed; but immediately after, one of the men, thinking that he perceived something singular in his appearance, called him back. André asked them where they were from: 'From down below,' they replied; meaning from New-York. Too frank to suspect a snare, André answered, 'And so am I.' He was then closely searched, and the papers found concealed in his stockings. They were examined, and Paulding said, 'He is a spy!' André made the most liberal offers to his captors to procure his release, but in vain. He was carried by them a prisoner to North Castle, one of the American posts, and there surrendered to Colonel Jameson, the officer in command.

As a reward for the virtuous and patriotic conduct of Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, Congress voted to each an annuity for life of two hundred dollars; and a silver medal, having on one side a shield, inscribed 'FIDELITY,' and on the other the motto, '*Vincit amor patriæ.*'

Colonel Jameson, after a careful examination of the papers, notwithstanding the fact that they were all in the hand-writing, and bore the signature of Arnold, and carried on their face the indisputable evidence of his treason, *ordered the prisoner to be sent directly to Arnold!* This conduct was indeed most extraordinary, and justified the remark of General WASHINGTON, 'that either on account of his egregious folly, or bewildered conception, he seemed lost in astonishment, and not to know what he was doing.' The prisoner was accordingly sent off to Head-Quarters, and the papers despatched by an express to General WASHINGTON. Major Tallmadge, the second officer in command under Colonel Jameson, was absent from the post when the prisoner was brought in; but having returned very shortly after the guard had departed with him, and being apprized of the facts, he at once declared his full conviction of Arnold's treason, and urged so earnestly that the prisoner should not be sent to Head-Quarters, that Colonel Jameson yielded a reluctant assent that an express should be in-

stantly despatched; and in a few hours Lieutenant Allen returned with André to North Castle; from thence he was removed for greater security to Salem, and placed under the charge of Major Tallmadge. Upon reaching this post, André found that he was not to be taken to Arnold; and utterly despairing of escape or concealment, he wrote his first letter to General WASHINGTON, dated 'Salem, 24th September, 1780,' in which, with a soldier's frankness, he disclosed his situation, and all his proceedings. He then handed the letter open to Major Tallmadge, who read it with strong emotion, and sealed and forwarded it to General WASHINGTON.

The commander-in-chief was then on his way from Hartford, and changing the route which he had first proposed, came by the way of West Point. At Fishkill he met the French minister, M. de La Luzerne, who had been to visit Count Rochambeau at Newport, and he remained that night with the minister. Very early next morning he sent off his luggage, with orders to the men to go with it as quickly as possible to 'Beverly,' and give Mrs. Arnold notice that he would be there at breakfast. When the General and his suite arrived opposite West Point, he was observed to turn his horse into a narrow road that led to the river. La Fayette remarked, 'General, you are going in a wrong direction; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us.' WASHINGTON good naturedly remarked: 'Ah, I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me: I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river.' The officers, however, with the exception of two of the aids, remained. When the aids arrived at 'Beverly,'\* they found the family waiting; and having communicated the message of General WASHINGTON, Arnold, with his family and the two aids, sat down to breakfast. Before they had finished, a messenger arrived in great haste, and handed General Arnold a letter, which he read with deep and evident emotion.

The self-control of the soldier enabled Arnold to suppress the agony he endured after reading this letter. He rose hastily from the table; told the aids that his immediate presence was required at West Point; and desired them so to inform General WASHINGTON, when he arrived. Having first ordered a horse to be ready, he hastened to Mrs. Arnold's chamber, and there, with a bursting heart, disclosed to her his dreadful position, and that they must part, perhaps for ever.† Struck with horror at the painful intelligence, this fond and devoted wife swooned, and fell senseless at his feet. In this state he left her, hurried down stairs, and mounting his horse, rode

\* As 'Beverly' or the 'Robinson House' has been frequently referred to, it may not be uninteresting to state, that the Board of Visitors, on Monday, the first of June, visited this justly celebrated spot, and under the guidance and polite attention of Lieutenant THOMAS B. ARDEN, of the Military Academy, stood in the room where Arnold was at breakfast, when the letter was received that announced the arrest of André, and the discovery of his treason. The property now belongs to RICHARD D. ARDEN, Esq., and adjoins his own romantic and beautiful 'Ardenia,' whence no 'visitor' departs, who can ever forget the generous 'Highland welcome.' Mr. ARDEN, with a true patriotism that does him honor, has permitted no alteration of the interior of the house. The same low ceiling, large and uncovered joists, the same polished tiles around the fire-places, and the absence of all ornament which marks the progress of modern architecture, preserve complete the interest which the stirring incidents of that period have flung around the 'Robinson House.'

† We also visited this chamber, which remains unaltered. Over the mantel is carved in the wood work: 'G. WALLIS, Lieut. VI. Mass. Regt.'

with all possible speed, to the river. In doing so, Arnold did not keep the main road, but passed down the mountain, pursuing a by-path through the woods, which Lieutenant Arden pointed out, and which is now called '*Arnold's Path.*' Near the foot of the mountain, where the path approaches the main road, a weeping willow, planted there no doubt by some patriot hand, stands, in marked contrast with the forest trees which encircle and surround it, to point out to the inquiring tourist the very pathway of the traitor.

In our interesting visit, we were accompanied by the superintendent, Major DELAFIELD, and in the barges kindly ordered for our accommodation, we were rowed to '*Beverly Dock,*' and landed at the spot where André took boat to aid his escape. He was rowed to the '*Vulture,*' and using a white handkerchief, created the impression that it was a flag-boat: it was therefore suffered to pass. He made himself known to Captain Sutherland, of the *Vulture*, and then calling on board the leader of the boatmen who had rowed him off, informed him that he and his crew were all prisoners of war. This disgraceful and most unmanly appendix to his treason, was considered so contemptible, by the captain, that he permitted the man to go on shore, on his parol of honor, to procure clothes for himself and comrades. This he did, and returned the same day. When they arrived in New-York, Sir Henry Clinton, holding in just contempt such a wanton act of meanness, set them all at liberty.

When General WASHINGTON reached '*Beverly,*' and was informed that Arnold had departed for West Point, he crossed directly over, expecting to find him. Surprised to learn that he had not been there, after examining the works he returned. General Hamilton had remained at '*Beverly,*' and as WASHINGTON and his suite were walking up the mountain road, from '*Beverly Dock,*' they met General Hamilton, with anxious face and hurried step, coming toward them. A brief and suppressed conversation took place between WASHINGTON and himself, and they passed on rapidly to the house, where the papers that WASHINGTON's change of route had prevented his receiving, had been delivered that morning; and being represented to Hamilton as of great and pressing importance, were by him opened, and the dreadful secret disclosed. Instant measures were adopted to intercept Arnold, and prevent his escape, but in vain. General WASHINGTON then communicated the facts to La Fayette and Knox, and said to the former, '*more in sorrow than in anger,*' '*Whom can we trust now?*' He also went up to see Mrs. Arnold; but even WASHINGTON could carry to her no consolation. Her grief was almost frenzied; and in its wildest moods, she spoke of General WASHINGTON as the murderer of her child. It seemed that she had not the remotest idea of her husband's treason; and she had even schooled her heart to feel more for the cause of America, from her regard for those who professed to love it. Her husband's glory was her dream of bliss — the requiem chant for her infant's repose; and she was found, alas! as many a confiding heart has oft been found,

'To cling like ivy round a worthless thing.'

Arnold wrote to General WASHINGTON, declaring the innocence of  
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André; that he came on shore under his protection, and was not answerable for any wrong of Arnold's, and soliciting also protection and kindness for his wife, who, he remarked, 'was as good and innocent as an angel, and incapable of doing wrong.'

WASHINGTON took active measures to guard against the treason. Not knowing how far the poison had spread, or who of all those about him had been affected by it, he was compelled to a course, which, while it did not distrust any one in particular of his brave compatriots in arms, yet extended over all the tireless vigilance of an eye sleepless in its country's service. André was sent under a strong guard to Head-Quarters at Beverly, where he arrived in the custody of Major Tallmadge, on the morning of the 26th. WASHINGTON made many inquiries of Major Tallmadge, but declined to have the prisoner brought into his presence, and never did see him while in the hands of the Americans. André was next taken to West Point, where he remained until the morning of the 28th, when he was removed down the river in a barge, to Stony Point, and thence, under an escort of cavalry, to 'Tappan.' Some doubt has existed whether André was ever at West Point; but it is on record, on the authority of Colonel Tallmadge, who personally attended André, from the moment of his arrest to that of his execution, that he was carried to West Point, but not imprisoned there.

In passing down the river, he conversed freely with Major Tallmadge, pointed out a piece of table-land on the western shore, where he was to have landed, and pointing to old Fort Putnam, which still stands in lofty grandeur, almost undecayed by time, the constant resort of the pilgrim patriot, he detailed the projected course of the British up the mountain to its attack; and I learn that so well had the preparations been conducted, that the scaling-ladders with which the walls were to be passed, were found afterward, concealed, ready for service, and some of which were preserved until within a few years, by an aged patriot, as relics of that remote period; and even now may be seen in the drill-house at West Point, a portion of the huge chain that was stretched across the Hudson, just below West Point, to obstruct the British shipping, and several links of which Arnold had caused to be cut, that the enemy could break it with the greater facility. On their way to Tappan, Major André was very anxious to know what would be the result of his capture; and when Major Tallmadge could no longer evade a direct reply, however painful to his feelings, he told this short and simple story: 'I had a much-loved class mate in Yale college, by the name of NATHAN HALE,\* who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long-Island, General WASHINGTON wanted information of the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, was taken just as he was passing the out-posts of the British, on his return.' Turning to André, Major Tallmadge said, with emphasis: '*Do you know the sequel of that story?*'

'Yes,' said André; 'he was hung as a spy; but surely you do not consider his case and mine alike?'

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\* See KNICKERBOCKER for January, 1838: p. 54.

Major Tallmadge replied : ' *Yes, precisely similar, and similar will be your fate !*' From that moment, the dejection of his spirits was striking and painful.

On the 29th of September, General WASHINGTON summoned a board of officers, consisting of six majors general and eight brigadiers. They were directed to examine the case of Major André, and to report the facts, with their opinion of the nature of the transaction, and its punishment. When the prisoner was brought before them, the president informed him that he was at perfect liberty to withhold an answer to any questions put to him. Declining to avail himself of any legal or technical rights, he proceeded to give a brief narrative of all that had occurred, between his landing from the Vulture and his capture : and stated expressly *that he did not come on shore under the protection of a flag of truce*. His deportment was manly, dignified, and delicate ; and while he sought no disguise or concealment of the part he had played in this transaction, he was scrupulously careful not to disclose the names or acts of others. After full consideration, the Board of Officers reported the facts in detail, and their opinion that Major André ought to be considered a spy, and that, according to the laws and usage of nations, he should suffer death. The voice of humanity pleaded loudly for mercy to Major André, but the stern realities of the scene which might have been presented, had his agency been successful, forbade all hope. Inexorable justice, and the stern decrees of the law, alike required an example, which should not only prove a warning to all traitors in time to come, but convince the American people that their cause was in the hands of men who ' knew their rights, and knowing dared maintain them.' Appeals the most powerful were made, and no human effort left untried, to induce WASHINGTON to save André, but in vain. His heart was full of the milk of human kindness ; his sympathies were all enlisted for the interesting prisoner, whose life was in his hands ; and it required the firmness of a Roman father, to withstand the promptings of his own generous nature. But he never shrunk from the rigid performance of a public duty, or permitted his heart to dictate what honor and patriotism alike forbade.

One plan, however, suggested itself to WASHINGTON, by which, if successful, the life of André might be spared ; and that was, to exchange André for Arnold. It was a forlorn hope ; but the bare attempt proves the nobility of the heart that would make the suggestion. WASHINGTON knew that an open proposal of this kind to the British commander would be likely, from its very publicity, to be rejected, and he therefore adopted an expedient. He despatched Captain Aaron Ogden, of New-Jersey, who was at that time, with WASHINGTON, ardently engaged in the cause of his country, with the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry, to Sir Henry Clinton ; and he was directed to remain at Jersey City all night, after delivering his despatches ; and in the course of the evening, which he would spend with the British officers, to speak of the arrest of André, and to suggest the certainty of his death, unless he could be exchanged for Arnold. After supper, he accordingly introduced this subject of painful interest, and found ready listeners. When he spoke of the



exchange, one of the officers eagerly inquired if he had authority for that remark: 'No,' said Captain Ogden, 'not directly from General WASHINGTON; but I think if the proposal is made, he would agree to it. The officer who made the inquiry was seen shortly to leave the room: crossing the river to New-York, he went directly to Sir Henry Clinton, and detailed the remarks of Captain Ogden. The next morning, the same officer observed, in a careless manner, to Captain Ogden, as he was about to depart, that the exchange which he had spoken of could not be made: 'it would be such a violation of honor and military principle, that he knew Sir Henry Clinton would not listen to the idea for a moment.' Failing in this, General WASHINGTON determined on still another plan to save the life of André. He sent for Major Lee, and said to him:

'I have sent for you, in the expectation that you have some one in your corps, who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward, will confer a great obligation upon me personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost: he must proceed, if possible, to-night. *I intend to seize Arnold, and save André.*'

Major Lee selected a man by the name of Champe, a Virginian, of tried courage, and inflexible perseverance. He was sent for, and the plan proposed. He was to desert, and escape to New-York; to appear friendly with the enemy; to watch Arnold, and upon some fit opportunity, with the assistance of some one whom he could trust, to seize him, and conduct him to an appointed place on the river, where boats should be in readiness to bear them away. Champe agreed to undertake the mission, and departed. Soon after he arrived in New-York, he was sent to Sir Henry Clinton, who treated him kindly, questioned him very closely, gave him a couple of guineas, and recommended him to Arnold, who was anxious to procure American recruits. He enlisted in Arnold's legion, and had daily opportunities of watching the General. He discovered that it was his custom to return home about twelve o'clock every night, and to walk in his garden before retiring. This hour was fixed upon as the period when Champe was to seize him. He then wrote to Major Lee, fixing the third day after for a party of dragoons to meet him at Hoboken, where he hoped to place Arnold in their hands. Every thing was prepared by Champe and his associates for the arrest; but this second attempt was doomed to fail. On the day preceding the night fixed for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the city, to superintend the embarkation of troops, and the American legion was all placed on board one of the transport ships. And thus it happened that John Champe, instead of having the glory of delivering Arnold to the Americans, was safely deposited on board one of the transports, and carried to Virginia. Thus ended the second attempt of General WASHINGTON to save the unfortunate André. The proceedings of the Court of Inquiry were laid before a board of officers, by Sir Henry Clinton, and a deputation of three persons appointed to wait on General WASHINGTON, and renew the efforts to save the life of André. The negotiation was conducted by General Robertson for the British, and by General

Greene, for the Americans ; but it produced no change in the opinion and determination of General WASHINGTON.

When the sentence of death was communicated to Major André, he manifested no surprise or concern, having evidently been prepared for the result. His only desire seemed to be, that he might die the death of a soldier, and not be hung as a felon. This wish was repeated in a most impressive letter to General WASHINGTON, but it could not be. The rules of grim-visaged War pointed out the gibbet, and the gentle and pathetic appeals of mercy could neither change the mode, nor win from death respite, reprieve, or furlough. The time for execution was fixed for the second of October, at twelve o'clock. Even within a step of the grave, the elegant accomplishments of this interesting man contributed to throw a light veil over the brief future, and enabled him to leave a sketch, which at this day possesses great interest. In the 'Trumbull Gallery,' at Yale college, is a pen-and-ink drawing, taken by him on the morning of his execution. It is his own likeness, seated at a table in his guard-room ; and was presented to Mr. Tomlinson, officer of the guard.

The fatal day at length arrived. André partook of his breakfast, which had been sent every day during his confinement from WASHINGTON's own table ; and after having shaved and dressed, he placed his hat on the table, and said cheerfully to the officer of the guard, that he was ready at any moment. The concourse of people was immense. Nearly all the general and field officers, except WASHINGTON and his staff, were present. Major André walked from the stone house, where he had been confined, between two subaltern officers, arm in arm. Until his near approach to the gallows, he had believed that his request to be shot would have been granted ; and the dreadful disappointment caused a momentary shudder. He stepped into the wagon beneath the gallows, and took from his pocket two white handkerchiefs : with one his arms were loosely pinioned, and with the other, after removing his hat and stock, he bandaged his eyes, with perfect composure. He then slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck, without any assistance. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the bandage from his eyes, and said : 'I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' In another instant, his spirit had passed to the God who gave it.

Such was the melancholy fate of a man, whose rare accomplishments had procured for him the friendship and confidence of all to whom he was known. In ten short days, his fairest hopes had been blighted, and his brightest visions dispersed. But it was his singular fortune to die not more beloved by his friends, than lamented by his enemies, whose cause he had sought to ruin, and by whose hands his life was justly taken. There are few Americans who can look back upon the fate of André without deep regret. His name is embalmed in every generous heart ; and while we condemn his great error, and approve the sentence of his judges, we can truly grieve that a life of so much promise was destined to such an ignominious doom.

The remains of Major André, which had been interred within a few feet of the place of execution, were removed in 1821, under the

direction of Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul at New-York, and sent to England. They were deposited in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, erected by order of the king, marks the last resting-place of Major John André.

'When cold in the grave lies the friend thou hast loved,  
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee, then ;  
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,  
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.'

Arnold received a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and continued actively engaged during the war against his country. After its termination, he was busily employed in commercial pursuits in the West Indies, and at last removed to England. But there, as here, he was shunned and despised by all honorable men ; and after enduring the pangs of a guilty heart, the mark of scorn, even in the very land to which he had fled, the poor miserable outcast sunk to the grave, closing a life of guilt and shame, 'unwept, unhonored and unsung,' having secured an infamy of fame, which time can never efface. When all things else shall be forgotten, then, and not till then, will ARNOLD and TREASON cease to be regarded as synonymous terms :

'O'er his grave shall the raven wing flap,  
He, the false hearted !'

R. P. T.

*Salem, (N. J.), July, 1846.*

#### TO ONE ABSENT.

##### I.

In the past Eternity,  
Day has sunk, and time is sweeping  
Through the midnight, silently ;  
Earth beneath the moon lies sleeping,  
Like a bride, in silvery veil ;  
O'er the hills the warm Night blushes,  
Thoughts, like stars, grow few and pale,  
From the heart deep passion gushes.

##### II.

Far away thou view'st the stars,  
Where blue girdling mountains bound thee,  
Where the distant cataract jars,  
And old forests sigh around thee ;  
While with me the moon's soft rays  
On the rippling brine are gleaming ;  
On each sinking star I gaze,  
O'er the western hill-tops beaming.

##### III.

When from me their glimmerings fade,  
They but seem to hasten near thee ;  
Oft my heart implores their aid,  
Many a murmur'd vow to bear thee ;  
Still as rolls the sparkling sphere,  
Blessings fast to thee are flying,  
Every star a messenger  
Of a love unchang'd, undying !

*Providence, (R. I.), July, 1840.*

CLARENCE HERBERT.



This favorite occupation of all classes was followed by its legitimate consequences. Farmers were as fond of 'standing round' as any body; and when harvest time came, it was discovered that many had quite forgotten that the best land requires sowing; and grain, and of course other articles of general necessity, rose to an unprecedented price. The hordes of travellers flying through the country in all directions, were often cited as the cause of the distressing scarcity; but the true source must be sought in the diversion, or rather suspension, of the industry of the entire population. Be this as it may, of the wry faces made at the hard fare, the travellers contributed no inconsiderable portion; for they were generally city gentlemen, or at least gentlemen who had lived long enough in the city to have learned to prefer oysters to salt pork. This checked not their ardor, however, for the golden glare before their eyes had power to neutralize the hue of all present objects. On they pressed, with headlong zeal: the silent and pathless forest, the deep miry marsh, the gloom of night, and the fires of noon, beheld alike the march of the speculator. Such searching of trees for town lines! Such ransacking of the woods for section corners, ranges, and base lines! Such anxious care in identifying spots possessing particular advantages! And then, alas! after all, such precious blunders!

These blunders called into action another class of operators, who became popularly known as 'land-lookers.' These met you at every turn, ready to furnish 'water-power,' 'pine-lots,' 'choice farming tracts,' or any thing else, at a moment's notice. Bar-rooms and street-corners swarmed with these prowling gentry. It was impossible to mention any part of the country which they had not personally surveyed. They would tell you, with the gravity of astrologers, what sort of timber predominated on any given tract, drawing sage deductions as to the capabilities of the soil. Did you incline to city property? Lo! a splendid chart, setting forth the advantages of some unequalled site, and your confidential friend, the land-looker, able to tell you more than all about it, or to accompany you to the happy spot; though that he would not advise; 'bad roads,' 'nothing fit to eat,' etc.; and all this from a purely disinterested solicitude for your welfare.

These amiable individuals were, strange to tell, no favorites with the actual settlers. If they disliked the gentleman speculator, they hated with a perfect hatred him who aided by his local knowledge the immense purchases of non-residents. These short-sighted and prejudiced persons forgot the honor and distinction which must result from their insignificant farms being surrounded by the possessions of the magnates of the land. They saw only the solitude which would probably be entailed on them for years; and it was counted actual treason in a settler to give any facilities to the land-looker, of whatever grade. 'Let the land-shark do his own hunting; was their frequent reply to applications of this kind; and some thought them quite right. Yet this state of feeling among the Hard-handed, was not without its inconvenient results to city gentlemen, as witness the case of our friend Mr. Willoughby, a very prim and smart bachelor, from ———

It was when the whirlwind was at its height, that a gentleman

wearing the air of a bank-director, at the very least — in other words, that of an uncommonly fat pigeon — drew bridle at the bars in front of one of the roughest log houses in the county of ——. The horse and his rider were loaded with all those unnecessary defences, and cumbrous comforts, which the fashion of the time prescribed in such cases. Blankets, valise, saddle-bags, and holsters nearly covered the steed; a most voluminous enwrapment of India-rubber cloth completely enveloped the rider. The gallant sorrel seemed indeed fit for his burden. He looked as if he might have swam any stream in Michigan:

‘Barded from counter to tail,  
And the rider arm’d complete in mail;’

yet he seemed a little jaded, and hung his head languidly, while his master accosted the tall and meagre tenant of the log cabin.

This individual and his dwelling resembled each other, in an unusual degree. The house was, as we have said, of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half filled in with clay; its ‘looped and windowed raggedness’ rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets which had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its stick chimney, so like its owner’s hat, open at the top, and jammed in at the sides; all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly easy and self-satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long cart-whip, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the India-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

‘Can you tell me, my friend, ——’ civilly began Mr. Willoughby.

‘Oh! friend!’ interrupted the settler; ‘who told you I was your friend? Friends is scuss in these parts.’

‘You have at least no reason to be otherwise,’ replied the traveller, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially where there was no use in getting angry.

‘I do u’t know that,’ was the reply. ‘What fetch’d you into these woods?’

‘If I should say ‘my horse,’ the answer would perhaps be as civil as the question.’

‘Jist as you like,’ said the other, turning on his heel, and walking off.

‘I wished merely to ask you,’ resumed Mr. Willoughby, talking after the nonchalant son of the forest, ‘whether this is Mr. Pepper’s land.’

‘How do you know it an’t mine?’

‘I’m not likely to know, at present, it seems,’ said the traveller, whose patience was getting a little frayed. And taking out his memorandum-book, he ran over his minutes: ‘South half of north-west quarter of section fourteen ——’ Your name is Leander Pepper, is it not?’

‘Where did you get so much news? You a’n’t the sheriff, be ye?’

‘Pop!’ screamed a white-headed urchin from the house, ‘Mam says supper’s ready.’

‘So ain’t I,’ replied the papa; ‘I’ve got all my chores to do yet.’

And he busied himself at a log pig-stye on the opposite side of the road, half as large as the dwelling-house. Here he was soon surrounded by a squealing multitude, with whom he seemed to hold a regular conversation.

Mr. Willoughby looked at the westering sun, which was not far above the dense wall of trees which shut in the small clearing; then at the heavy clouds which advanced from the north, threatening a stormy night; then at his watch, and then at his note-book; and after all, at his predicament — on the whole, an unpleasant prospect. But at this moment a female face showed itself at the door. Our traveller's memory reverted at once to the testimony of Ledyard and Mungo Park; and he had also some floating and indistinct poetical recollections of woman's being useful when a man was in difficulties, though hard to please at other times. The result of these reminiscences, which occupied a precious second, was, that Mr. Willoughby dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence, and advanced with a brave and determined air, to throw himself upon female kindness and sympathy.

He naturally looked at the lady, as he approached the door, but she did not return the compliment. She looked at the pigs, and talked to the children, and Mr. Willoughby had time to observe that she was the very duplicate of her husband; as tall, as bony, as ragged, and twice as cross-looking.

'Malviny Jane!' she exclaimed, in no dulcet treble, 'be done a-paddlin' in that 'ere water! If I come there, I 'll ——'

'You'd better look at Sophrony, I guess!' was the reply.

'Why, what 's she a-doin'?'

'Well, I guess if you look, you 'll see!' responded Miss Malvina, coolly, as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff, as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr. Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was obliged to set about making the agreeable to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

'I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam,' he began. The dame still looked at the pigs. Mr. Willoughby tried again, in less courtly phrase.

'Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to-night, ma'am? I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting-party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm.'

'I do n't know nothin' about it; you must ask the old man,' said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the new comer; 'with *my* will, we 'll lodge nobody.'

This was not very encouraging, but it was a poor night for the woods, so our traveller persevered, and making so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would await her husband's coming.

And in truth he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts. The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings.

The huge open fire-place, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried — a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do no good, yet could not help it. The schoolmaster, (it was his week,) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally, when the children cried too loud. An old grey-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hoe; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger; for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though sometimes compelled, by the fear of starvation, or the longing for whiskey, to degrade himself by labor. Near the only window was placed the work-bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoe-maker, who in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of that favorite ditty of the west:

'All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the buck and doe,  
All down by the banks of the river O-hi-o;'

and children of all sizes, clattering in all keys, completed the picture and the concert.

The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying bedded in the bustling leaves of the acanthus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface, was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking hot potatoes, adding afterward a bowl of salt, another of pork fat, by courtesy denominated gravy: plates and knives dropped in afterward, at the discretion of the company.

Another call of 'Pop! pop!' brought in the host from the pig-stye; the heavy rain which had now began to fall, having no doubt expedited the performance of the chores. Mr. Willoughby, who had established himself resolutely, took advantage of a very cloudy assent from the proprietor, to lead his horse to a shed, and to deposit in a corner his cumbrous outer gear; while the company used in turn the iron skillet which served as a wash-basin, dipping the water from a large trough outside, overflowing with the abundant drippings of the eaves. Those who had no pocket-handkerchiefs, contented themselves with a nondescript article which seemed to stand for the family towel; and when this ceremony was concluded, all seriously addressed themselves to the demolition of the potatoes. The grown people were accommodated with chairs and chests; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

To our citizen, though he felt inconveniently hungry, this primitive meal seemed a little meagre; and he ventured to ask if he could not be accommodated with some tea.



'An't my victuals good enough for you?'

'Oh! — the potatoes are excellent, but I'm very fond of tea.'

'So be I, but I can't have every thing I want — can you?'

This produced a laugh from the shoe-maker, who seemed to think his patron very witty, while the school-master, not knowing but the stranger might happen to be one of his examiners next year, produced only a faint giggle, and then reducing his countenance instantly to an awful gravity, helped himself to his seventh potato.

The rain which now poured violently, not only outside but through many a crevice in the roof, naturally kept Mr. Willoughby cool; and finding that dry potatoes gave him the hiccups, he withdrew from the table, and seating himself on the shoe-maker's bench, took a survey of his quarters.

Two double-beds, and the long cradle, seemed all the sleeping apparatus; but there was a ladder which doubtless led to a lodging above. The sides of the room were hung with abundance of decent clothing, and the dresser was well stored with the usual articles, among which a tea-pot and canister shone conspicuous, so that the appearance of inhospitality could not arise from poverty, and Mr. Willoughby concluded to set it down to the account of rustic ignorance.

The eating ceased not until the hoop was empty, and then the company arose and stretched themselves, and began to guess it was about time to go to bed. Mr. Willoughby inquired what was to be done with his horse.

'Well! I s'pose he can stay where he is.'

'But what can he have to eat?'

'I reckon you won't get nothing for him, without you turn him out on the mash.'

'He would get off, to a certainty!'

'Tie his legs.'

The unfortunate traveller argued in vain. Hay was 'scuss,' and potatoes were 'scusser;' and in short the 'mash' was the only resource, and these natural meadows afford but poor picking after the first of October. But to the 'mash' was the good steed despatched, ingloriously hampered, with the privilege of munching wild grass in the rain, after his day's journey.

Then came the question of lodging for his master. The lady, who had by this time drawn out a trundle-bed, and packed it full of children, said there was no bed for him, unless he could sleep 'up chamber' with the boys.

Mr. Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

'Well! just as you like;' said his host, 'but Solomon sleeps there, and if you like to sleep by Solomon, it is more than I should.'

This was the name of the old Indian, and Mr. Willoughby once more cast woful glances toward the ladder.

But now the school-master, who seemed rather disposed to be civil, declared that he could sleep very well in the long cradle, and would relinquish his place beside the shoe-maker to the guest, who was obliged to content himself with this arrangement, which was such as was most usual in those times.

The storm continued through the night, and many a crash in the woods attested its power. The sound of a storm in the dense forest is almost precisely similar to that of a heavy surge breaking on a rocky beach; and when our traveller slept, it was only to dream of wreck and disaster at sea, and to wake in horror and affright. The wild rain drove in at every crevice, and wet the poor children in the loft so thoroughly, that they crawled shivering down the ladder, and stretched themselves on the hearth, regardless of Solomon, who had returned after the others were in bed.

But morning came at last; and our friend, who had no desire farther to test the vaunted hospitality of a western settler, was not among the latest astir. The storm had partially subsided; and although the clouds still lowered angrily, and his saddle had enjoyed the benefit of a leak in the roof during the night, Mr. Willoughby resolved to push on as far as the next clearing, at least, hoping for something for breakfast beside potatoes and salt. It took him a weary while to find his horse, and when he had saddled him, and strapped on his various accoutrements, he entered the house, and inquired what he was to pay for his entertainment — laying somewhat of a stress on the last word.

His host, nothing daunted, replied that he guessed he would let him off for a dollar.

Mr. Willoughby took out his purse, and as he placed a silver dollar in the leathern palm outspread to receive it, happening to look toward the hearth, and perceiving the preparations for a very substantial breakfast, the long pent-up vexation burst forth.

‘I really must say, Mr. Pepper —’ he began: his tone was certainly that of an angry man, but it only made his host laugh.

‘If this is your boasted western hospitality, I can tell you —’

‘You’d better tell me what the dickens you are peppering me up this fashion for! My name is n’t Pepper, no more than yours is! May be that *is* your name; you seem pretty warm.’

‘Your name not Pepper! Pray what is it, then?’

‘Ah! there’s the thing now! You land-hunters ought to know such things without asking.’

‘Land-hunter! I’m no land-hunter!’

‘Well! you’re a land-shark, then — swallowin’ up poor men’s farms. The less I see of such cattle, the better I’m pleased.’

‘Confound you!’ said Mr. Willoughby, who waxed warm, ‘I tell you I’ve nothing to do with land. I would n’t take your whole state for a gift.’

‘What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for, then?’

And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr. Willoughby’s equipment, with the mention of a ‘hunting party,’ had completely misled both host and hostess. And to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed.

‘You need n’t judge our new-country folks by me,’ said Mr. Handy, for such proved to be his name; ‘any man in these parts would as soon bite off his own nose, as to snub a civil traveller that wanted a supper and a night’s lodging. But some how or other, your lots o’ fixin’, and your askin’ after that ere Pepper — one of the worst land-

sharks we've ever had here — made me mad; and I know I treated you worse than an Indian.'

'Humph!' said Solomon.

'But,' continued the host, 'you shall see whether my old woman can't set a good breakfast, when she's a mind to. Come, you shan't stir a step till you've had breakfast; and just take back this plaguey dollar. I wonder it did n't burn my fingers when I took it!'

Mrs. Handy set forth her very best, and a famous breakfast it was, considering the times. And before it was finished, the hunting party made their appearance, having had some difficulty in finding their companion, who had made no very uncommon mistake as to section corners and town-lines.

'I'll tell ye what,' said Mr. Handy, confidentially, as the cavalcade with its baggage-ponies, loaded with tents, gun-cases, and hampers of provisions, was getting into order for a march to the prairies, 'I'll tell ye what; if you've occasion to stop any where in the Bush, you'd better tell 'em at the first goin' off that you a' n't land-hunters.'

But Mr. Willoughby had already had 'a caution.'

#### LINES WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

ONE effort more, my soul! one effort more!  
One object, yet more pure, for all thy love!  
One change, from all now dead or lost on earth,  
To the immaculate, unfailing SOURCE  
Of Life, of Hope, of Purity, of Joy;  
Of all that ever graced this world in love,  
Or beamed resplendent through the radiant spheres.  
Of a'l that ever yet ~~was~~ Love or 'Truth,  
Wisdom, or Honor, in the Heavens above,  
Or in the Earth beneath! one effort more!  
Love God — and bless, and bend before his power,  
And kiss his rod, and own that He is just,  
And merciful as just; perfect in all!

Oh look around thee, on thy side, above,  
Beneath, and oft within thine inmost self  
Turn thou the mental Eye; and wonder long  
At that immeasurable Love, wherein  
Thou liv'st and mov'st; that spiritual light,  
Which clothes thy breast with its own hallowed glow,  
As beams the Rainbow on the sullen rock  
Beside the solitary Waterfall!  
Searching an entrance, with its hues of Heaven,  
Where voice of human love was never heard:  
Or like the Rose upon the thankless thorn,  
That never dreams its burthen is a Queen!  
Or like the dew upon the desert shore,  
Wasting its precious sweetness, night by night,  
And yet returning when the Day departs,  
Constant, as if it nourished Eden's flowers!

Oh raise thy thoughts toward thy Heavenly King!  
Let not His quickening grace be wholly lost;  
Perchance ev'n yet thy wilderness may bloom  
Beneath His smile, and blossom as the Rose!  
My soul! whom hast thou in the Heavens like Him?  
Or on the earth to be compar'd to Him?  
Are not thine Idols fallen? — one by one,

Thy bloom, thy youth, thy strength, thy friends, thy pride,  
 Thy ready confidence, thy force of mind —  
 Have they not all departed? What is left?  
 What idle meteor lures thee back to dust  
 From Him, to whom thy happier thoughts aspire?  
 Raise thee, oh, raise thee! quit this vacant Star,  
 Mount with the morning to the Gates of Heaven,  
 There plead, and hope; confide, and be forgiven!  
 So shall thy present Sorrow turn to Joy  
 Ineffable; and the dark cloud of grief  
 Shall pass from off the face of thy sad breast,  
 Before the smile of His effulgent Love;  
 His, thine ascended SAVIOUR'S, beam of Grace!  
 Thy life shall wear a charm unknown before,  
 And with the Royal Psalmist shalt thou sing  
 In holy rapture, to Affliction's praise!

JOHN WATERS.

### SKETCHES OF A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Castle-Island, August 14.

THE coast of the lake, west of Grand Island, exhibits a noble series of bays, curves, and islands, which it would require a topographer to delineate, and a painter to depict. We came here, however, only to gaze and admire; and we gazed without tiring, till the sun went down in the world of waters before us, and the mountains threw their dark drapery of shadows over the scene. As night came on, the men rowed us into one of the most romantic inlets in the world, studded with islands of moss-covered granite, fringed with pines. We encamped in a quiet little sub-bay of this inlet, near Granite Point, so completely shut out from the great ocean of storms near us, that its very solitude inspired a hallowed feeling. And when darkness approached, the generous camp-fire of blazing pine, which the men kindled, cast such a strong glare of scarlet light on the contiguous objects, as would require all the powers of one of the old masters of the pencil to imitate.

We passed the night in this fairy spot, with the conic pinnacle of the Totosh Mountain in the back-ground; and were only disturbed by a flock of brant, which lighted on the pines near us; a scene that put our boatmen, who had guns, to their mettle; but although a number of shots were fired, the result added nothing to our travelling larder. We were pleased, in the morning, to find the lake calm, with a light breeze off shore; for it had been our plan, in the evening, to visit a dimly-seen island, lying off this part of the coast, should the weather prove fair. Our Indian guides told us that this island had never been visited by white men, except in two instances, both of which consisted of *Couriers de Bois*, or fur-traders, who had been driven out of their track, by contrary winds and floating ice, and thus escaped destruction. Preparatory to this adventure, our barge was drawn ashore, turned over, washed out, and thoroughly re-pitched and payed over, and then re-launched and re-loaded, with all convenient speed. Meantime, the formalities of a breakfast, under the

heavens, were finished, and we embarked, with light hearts, for the unexplored island.

Columbus himself could not have felt more deeply the interest of novelty, than did our whole party, particularly the children, whose eyes glistened with sensations of new delight. As soon as we had fairly wound ourselves out of the involutions of the inlet, the object presented itself as a distant speck on the horizon, but was not at all times equally visible. We could discover with a glass, as we approached, that it was rocky and precipitous, with a few large trees. We were not aware of any mist in the atmosphere, until the fact was rendered apparent by the looming of the island. All at once, as if by magic, the rocks and trees squared themselves up, and assumed, at one time the appearance of a ship under sail,\* and at another, of a castle with banners. From the last trait, we applied a name to it. All this vanished, before we came near enough to see things plainly with the naked eye; and instead of castles and canvasses, we gazed on bold masses of dark rock, rising abruptly out of the depth of the lake, and terminating in two blunt cliffs, separated by a wooded depression or small valley. So far as the storm-dash of the waters reached, the rocks were worn smooth, but above that line, they exhibited their natural irregularity of surface, covered with the lichen, locally called *tripe de roche*. This abruptness and elevation appeared to forbid the idea of effecting a landing. Gulls set up their wild screams, as we swept round the west and north-west cliffs. Not a hand's-breadth of beach or pebble could be discovered, or was eventually found. The whole island turned out to be a volcanic formation, consisting of trap and syenite. I got out on a point of rock to explore, directing the men to keep round on the north side, in the hope of finding some aperture into which the boat might be pushed. In this they succeeded, having entered the area of trap dyke, from which the tempests had washed out the fractured basaltic rock. This dyke was wide and deep enough to admit the boat freely; and what added to the convenience of landing, was the step-like recession of the rock, as it extended inland, which permitted the whole party to get ashore. The only danger to be apprehended, in this situation, arose from the fear of the wind's shifting to the North, in which event it would have driven the waves of the wide lake into this dyke, and rendered the wreck of the boat inevitable. On examination, it was found to be the only opening around the island, where a boat could enter.

A thermometer placed in the sun could scarcely have shown a more rapid ascent of the mercurial column, than did our spirits from the moment of our getting to the highest peak of this romantic little island. Others had been driven upon it by force, but we came of good will, and were certainly the first visitors who ever came to enjoy from its summit a prospect of the noble lake. Toward the north, north-west, and north-east, nothing met the view but water and skies, with the light under-tapestry of summer clouds. South and south-west, the picturesque shores of the lake formed a rich and varied view of headlands, capes, and mountains. Prominent in

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\* HENCE sometimes called NOBIEWON, by the Indians.

the group, were the Totosh and Cradle-Top Mountains, whose base we had left in the morning, and the rugged peaks of Granite Point and Presque Isle — the latter constituting the geological Hoboken of Lake Superior.\* On looking down from the cliffs into the water, we could perceive, through the transparent medium, vast angular masses of rock, rising from the unfathomed depth of the lake. Horrid chasms appear in many places, reaching up to the surface, particularly on the north-east side, which appeared to have sustained the heaviest weight of the lake tempests.

We rambled about all parts of the island, until the perceptible increase of the breeze that carried us over, admonished us to betake ourselves to the boat, and regain the main land, without loss of time. Like the gathering cry of a bird, this sign brought us all together; and while preparing to honor a rustic meal, on the top of the island, each one exhibited the results of his or her discovery, in the natural history of the island, not omitting the children, who came each with an interrogatory and a 'specimen.' There are some small veins of the micaceous oxyd, and of the sulphuret of iron, in some parts of the syenite. We found some strawberries still, in shaded recesses, on the 14th of August, and a kind of raspberries, called *Osh-keezh-ig-o-min*, or Eye-berries, by the Indians, together with the *pubescent*, or wild currant. The *Sorbus Americana* exists in a luxuriant state. The hawk and gull, by their cries, appeared to look on us as intruders on their ancient dominion, and several of them paid dearly for their turbulence.

Embarking to leeward, we got out into the lake very handsomely, but soon found that the men would have to tug against a head wind, quartering on our larboard bow. The crew worked, however, manfully, and we got in to the west curve of Granite Point, before sunset. Castle-Island bears due north from this Point.

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*Chocolate River.*

CASTLE-ISLAND formed the turning point of our excursion, and the principal object of adventure, but by no means the most striking object of curiosity. We were much interested in the scenery of the contiguous or south-western shores of the lake, and came leisurely along them, on our return home. They are, from a distance, of primitive construction, and exhibit a succession of mountainous elevations, two of the most prominent of which have been mentioned under their Indian names, the Breast, (*Totosh*,) and the Cradle-Top. The names are quite appropriate, taking into view both shape and juxtaposition, and the association indicates that these tribes sometimes direct their thoughts to other objects than war. I ascended the Totosh Mountain in 1831, and found the view from its summit one of the most sublime which it has ever fallen to my lot to behold. The lake in all its vast extent, and gorgeous outline, spreads out immediately from its base; and the eye looks down upon a panorama magnificent beyond description! Directly in front is an Archipelago of islands and peninsulas, beyond which is a liquid plain, of which no ocean can

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\* It consists of serpentine rock, and the associated minerals.

display a broader surface to the eye. Eastward, are seen the distant white cliffs of Grand Island and the Pictured Rocks. Westward, the coast can be discerned as far as the Huron Islands, and even the Mamelles of Kewgwenon, embracing a succession of peninsulas, surmounted with cliffs, each fainter and fainter in their outlines, until they are blended with the sky, at the distance of ninety miles. Southward, the eye falls, as it were, on a sea of granite cones, rising one beyond another, till they fill the entire vista. And during this view, the spectator stands on a pinnacle of but a few rods area. Curious hieroglyphic inscriptions are said to exist, on the face of a rock, in a part of these mountains.

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CHOCOLATE RIVER enters the lake in the most southerly part of a bay extending four or five leagues south of this elevation. As this stream forms the utmost boundary of the recent cession of territory by the Indians to the United States, and nothing was known of its character but from the reports of the natives, I had reasons for exploring it. Like most of the lake streams, its mouth is choked up with sand, over which it became necessary for the men to drag the barge. Inside the bar, the water is deep enough for the anchorage of any vessel, and of a clear blue color; and its width and volume were found to be such as to indicate at once the propriety of the Indian name, *Gitchy Sebing*, or the place of the Great River. Great it is, compared with any other on the lower part of the lake; and it is probably destined, at a future period, to be occupied as one of the upper lake harbors. The finest forests of spar pine I have seen in the north, are found upon its banks. It has a lively, strong current, and by the clearness of its waters, denotes its rise in uplands, and not in swamps. It has its main course from the west, penetrating, by its valley, through the granitical region, and will be found, probably, in the line of the most eligible future route for a road, in the direction to Ontonagon. Notwithstanding the rapidity of its current, I found the stream obstructed, at several points, with fallen trees, which required the axe in clearing a passage. Ores of iron occur on its banks, and the Indians report that its mountainous borders are of a highly metalliferous character. Wherever we landed, in the pine woods common to its banks, we found the whortleberry in surprising quantities, and as uniformly observed the pigeon glutting itself upon this fruit. We frequently drove up the saw-bill and the duck and mallard from their hitherto undisturbed nooks in the stream. Although my attention was particularly directed to the subject, no evidences of recent Indian occupancy were observed, nor was a single native encountered on its waters; a fact which is, perhaps, owing to the embarrassments in the navigation, above-mentioned.

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*Grand Island.*

THE harbor formed by this extensive and rock-bound island, is probably one of the most magnificent in America. Certainly, there is nothing bearing the least approach to it, in the region of the lakes. Vessels may enter it, both from the east and west, and when within

its noble precincts, they are completely land-locked, and secure from any wind; nor is there a dollar's expenditure required to improve that which the hand of Nature has perfected. Whether the future commerce and resources of the country will ever demand its use, seems now questionable, only perhaps from the very imperfect knowledge we have of the country. As yet, it is too remote from the seats of population, to tell what effect its settlement may have upon the development of its resources. When the western states number a population of as many millions as they now do thousands, it is probable the region of Lake Superior will have its towns, its harbors, its mills, founderies, and manufactories, to an extent that at this day passes all sober calculation.

It is impossible to regard the region, created as it is on the grandest physical scale, with its fine bays, rivers, harbors, fisheries, pine-ries, and mineral opulence, without anticipating for it a valuable future commerce. Already there is a perceptible dawning in its prosperity. Enterprise, no longer confined to the single branch of the fur-trade, has directed attention to its fisheries. Within a few years, several vessels have been constructed at St. Mary's, and are now chiefly employed in this business; and there are indications of a large amount of new capital being directed in the same way. Many thousands of barrels of the finest fish have been sent down annually from this lake, for the last four or five years, to an eastern market. Scarcely a sandy island or shore has been examined, which does not turn out a fishery. The lumber-trade is a business which will be introduced the moment the resources in pine, of more southerly regions, are exhausted. There is an abundant water-power upon most of its streams, to answer the largest demands of both mills and founderies. The period for opening its mineral wealth may be delayed, by causes operating in all new countries; but these causes will gradually disappear; and it would be questioning the light of experience, to doubt that its mines are destined to give employment to a large capital, and thus to add greatly to its prospective commerce. The lake itself, along with other portions of the great lake chain, must become a nursery for seamen and ship-building, and rise to importance in this department. The period is perhaps approaching, more rapidly than is supposed, when the rich agricultural prairie states of the south will enter into a busy exchange for the articles enumerated, and thus indicate the true value to the Union, of a region that is now so little known and appreciated.

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*Le Portail.*

We embraced the calm weather of our return, to review the western part of the coast of the Pictured Rocks, and particularly to explore the recesses of the Grand Cavern. The wide and gaping mouth of the vast orifice in the rock-wall sent back its echoes to the intruding lake, at the time we passed up, with a tone that seemed to issue from the throat of a volcano. We now found it a scene of peace. The hoarse element had ceased to roll its waves into the open jaws of this infuriated monster. There was scarcely breeze enough to dimple the surface of the lake. And as we draw near the opening, lingering upon our oars, the curiosity to enter it prevailed.



No gateway or human arch was ever constructed with such massive proportions. As the men rowed in, their outstretched oars covered but a small part of the space, which all at once enlarged to an extent which it was impossible to measure by the eye. The excitement of so sudden a passage from the glare of open day-light to the dim and damp recess of cavern-twilight, was partaken by all; and after proceeding a few hundred feet, we sat silently gazing on the high overhanging roof, the grim and massy walls, and the wide area of clear, deep waters, revealed by the stream of light, pouring in through the orifice by which we had just entered. There is a feeling under such circumstances, which no language can reach. Its effect upon all was instantaneous, and for a few moments every eye was fixed, every voice was mute. The area is so much larger than could be supposed, that wonder is at highest point. The whole may be fancied by supposing a crater laid horizontally, into which, and out of which, the lake flows; and the resemblance is heightened by its dark atmosphere, partially lighted up, by the strong rays of exterior day shooting in. The light is sufficient to reveal the whole outline, which is that of a noble rotunda, whose stone ceiling, sweating large drops of water, hangs in rude magnificence, a hundred feet over head. 'Beautiful!' I exclaimed, breaking silence, as I took out my travelling port-folio to make a sketch; but not without a wish, at the same time, to dissipate fears which were plainly depicted in the female countenances beside me. 'Horrid!' retorted my little daughter, in a sprightly tone, casting her eyes to the threatening and massive roof, a single flake of which, falling off, would have crushed the party. Perhaps these unpremeditated exclamations indicate the leading impressions. Between the horrid and the beautiful, the whole is included.

Gigantic as the scene is, it is difficult to establish any just rule for judging of heights and distances. The main entrance is from the north. There are arched ways, or openings, leading from the main cavern through the solid stratification, into the lake, both east and west. I had first thought of making our exit through the latter, but seeing a glare of light striking on a reef of pebbles, at the farther extremity of one of the deepest and darkest passages east, I proceeded to ascertain the cause of this singular illumination; not deeming it possible, however, for the boat, with its appendages of awning and oar-racks, to pass through. We were not only deceived in deeming the passage so small, but also as to the source of the transmitted light, for the passage led us out into a wide semicircular curve of the shore, whose mural walls had been partially undermined by the water, and tumbled into the lake, giving rise to the reef of pebbles, whose glare, seen from the dark cave, had been our beacon, in finding out this curious passage. By a little delay and dexterity, we avoided these ruinous masses of fallen rock, and emerged into the open lake, a good distance east of our entry into this extraordinary cavern. Whether the same passage had ever been made by others, there were no means of judging. Indians had probably visited the cavern in their canoes. I had myself before entered the rotunda in this species of conveyance. But it is quite clear, from local tradition, that no American or European had ever *before* effected the passage described,

## MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

## I.

Come hither, ye who fear the grave, and call it lone and drear,  
Who deem the burial-place a spot to waken grief and fear;  
Oh! come and climb with me this mount, where sleep the silent dead,  
And through these winding gravel-walks, with noiseless footstep tread.

## II.

Stoop down and pluck the fragrant bud, just opening fresh above  
The peaceful bed, where slumbers one who died in youth and love;  
Smell the pure air, so redolent with breath of summer flowers,  
And take this sprig of evergreen, a pledge for future hours.

## III.

See yonder river sparkling through the foliage of the grove,  
How gracefully its course doth bend — how still its waters move!  
Sit 'neath the branches of this tree, which spread their grateful shade,  
To screen a spot for musing thought, or holy converse made.

## IV.

Look round this garden of the dead, where creep green myrtle vines,  
Where 'box' surrounds the sleeper's home, and scented sweet-brier twines;  
Where lowly violets ope to heaven their tiny eyes of blue,  
Fell'd oft at morn with glittering tears, the drops of early dew.

## V.

And now bend upward still your steps, to gain the highest peak,  
And let your eyes the view beneath, and distant prospect, seek;  
O, beautiful! thrice beautiful! — there blended hill and dale,  
And here the lofty mansion, with cottage of the vale!

## VI.

The city spires, which look to Heaven, in whose high cause they stand,  
As guides to point the pilgrim's eye toward the far promised land;  
The distant villages that speck with white the wavy green,  
And farther still, the deep blue lake, with many a sail is seen.

## VII.

Descend again, and pause beside this vine-encircled tomb;  
And tell me, is there aught around to fill the heart with gloom?  
List to the feathered songsters' notes, that warble from the trees,  
And hear the music soft that steals upon the whispering breeze!

## VIII.

Oh! say, do not fair Nature's tones awake the soul to bliss?  
And does not thought ascend to heaven from such a spot as this?  
And e'en the grave, doth not its voice, amid such flowery ground,  
Say to the weary sons of earth, 'Here sweet repose is found?'

## IX.

Mount Hope! thy consecrated walks I never more may tread,  
And learn to die, by conning here the lessons of the dead;  
Yet sweet 't would be to 'rest my flesh in hope' beneath thy sod,  
Till the last trump should bid it rise, to see a Father, God!

## A SECOND REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR.

'THE King of France, with forty thousand men,  
Marched up the hill, and then — marched down again!'

'THERE appeared to be some *fatality* attending almost all our attacks upon America, during the last war.' — MARRYAT.

ABOUT the middle of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, the inhabitants of a little village not far from the mouth of the Genesee river were thrown into a tumult of alarm, by the appearance of the British fleet under Sir J. L. Yeo, off their shores. In the general consternation and confusion, various expedients were 'proposed, rejected, suggested again,' for ridding themselves of their unwelcome visitor. Some were in favor of an immediate fortification of their dwellings; others thought it more easy to keep them off shore, and prevent their landing, than to defend their families after they had landed. The proposition was at last suggested, by a timid citizen, 'to retire,' and save what they could in a hurried flight. But stoutly and manfully the good people rejected this shameful proposition, and put their heads together to concoct a plan more agreeable to their sturdy patriotism.

During this time of doubt and uncertainty, it was a moving spectacle to see the 'tremblings of distress' which many of the good people exhibited, as the ships of the fleet slowly neared the shore. Mothers shrieked and clasped their infants to their bosoms in fearful anxiety; the little girls cried, while the larger ones looked to their sweet-hearts for protection in this hour of peril. These latter again bluntly declared that they would not run, but would 'stick by and see fair play. Let the red-coats come on; we 'll meet 'em!' One young gallant, exasperated at seeing the affliction of his lady-love, swore that the British were 'a set of rascally, heathenish ragamuffins, good for nothing under God's heavens but to scare women and children!' The more sagacious saw in this move the destruction of their stores, and feared for the result.

Determining at last not to yield without a show of fight, the militia were assembled, men and boys, in all three hundred strong, and occupied an elevated position near the lake, whence they could see all the manœuvres of the fleet. Presently a boat was seen to put off from the commodore's ship. Now let the valiant soldiers nerve themselves for the contest! But stop! It is a flag of truce! Now our friends are in a worse dilemma than before, being entirely guiltless of any knowledge of military or naval etiquette, or indeed of military affairs in general, save the regular militia drill. What a predicament! Nobody seemed to know what to do, but every body was of opinion that something must be done. After some deliberation, hastened undoubtedly by the rapid approach of the boat, Lieutenant B — was delegated to lead a file of men down to the water's edge, and 'find out what was wanted.'

As this lieutenant is a conspicuous character in this reminiscence, it may not be amiss to give the reader a description of his person, in the words of a back-woodsman: 'He was a great favorite among the

girls in the village, and had enjoyed a great name in the military line, having commanded a company of volunteers in New-Hampshire, before he emigrated to the West. A shrewd yet reckless disposition marked all his actions. A man could n't get round him, no more than he could choke a lion, and yet he was as free, open-hearted a chap as ever kissed a pretty girl afore she knew it. I've seen him manoeuvring the sogers too, when Captain Shute used to be to the widow's, a-Saturday evening, and could n't attend to the military exercises.' In short, the gallant lieutenant was a universal favorite, particularly among the ladies, who regarded him as their especial guardian and champion, in these troublous times.

Putting himself at the head of his men, the worthy lieutenant marched rapidly down the hill, and forming a line near the water's edge, awaited the next movement in stern silence. Indeed, he afterward said 'that he was n't so very sure but the fellows in the boat wanted to play 'em a trick, and if there ever was a time when he felt a great responsibility on him, it was then.' He did not wait long, before he was hailed by the British messenger: 'Is that the way you receive a flag of truce? It is generally the custom to meet without arms, on such occasions.'

'Wal!' said the lieutenant, still maintaining his soldier-like position, without turning his head, 'I did n't know but you might cut up some deviltry or other with our people: howsumdever, as you seem to be a pretty peaceable, well-disposed, well-behaved sort of a fellow, my men may right about face a little ways.' So turning on his heel, *à la militaire*, he ordered his men to retire a few rods, and hold themselves in readiness for farther action. By this time, the boat was close in shore, and the messenger, an officer, as appeared from his uniform, was about stepping ashore, when the Yankee interrupted him:

'I say, hello, mister! you don't come on this ground, till I know what you 're after! So, jest stay in the boat, and say your say out!'

The Englishman, perceiving that it would be useless to oppose this appeal, resumed his position in the boat, and declared his mission, which was, to demand a surrender of the stores that were concealed there or thereabout, on penalty of instant destruction in case of a refusal. Our officer replied:

'I do n't know about that 'ere last part of the business; but I will consult my superiors, and get their opinion on the subject.'

Turning to his men, he ordered them to wait, and not 'let that chap come ashore till he came back; when,' added he, addressing the officer, 'I'll report progress, and let you know how we conclude to act.' So saying, he marched up the hill, and disappeared among the crowd. After some minutes' conversation with the older inhabitants, and a few young leaders in the little army, he resumed his march down the hill, and placing himself in front of his men, who had awaited his return, agreeably to orders, he delivered himself of the following reply to the demand of the British:

'I am ordered by the General to tell you that we shall keep the stores, until the king shall send a force sufficient to take them away. So, if you want 'em badly, you must get 'em the best way you can.'

Somewhat astonished at the reception he had met with, and seeing nothing very inviting in the countenance of the sturdy Yankee, the servant of the king gave the word to his men, and quickly returned to his ship.

While these occurrences were taking place, the crowd on the hill were suddenly dispersed, and the militia, in regular order, filed off on the left into the brushwood, and marching round to the right, appeared again on the hill, in sight of the fleet, but in a different order, so as to present the appearance of a new company just arrived from another quarter. These again in turn filed off, and immediately another body of men came in directly in front, filed off, and disappeared like the former. These manœuvres were repeated again and again; and the motley uniforms of the citizens, with a great noise of drum and fife, contributed not a little to the deception.

After this had continued a considerable time, the lieutenant remarked, probably being somewhat fatigued with his arduous duties, that 'the Britishers did n't seem in any hurry about them stores, and he reckoned that they would take time to consider the matter some, afore they tried it!' And so it proved; for the British commander deliberated a long time before making any apparent movement; and after firing a few guns, with no other effect than to waken the echoes of the dense forests which skirted the lake, and elicit a few screams from the females, he sailed leisurely away; to the no small gratification of the Americans, who feared for the success of their *ruse*. But the final disappearance of the fleet, in the course of the afternoon, quieted entirely the doubts of the most timorous; and they returned to their dwellings sincerely thanking that Providence, or 'fatality,' as the worthy captain has it, which had protected them from the destruction that had threatened them.

The evening was spent in joyous festivity, and the agents of this great 'fatality' were by no means forgotten in the general joy. Lieutenant B — was the hero of the day, and nobly he bore his honors; gallantly reaping the reward of his labors in the smiles of the ladies whom he had protected. It is even asserted that he was seen to steal various kisses from the lips of these pretty charmers, in the course of the evening.

G. H. M.

## SONNET TO PASSAIC.

BY FLACCUS.

WHEN earnest lovers vain their love would prove,  
To the fair idol of young passion-prime,  
They gaze, they muse, and prodigal of time,  
In the flower-path of all her roving rove:  
At last, sure token of excess of love,  
Bewildered quite, they madden into rhyme.  
O fair Passaic! if the frequent crime  
Of hours mispent in visions idly wove  
By thy sweet side so many summer days,  
If longings strange, when doomed to dwell apart,  
If followings far through wild and dangerous ways,  
Where, shocked at every frolic leap, I start,  
Prove not my love, then let my verse of praise  
Confirm the doting passion of my heart!

## A FREE COUNTRY.

Oh blest the land, and happy is the race,  
 Though rough the soil, and pent in narrow space,  
 Where a brave people, true to all their rights,  
 Whom luxury charms not, nor oppression blights,  
 By love united in one common cause,  
 Upheld their sacred liberty and laws :  
 Nor foes without, nor enemies within,  
 Can wrest from freedom, or from virtue win :  
 Triumphant kings their dynasties may found,  
 And with their conquests make the world resound ;  
 Confusion on their Babel-structure waits,  
 And Ruin thunders at their temple-gates :  
 But the fair edifice that Freedom rears,  
 Gains strength and beauty with increasing years ;  
 For its foundations like the mountains rise,  
 Part of the soil, although they pierce the skies !

## LIMNINGS IN THE THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

## THE ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOK-AUCTIONEER.

'How much 'yellow dross' is offered, gentle-men, for the spiritual inheritance of the divine MILTON ? Well might the benighted world exclaim that Paradise was Lost, when his spirit passed from earth ! But, gentle-men, Paradise is Regained ! Milton again lives in his works. Here they are ; musical as the song of the nightingale, but spirit-stirring as the blast of the trumpet ! How much is bid for Milton, the divine ?

Such was the exclamation of the Ancient Book-Auctioneer, as, in the days of my juvenility, I sauntered on a summer evening along one of the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis. The pleasant voice of the knight of the hammer sounded soothingly amid the Babel-like din of the multitudinous throng that emptied itself through the city's principal artery ; and I strolled unconsciously into the crowd which formed his evening levée.

The temple of which he was the presiding deity, was an apartment of some twenty feet square, around which, on shelves rudely constructed, were ranged in rank and file the well-thumbed productions of the intellectual giants of other days ; interspersed with here and there a stray work of the moderns, rejoicing in ornamental-gilt, or sumptuous purple and fine linen. Behind a plain counter, and flanked in the rear by his new and second-hand literary wares, stood the Ancient Book-Auctioneer, flourishing his hammer with a grace and dignity which the mushroom monarchs of modern times might vainly attempt to rival. Elevated above his auditory by the aid of a three-legged stool, his lank figure towered majestically before us, albeit his attire exhibited that disregard of modern taste which constituted a principal feature in his mental structure. The time-furrowed brow of the Ancient was lofty, and his thin gray hairs were carelessly

brushed aside, displaying to a casual observer a rather imposing physiognomy, although the extreme width of his mouth, and contracted chin, on a second glance, detracted from 'first impressions.' But his calm blue eye, beaming with benevolence, and mirroring, with rare fidelity, each passing thought, was the crowning feature. Even the cynic could not look upon its bland expression, and fail to respect its owner, the numerous eccentricities that betrayed themselves in his manner to the contrary notwithstanding.

But if his appearance was somewhat *unique*, that of his audience bordered on the grotesque. Seedy *littérateurs* of the last century, whose longings for the treasures ranged before them bore a sad disproportion to their ability to furnish the wherewithal for their purchase; embryo authorlings, from twelve to fifteen years of age, dressed in time-worn garments, of all imaginable textures, hues, and shapes; idlers of every grade, from the well-dressed man-about-town, to the tatterdemalion who claimed the green-sward in the Park for his couch, and the star-gemmed canopy for his bed-curtains; respectably clad mechanics, and ill-dressed laborers; and, few and far between, sickly students, with pale countenances, and learned savans in quest of some rare work embraced in the catalogue, composed the staple of the Ancient Book-Auctioneer's auditory.

'Gentle-men, here's a copy — a magnificent copy — of Plutarch's Lives. Poor old Plute! as we used affectionately to call him at college; sad rogues we were, in them days; it was a way we had, gentlemen, of nicknaming all the old heathen gods and goddesses. *Venus* we used to call 'Weeny;' *Apollo*, as I'm an honest man, we christened 'Poll;' and *Cicero* we dubbed 'Sis!' Well, gentlemen, how much for my old friend Plute? — a genuine translation from the original Hebrew. To them that don't read Hebrew, its best to say that Plutarch, or Pluto — he's sometimes called one and sometimes t'other — was one of the very biggest of the heathen gods — a screamer, I tell you! Well, he came down to earth in the shape of a tremendous tom-cat! True as gospel, gentlemen! That's the reason that folks say a cat has nine lives, because old Plute had nine lives; and here's a faithful history of the whole of them, bound in calf. How much, gentlemen, for my college friend Plute? Gentlemen, how much? Say ten dollars, to *start* it, gentlemen!'

The above classic harangue was the original emanation of the Modern Book-Auctioneer's mind; and as its unique phraseology fell on my ear, I resolved to lounge away an idle hour in the capacious saloon in which he dispensed his favors. As my mind glanced back through the vanished years, and Memory summoned the Ancient Book-Auctioneer from his quiet resting place, the contrast between himself and his successor was sufficiently striking. The first was a noble ruin of the classic ages, dilapidated and time-worn; exhibiting at every angle the triumph of decay, but beautiful in the symmetry of its proportions, and the romantic interest blended with its early associations. His immediate successor is a modern imitation of the ancient edifice; cumbrous with ill-adapted ornament, and flashing in the brightness of tinsel and varnish. Indeed the specimen of the Modern Book-Auctioneer, herein introduced, is himself experiencing the mutability of power; his influence is fast waning before a new

race, who combine the intelligence of the Ancient, without his eccentricities, and the tact and industry of the Modern, divested of his defective education. The former, by long breathing the classic atmosphere of antiquity, had become a walking chronicle of the times of the Ptolemies and the Cæsars. Holding daily communion, through their works, with the bards, historians, and philosophers of the earlier ages, his mind became deeply imbued with their excellencies; and his principal enjoyment was in feasting on the rich intellectual repast before him. Of the passing scene around him, with its ephemeral excitements, he took little cognizance. From the seventh heaven of thought, the paradise of mind, with its eternal sunshine, its rivers of perennial freshness and crystal purity, its bowers redolent of perfume, and its winged array of celestial inhabitants, glowing with seraphic beauty, how could he voluntarily descend to the dull earth, with its corroding cares, its wasting anxieties, and heartless frivolities?

In the wisdom of the worldling, the lynx-eyed shrewdness which, with true alchymic power, transmutes the frailties and ambition, the credulity and avarice, of mankind into gold, the Modern Book-Auctioneer stands immeasurably in advance of his prototype. The wit of the Ancient, although frequently keen, polished, and refined, was *caviare* to the multitude; while that of the Modern, being highly spiced with local allusions, and appealing to the coarser tastes of the majority of his auditors, possesses in his opinion the superior merit of *availability*. The Ancient Book-Auctioneer embodied the very romance of the craft, the poetry of the rostrum. He might have been aptly termed Ancient Literature, bound in rough sheep, its cover worn and much soiled by long contact with the world, but within, sparkling with the gems of intellect, and rich in the treasures of soul and feeling. To the mass, the vast multitude whom our giant city pours forth through her hundred avenues, he was a walking enigma. Destitute of wealth and the world's dignities; self-expatriated from all the channels to power, and pursuing a vocation barely sufficient to support existence; he yet moved among the crowd with lofty port, and stately tread; rather curling his lip in scorn at the grovelling nature of their pursuits, than envying them the glare of which they were the concomitants. To the Modern, gold is the supreme idol, the one day-god, before whom all other lights 'pale their ineffectual fires.' The Ancient despised it in all its forms, modifications, and representatives. He indeed admitted the expediency of securing a sufficient modicum to sustain the corporeal functions, but deprecated the necessity as entirely artificial, and capable of being superseded by a well-regulated organization of the social system.

The mirth of the Ancient never degenerated into boisterous merriment. Deeming Rapture the twin-sister of Melancholy, the paradise of his imagination was peopled with spirits of light, whose bliss was tempered with a captivating sadness. One striking peculiarity in the mind of the Ancient, was his devotion to the fame and genius of Milton, which nearly approached to idolatry. You might revile all the saints in the calendar, and meet only his calm rebuke; but doubt the infallibility of the Bard of Paradise, and the vials of his wrath were in a moment poured out. His sensitiveness on that subject was



exhibited on one occasion, by his suddenly ejecting a crowded audience from his sales-room, because an unlucky wight had the temerity to bid six-pence for a tattered copy of *Paradise Lost*. 'Six-pence!' shouted the Ancient, in tones of thunder: 'SIX-PENCE! — for the legacy of the sublime MILTON! Boy, instantly extinguish the lights! No premises in my possession shall shelter an audience who can stand tamely by and permit such literary sacrilege!' Remonstrance was in vain; and the benighted crowd were instantly dispersed.

His admiration of the character of THOMAS JEFFERSON, although of a more subdued cast, was nevertheless sufficiently enthusiastic. Among the miscellaneous articles exhibited in his catalogue, were a few engraved portraits of the Virginia statesman; and the knight of the hammer heralded them in his most imposing manner: 'How much, gentle-men, for the counterfeit presentment of JEFFERSON? Gentle-men, how much? I trust I need say nothing in honor of this eminent patriot and philosopher. Gentle-men, how much?

'I'll give eight-pence!' vociferated an urchin, of some four feet high. Elevating the engraving to the extent of his arm, the Ancient threw himself in a tragic attitude, and thus apostrophized the portrait:

'Oh, JEFFERSON! sage of Monticello! where are thy votaries now? EIGHT-PENCE for the noble features of the great Apostle of Democracy! Venality, thou canst go no farther!'

This solemn appeal to the democratic sympathies of the audience, was not without its effect; and the transferred lineaments of the great man were struck off at a price more befitting the reputation of the original.

For the authors whose works graced his catalogue, the Modern Book-Auctioneer entertains a pleasant regard. Unlike the devotional esteem of the Ancient, his attachment partakes of the familiarity of a boon companion, whom one taps on the shoulder, in the plenitude of intimacy. Thus Shakspeare he facetiously terms 'Deer-stealing Will;' Sheridan is honored with the appellation of 'Roystering Sherry;' Doctor Johnson figures in his vocabulary as 'Sam. Johnson,' while Goldsmith is 'our dear friend Goldy.' True, our hero of the rostrum is at times somewhat puzzled between the works of the great moralist, and those of his lively namesake, Ben Jouson; but he overcomes the difficulty, by declaring the title-page a misprint, and asserting that the book should contain a page of errata at the conclusion, embracing the idea, for '*Ben*,' in the title page, read '*Sam*.'

BULWER, WASHINGTON IRVING, and others of our most popular modern authors, have established a lasting claim on his affections, by the golden harvest which he has reaped from the sale of their works, while the unsuccessful writers of past and present ages float downward to oblivion, unblest by his attentions. Although the Modern lacks profundity, he excels in versatility. Like St. Paul, he is emphatically 'all things to all men.' If the biddings are spirited, he will laugh with the merry, sentimentalize with the pensive, chatter with the garrulous, be grave with the devotional, and facetious with the witty. Like a skillful general, he has enlisted a formidable array of quotations from popular authors, which he presses into the service on all available occasions.

Those from Byron are reserved for romantic young gentlemen with open collars; stage-struck heroes, with eyes 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' are captured by the thrilling measures of the Bard of Avon; Cowper is his standard author for gentlemen in black; Moore does the needful for love-cracked youths, in tights; and fledgling orators and embryo statesman grow enthusiastic amid the flashing scintillations from the minds of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. True, the texts are at times most ludicrously in juxtaposition with the comments; and living and dead authors not unfrequently are called on to father sentiments which they were entirely innocent of propagating. But to the sneers of the savan, and the laugh of the scholar, the Modern is happily indifferent. Elevated on his throne, he wields the sceptre with amazing effect, and dispenses the honors of the craft as if born to its dignities. Discarding enthusiasm as unworthy a skilful and clear-headed man of business, he reserves his faculties for the exigencies of his vocation. The fabled Argus had not so many eyes as he, when his interests are in question. The slightest movement of any individual in his auditory, indicating a preference for a particular volume, never escapes him.

'John, take down that volume of Cowper for the gentleman in black. You lazy rogue, you should be more attentive! I see, Sir, that you are a judge of serious poetry. Your mind, like that of Cowper, is formed to

'Wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius and to mend the heart.'

But surely I waste time in reciting the sentiments of the immortal bard to *you*.'

'Here goes, gentlemen, a copy of 'Ovid's Art of Love.' Isaac, a copy for the handsome young gentleman in blue. He's taken many a lesson in the art, or I'm no judge, as the chief justice said, when the woman was brought before him to testify, dressed in men's clothes: 'Mister,' says the Judge, 'what's your name?' 'I'm a woman,' says she. 'If you are,' says he, 'then I'm no judge.' The ladies, Sir, are insensible, or you can beat Ovid, and give him two.'

'You two boys, get off that bench! You're a pair of spectacles, no doubt, and I think I can see through you; but it aint every one whose eyes you'll suit. Come, gentlemen, 'fire up, fire up!' as the steam-boat engineer says. We've every thing here that'll suit you, from a German flute to a penny whistle. So, gentlemen, 'stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder,' as John Randolph used to say, when a political hack was made to run for office in a district where he stood no chance of election.

'Alexander, a Shakspeare for the gentleman in buskins. Do n't you see the gentleman is born to cut a figure on the stage, if he'll consent to try his hand? My dear Sir, I'm in for a box at your benefit. Take my word, you'll make a hit:

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.'

'Faint heart never won fair lady,' as deer-stealing Will says.' At the close of the sale, the Modern facetiously notified 'all those

as had n't paid their passage, to come to the capting's office and settle.' This created a vast sensation among the out-at-elbows part of his auditory, who testified their delight by sundry uproarious ejaculations.

The Ancient was the embodied genius of the last century ; a faithful index of its placid and serene enjoyments, whose home was at intervals in the regions of the imaginative and the transcendental, but which, in all its speculations, kept a steady eye on the polar star of content, and the beacon of happiness. The Modern breathes another atmosphere. Training his imagination in a severe school of mental discipline, his mind glances with inconceivable velocity along a horizon studded with a galaxy of golden schemes, each more brilliant than its predecessor ; and the energies of his soul are taxed in discriminating between the steady light of the Attainable, and the flickering glare of the Impossible. In thus unravelling the threads which compose the web-work of his destiny, the tact, perseverance, and ingenuity of the Modern rarely fail to achieve success. His is indeed the spirit of an age whose triumphs are emblazoned on machines which travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and whose aspirations for the future are identified with the subjection of lighting to the purposes of man, wherein double the speed can be attained by magnetic influence, at a tithe of its present cost. Speak to him of the delights appertaining to the word '*comfort*,' and you are met with the stare of incredulity, or the glance of suspicion. His first impression is that you are a fool ; his second that you *may* be a knave. Indeed, to him the dream of Arcadia, the distorted visions of a lunatic, and the anticipation of happiness in quiet retreats, removed from the bustle of active life, are equally absurd.

The only similarity in the character of the Ancient and the Modern, is to be found in their *individuality*. Both repudiated the system of well-meaning reformers, which contemplates casting mankind in a uniform mould ; marshalling them into platoons, battalions, regiments, and brigades ; a system founded by an ancient reformer, named Procrustes, but which our modern philosophers appropriate to themselves. But with the *theory*, the similarity between the sentiments of the Ancient and Modern Book-Auctioneer vanishes. The Ancient wrapped himself in the mantle of his own bright fancies, and shrank from promiscuous intercourse with his species. The Modern, like a practiced gladiator, dashes gallantly into the thickest of the *melee*, enlists under no commander, but carves his path to preferment through the serried ranks of hostile interests, and holds himself ready to tilt with any adversary whose equipments are sufficiently valuable to reward the prowess of the victor. The world of the one is amid the din and hurry of our modern Babel ; that of the other extends far into the regions of the ideal. In dreams, in 'watches of the night,' the soul of the Ancient burst the barriers of its earthly prison-house, and roamed abroad with the master spirits of antiquity. It was then that the poets, historians, sages, and philosophers, whose dust-covered works graced the shelves of his *sanctum*, became his companions ; the sharers of his joys and the partakers of his sorrows. In imagination he fought with Cæsar his battles o'er again ; dwelt with Socrates on the delights of philosophy ; jested with Anacreon

on his devotion to the purple cup and ruby lip; mused with Plato on the immortality of the soul, and with Milton soared upward to those celestial regions, whose glories he has so thrillingly portrayed. Although no pagan, yet his daily invocations were offered in lip-service to the deities of the heathen mythology. 'Per Hercle!' was his favorite abjuration, and his enemies were consigned without compunction to the lowest 'Hades.' On 'Jove' he was wont to call at any extraordinary instance of human turpitude, while in his facetious moments, Bacchus and Venus were his favorite deities.

Blessings on the Ancient Book-Auctioneer! His soul ever bounded to the most holy impulses! Like a star from the sky, his bright spirit passed from among us; but the influence of a nature from whose pure fountains gushed a flood of tender emotions, and untold charities and kindly sympathies, will remain, like the perfume of flowers when their leaves are withered, a sweet-smelling savor in the memory of those who appreciated his worth!

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F L O W E R S .

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• YOUR voiceless lips, oh flowers! are living preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,  
 From loveliest nook!  
 Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,  
 Weep without sin, and blush without a crime,  
 Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,  
 Your love sublime!"

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I.

FLOWERS, lovely flowers! ye are to me  
 Most dear and precious things;  
 Nature's soft pencil over ye  
 Its brightest coloring flings.  
 Ye seem to me, though blooming here,  
 Bright beings of another sphere.

II.

A fairy band! apart, alone,  
 A bright and beauteous race!  
 Blooming wherever ye are sown,  
 And sown in every place:  
 Filling the air with fragrancy,  
 Wherever ye may may smiling be.

III.

Brightening alike the cultured scene,  
 And the untrodden rock;  
 Blooming the lava's paths between,  
 Braving the thunder-shock;  
 Glowing, unseared, beneath the sun,  
 Unchilled within the forest lone.

IV.

Night darkens round — the wild bird's  
 Are closed upon its nest; [wings  
 But ye, most fair and fragrant things!  
 Flee not away to rest:  
 Ye see the glorious night-star rise,  
 And watch it leave the morning skies.

V.

The honey-bees that settled on,  
 Yet scarcely bent, your stems;  
 The butterflies that o'er ye shone,  
 Like living, moving gems;  
 Have left ye — while shall fall on you  
 Fresh treasures of the evening dew.

VI.

Oh! ye are like to those few breasts  
 That heavenly Genius fires:  
 Where'er its glorious spirit rests,  
 Where'er its light inspires,  
 It will be known, its flowers will spring,  
 Nor heed to what rude spot they cling.

VII.

And long, long vigils they will keep,  
 Night's silent, dark hours through,  
 While other eyes are closed in sleep;  
 Gathering their honey-dew  
 From where the poet and the sage  
 Have left it, on the deathless page.

VIII.

But ye will die, sweet flowers! and so  
 Must they sink to the earth;  
 The spring again will see ye blow,  
 With even a brighter birth.  
 O! shall not they, from this world driv'n,  
 Bloom on eternally in heaven?

## A LETTER

## TO CRITICS ON THE ART OF PAINTING.

MY DEAR CRITICS: I address you as 'critics,' such being the title under which is recognized that numerous tribe who write 'paragraphs' and 'articles' for reviews and newspapers, wherein pictures are praised and condemned; artists judged, lauded, and abused. But though I call you critics, I do not consider all of you entitled to that honorable distinction: my present object is, to point out, so far as I am able, the qualifications of the true, the respectable critic, and to mark the empiric. I am induced to take this task upon myself, not because I feel fully competent to criticize the critics — exalting myself as an arch-critic — but because a word of truth scattered here and there, may bring forth good fruit, even on stony ground. I am the more prompted to this, for the reason that the public ear has been much abused by many of you. Too often have you passed through our exhibition-rooms, ignorant and incapable, with interest and caprice for your only guides; condemning the beautiful, praising the low, and even stooping to the vulgarity of abusing the artist himself.

The critic occupies the same station in the field of taste, which the preacher does in that of religion. His business is to teach the truth, to denounce falsehood, to enkindle lofty sentiment, and glorious aspirations; to apply the standard of the immutable laws of nature to the productions of art. To occupy this exalted and honorable station, requires qualifications which many of you do not possess; because there are few who, by the cultivation of their natural taste and capacity, have become worthy the office. He who would aim at being a *veritable* critic, must with true love study the works of nature, which are the Bible unto him; become well acquainted with works of art; not merely glancing at the surface of things, and judging them by hackneyed rules and conventional notions, but acquiring a knowledge of the principles and philosophy of art; the why and wherefore of accepted rules; and learn to free himself, as much as possible, from encumbering technicalities; in fine, to see in art the mirror of nature, and to clear from his vision those films which ignorance and prejudice, and the imperfections of our individual nature, are continually casting before it. He will perceive that art is as various in its scope and object, as the desires and tastes of men are diverse; and he will not condemn this or that kind of picture, despising the landscape to prefer the historical painting; or look with contempt on the work of still-life, because there is nothing *Raphaelesque* in it. He will consider that art is universal; that all things are good of their kind. He will not fail, however, to acknowledge that some departments of art are more lofty than others: the epic, for instance, (where, as in the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, is the embodiment of one sublime idea, in which all individuality is lost in the great whole,) may not be compared with the mere portrait of the human face; nor the dramatic, as the pictures of Raphael, wherein we

find thought, passion, intellect, expressed with almost supernatural power, classed with the picture of still-life.

Many pictures have little merit beside that of gratifying the eye by mere dexterous imitation; but a good thought, a beautiful sentiment, even though feebly expressed, is of far more worth than the most skilful display of execution without meaning; and the works which possess the highest value, are those in which human genius manifests its greatest powers: those creations of master-minds which, while they please by being true imitations of the beautiful of external nature, are the vehicles of noble sentiment, and poetical thought. It is of importance for the critic to feel that beauty does not dwell in one or two departments of the pictorial art alone, but may be found in all; and it shows a contracted mind, and limited study, to say, as is frequently said: 'I dislike this kind of art or that; I care not for landscape; I detest portraiture.' Each class of art, if executed with talent, has its charm, and strikes some chord of that many-stringed instrument, the human heart. There are those among you, who, in place of discriminating expression in your critical praises, abound in hackneyed terms, such as 'bijou,' 'gem,' 'diamond of the first water,' etc. These terms express nothing; they are at best jewels of paste, of little worth; and the more profusely they are scattered, the more valueless they become. They are stolen, withal, from those caskets of unmeaning phrases called 'Annals,' and betoken, in him that uses them, extreme poverty of thought and language.

I have also observed, with pain, that you frequently compare one living artist with another, to the disparagement of the one who is not your favorite. This, though easy for you, is often very injurious; and if you expect that any painter will be gratified by being lauded at the expense of his brother artist, I hope you are disappointed; for he must have a gross taste for praise, who is delighted by the incense which ascends from the altar on which his professional brother is sacrificed.

There is another practice with you, whose effects are exceedingly injurious to the artist and to the public. I mean that of giving undue praise to the young artist. No sooner does a young man come forward with a work of some promise, than he is immediately the subject of excessive praise; he is an astonishing genius—a wonder. The older artists are thrown quite in the back-ground, to make way for this 'born-painter.' This is injudicious, as well as unjust. It is injudicious, because no man is great before he is tried, and your praise too often unsettles the brain of the young artist; and instead of striving after perfection, with devoted study, he becomes satisfied with himself and his works. He has received his reward too soon, and sits down by the way-side, in the belief that he has reached the goal. It is unjust to older artists, for many of them are still toiling in pursuit of excellence, and they deserve better from you than to be set aside for every new-comer. This hot-bed system of yours, my dear critics, is little creditable to your judgment. You ought to know that life has been pronounced too short for art; that no man ever arrived at true excellence, without great natural capacity, and long and patient study. One would

imagine that the productions of the tyro in art rise to the level of your critical capacity; that you continue your admiration only until his genius takes a flight beyond the reach of your dull vision. But far be it from me to desire that you should discourage the young aspirant. Give him judicious praise; encourage him, and point onward; but teach him to feel that excellence is not easy of attainment.

Many of you indulge too much in panegyric, and get into raptures and extacies. I have of late seen essays of blind admiration, at which, even when the subject is worthy of the highest praise, true taste revolts; essays wherein the writer, smitten with a vain love of his own imaginings, sees far more in the picture than the artist ever dreamed of, and even seizes the defects of the work, and sets them up as idols to worship. Such blind devotion is unworthy the name of criticism; and however pleasing it may be to the author, he may rest assured that the public are little benefitted by it, and the painter despises you in his heart.

There are those among you, too, who have the easy faculty of condemning the work of a poor artist, and at one stroke of the pen devoting it to oblivion; forgetting, in your fancied omnipotence, that all things are comparative; that though the work be imperfect, the artist may have toiled many days upon it, and that it is the rallying-point of many hopes to him. Few things are so bad, but there is *some* hope. In charity leave that hope; suggest, expose, reprove; but condemn not with utter condemnation. And bear in mind that panegyric and condemnation are not synonymous with criticism.

You often talk very freely about 'chiaro-scuro,' 'color,' etc.; as though pictures were diagrams, executed merely to exemplify this or that principle or mode of arrangement. Chiaro-scuro, color, etc., are the *means* and not the *end*, which is expression; and as nature produces emotion by various modes of arrangement, pictorial means must follow her. The chiaro-scuro and color of the tempest differ from those of the calm. The violent lights and shadows of Salvator, and the gentle gradations of Claude, are equally true, though expressive of different aspects and moods of nature. Do not fall in love with what are called striking effects, to the disparagement of the calm and the gentle. Love them all; they are all beautiful, when they are appropriate, and expressive of the scene or subject. Do not confound *fine coloring* with *fine colors*. The first is difficult to accomplish; the latter may be had at the color-shop by any body.

I am afraid that old pictures, such as sell in New-York for 'old masters,' have an evil influence over some of you. These same 'old pictures' are in general the refuse of ages, which have been found in holes and corners of Rome and Florence, where they have been lying in merited obscurity. Bad painters have existed in all ages, and these pictures are the products of such, in past times. Adore them for their antiquity, if you please; get into raptures with the dust that obscures their deformity, and call it 'tone;' but I beg of you not to criticize modern pictures with the same eyes with which you view these things; and keep ever in mind that the works of the old masters were fresh and clean when first painted; some of them are

even said to have been *raw*; and above all, that the works of nature are not besmeared with molasses and asphaltum.

I might enlarge on these subjects, and enter more particularly into the principles of criticism; but I am unwilling to put your patience to too severe a test. A few more thoughts, and I will conclude. And here let me say, the art of painting is not merely a thing for amusement: it may amuse, as your criticisms may; but it has higher aims, as your critiques may also have. It is, in its higher departments, the imitation of the creative power. It forms, on the principles of eternal nature, a world of its own. Its influence on man, morally and intellectually, has been and is far more extensive than many of you have ever dreamed of. In ages past, it has made moral and religious impressions on the mind and character of nations, that are not yet effaced. It is an engine capable of great good, or great evil. It speaks a language intelligible to all nations, and to all ages. In the Historical productions of the art, the mind is impressed with all the power of reality; in the Imaginative, it is transported above the common sphere of humanity; in the Familiar, it illustrates a moral, or inculcates the affections; in Still-life it may amuse the eye, and hold, for many seasons, the beauty which in nature perishes in an hour. It is capable of imparting knowledge, and awakening the soul to the refining influences of beauty and sublimity.

Such being the exalted character of the Art of Painting, we ought to approach it with reverence, and criticize it with that knowledge which is the result of patient study, and with a conscientious desire for the advancement of true taste. I remain, yours truly,

PICTOR.  
*Thomas Cole*

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THE STILLY LAND.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

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To the stilly land  
Who leads us to it over?  
The clouds of evening darkly o'er us hover,  
And ever sounds more mournfully the strand.  
Who leadeth us with gentle hand  
Over, ah! over  
To the stilly land?

To the stilly land!  
To you, ye places free  
For all ennoblement! Soft reverie  
Of beauteous souls! — the future Being's strand!  
Whoe'er life's fight can boldly stand,  
The bud of hope bears he  
To the stilly land.

Ah land! ah land!  
When comes the tempest's gloom,  
The mildest of the heralds of our doom  
Beckons us to him with inverted brand,  
And leadeth us with gentle hand  
To the mighty Dead ones' home,  
To the stilly land.



## THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

## CHAPTER XII.

WILL BRING THE FIRST BOOK OF THIS HISTORY AND THE EXPEDITION TO WILLOW-MEAD TO A CLOSE.

It is impossible for those who have never experienced it, to have a just conception of the love of a father for his child. The love that seeks only the good of its object, must be felt to be understood. This is the love of a parent; all other love is selfish. Although Mr. Tremlett was not, as the reader knows, the natural father of our hero, yet so strong was his attachment to the lad, that perhaps he felt the loss of his society more acutely than if he had been; for he was not willing to forego the pleasure of his society, for the sake of the boy's eventual good. When, therefore, he returned to his house alone, after having parted with him, he reproached himself with having acted too hastily in sending the youngster away to a distant school. He missed him at his supper; and in the morning when he came down to his breakfast, he experienced a sensation of loneliness, that he had never known before, when he glanced at the vacant seat at table which the boy had occupied so long. Mrs. Swazey guessed at the thoughts that were running in the old gentleman's mind; and she ventured to wonder how far master John had got on his journey, and whether there was any danger of his not getting a good breakfast; little dreaming, good woman, the real danger he was in, just at that moment, of not getting any. But Mr. Tremlett did not care that his house-keeper should know how much he really missed his adopted son, and he replied, coldly, that the boy would do very well where he was.

The day passed wearily, and at night the old gentleman found himself in the boy's little chamber, gazing at the vacant bed, without scarcely knowing how he got there. 'I am afraid I am getting old and childish,' he said to himself, as a tear trickled down his cheek: 'after living all my life for myself alone, I now find I am unhappy, because I am separated from a child who has no possible claims upon my sympathy. I must get the better of this weakness. I will dismiss the boy from my thoughts, and attend to my business as usual. If he were a nephew, or even the son of an old friend, there would be some reason in it, but a nameless young rogue as he is — it is folly. I am glad that I have sent him to the country. I shall soon forget him, and that I may hear as little about him as possible, I shall pay a year's schooling in advance.'

'Having made these brave resolutions, Mr. Tremlett wiped his eyes, coughed two or three times, to clear his throat of a choking sensation; and to harden his heart against all tender emotions, walked off to a ward-meeting, where his presence created a great sensation, it being the first time he had been seen in such a place for a good many years. He was forthwith voted by acclamation to preside over the meeting; and having taken his seat in a crazy arm-chair, placed on a platform of loose boards, he was greeted by such a stamping of

feet, and clapping of hands, that the house trembled to its foundations.

'Imagine, fellow-citizens, if you can,' exclaimed a young gentleman, as soon as the hubbub ceased, 'the holiness of that cause which can draw that venerable form from the green bowers of a peaceful home; to honor its friends by his presence!'

This delicate allusion to Mr. Tremlett produced three more rounds of applause, which raised such a dust that he was for a time like some unhappy authors who have been completely smothered by the adulations of their critics. But it reminded the old gentleman that he had rather indiscreetly undertaken to preside over a meeting, without having first informed himself of the object for which it was called. He was not allowed to remain long in ignorance, however; and when the meeting broke up, he retired covered with dust, if not with glory.

In the morning he received Jeremiah's letter, giving an account of the disasters that had overtaken him, and asking for a remittance of money to enable him to get on to Willow-mead with his charge. On the receipt of this intelligence, he immediately forgot all his resolutions of the night before, and pretending to be afraid to trust our hero in such hands as Jeremiah's, he set off for the place at which the letter was dated, for the avowed purpose of conducting the lad safely to Willow-mead, but with the secret intention of bringing him back with him. When he arrived at the tavern, he learned that Jeremiah and John had left some hours before, on foot; and being fearful that some accident might happen to them, he hired a carriage of the tavern-keeper, and in spite of the entreaties of the feeling landlady, who predicted that a storm would overtake him, he proceeded after the travellers, hoping to come up with them before night overtook them. But the roads were bad, the driver was sleepy, and one of the horses was lame; so they did not travel very rapidly. But when it began to rain, the driver felt a sudden anxiety to get to the end of his journey; and he began to lay the whip on to his cattle with such a hearty good will, that they galloped over the road at a greater speed than was pleasant to all parties, until they were crossing the ricketty old bridge, when they were suddenly precipitated into the river, as has already been related in the last chapter, as well as the manner in which they were saved from drowning.

When Mr. Tremlett was so far restored as to be considered out of danger, Jeremiah turned to friend Hogshart, and thanked him with great earnestness for having turned John and himself out of doors, as but for his apparent unkindness, they could not have been instrumental in saving the life of their kind benefactor.

'So thee sees, friends,' replied the Quaker, 'it is always safest to adhere strictly to the discipline of society.'

'May God forgive us!' said Jeremiah, 'but I am afraid I entertained some hard feelings toward you, my good friend, although I prayed very devoutly that I might not.'

'I doubt not thee did,' said friend Hogshart; 'but I thought I experienced some unusual promptings within, which would not allow me to break through the rules of society: it was doubtless the workings of the spirit, since thee sees it was to accomplish a good end.'

'I should like to feel the operation of some spirits too, and no mistake!' said the driver, who stood drying himself by the fire; 'for I am as wet as old Nabby Dribblets, after she had been hauled through a horse-pond, to cure her of being a witch; and as for inward promptings, I tell you how it is, neighbor, I have 'em no ways slow, and grumblings too, although I must confess they are not very unusual; and I swear to gracious if I do n't have something to eat soon, I shall be forced to break through the discipline of society, and the cupboard-door too!'

'Thy thoughts should be fixed on something higher, my friend, after having just escaped from such a perilous situation. I feel, friends, that this will be a very proper occasion for an exercise of prayer: according to the Good Book, we should be constant in prayer, and we are commanded to give thanks in all things.' So friend Hogshart dropped upon his knees, without farther ceremony, and prayed with great fervor, which so sensibly affected Jeremiah, that he shed tears; he felt that he could never forgive himself for having thought ill of so good a man.

When friend Hogshart had ended his prayer, he rose up from his knees, and gave orders for supper to be got ready for the travellers.

'I tell you how it is, neighbor Longskirts,' said the driver, whose tongue seemed to run very glibly, now that his clothes were dry, 'I never could pray on an empty stomach, and I swear to goodness I do n't believe you could, either! I'll bet you a horn of Monongahela whiskey, old fellow, that you have had your supper. *Heu quam difficiles*, and so forth: I can talk Latin to you by the wholesale, and I will beat you at praying, after I have laid in a good supply of that fried ham and apple-sauce, or I'll acknowledge that I am no christian. *Ne auctor crepidam*; let the parson go pray, and you peg away.'

'Friend,' said the Quaker, 'I have saved thy life, and would have given thee food and shelter for the night; but thy profane language has proved thee unworthy to remain beneath this roof: thee must go, and the next time thee is taken into a Friend's, perhaps thee will know how to behave thyself. Walk out!'

'Not I!' said the driver, as he braced himself against the jamb of the fire-place; 'I could n't prevail upon myself to do so, no how. I must have some supper first, and something hot to drink, and after that I shall feel too sleepy to comply with your polite request. I hope you have got plenty of *dos amigos*, because I must have a smoke after supper; and here's this pretty young lady that I must become acquainted with, too;' and without more ceremony, he put his arm round the neck of the Quaker's daughter, and gave her a kiss. The young lady did not faint, but on the contrary she gave the driver a thwack on his ear with the palm of her hand, that must have made him hear strange sounds.

'Well, friend, if thee do n't see fit to go of thine own will, I shall put thee out,' said the Quaker.

The driver would now have been very glad to beg pardon for his rude behavior, for he saw that friend Hogshart was not a person to be trifled with; but his repentance came too late: the farmer called his two eldest sons to his aid, and in spite of the driver's kicks and struggles, they picked him up and deposited him outside the door,

where they left him in the pelting rain, to make such disposition of himself as he pleased. He rapped on the window, and begged piteously to be admitted again; and even Mr. Tremlett and Jeremiah interceded in his behalf; but the Quaker was not to be moved.

'I know him very well,' said friend Hogshart; he is the son of Judge Hupstart, a man who has taken so much interest in public affairs, that he has entirely neglected his own: this fellow is his eldest son, whom he sent to college, but upon his coming home, his behaviour was so unnatural, that his father turned him out of doors, and now he picks up a living by doing little jobs at the tavern, just beyond here.'

By this time supper was placed upon the table, and Mr. Tremlett being quite recovered, he sat down with Jeremiah and John, and all three did ample justice to the good things placed before them. It would have been a difficult matter for either of them to have decided which of the trio was happiest. The old merchant experienced an inward satisfaction in the reflection that he could now express openly the tender regard that he felt for his adopted son, without suspicion of weakness; for the fact that the boy had been instrumental in saving his life, was sufficient cause for the most unbounded love. Our hero felt happy in being once more in the company of his father, and in receiving such unequivocal evidences of the old man's regard as he every moment manifested; and it was enough for Jeremiah to see others happy, to feel so himself; although it must be confessed there was a dash of pain in his enjoyments, caused by the recollection of his own want of prudence, which had been the cause of placing them all in so much peril. Our hero, too, felt very happy when his father told him that instead of sending him on to Willow-mead, it was his intention to take him back to town, and place him again under the charge of his old tutor, Mr. Hedges. It was also a source of great gratification to Jeremiah, for he had become so strongly attached to his young companion, that he looked forward to their separation with real pain.

The next morning, the weather being clear and pleasant, Mr. Tremlett hired a carriage of friend Hogshart, and our three travellers set out on their return to the city, with light hearts and lighter pockets, and unencumbered with any superfluous luggage; Mr. Tremlett's trunk having been carried over the mill-dam, together with the carriage, the night before.

However unaccountable a man's actions may sometimes appear, they can generally be traced to a moving cause: murder, suicides, and robberies never are accidents; but when he falls in love, in nine cases out of ten it would puzzle the most profound philosopher in Germany to discover the how and why. What opportunities Jeremiah Jernegan might have had for forming an acquaintance with Huldah Hogshart, the farmer's daughter, who was so active in preparing the supper for the benighted travellers, has never transpired; but it was very evident to the most unconcerned of the lookers-on, when those young persons bade each other farewell, that a very tender regard for each other had already sprung up between them; a regard which appeared the more evident, from the pains which they both took to conceal it.

Having thus, gentle reader, brought before you the principal personages of this history, we shall, with this chapter, conclude the first book; and in the next, the real narrative of the story will be begun. We felt ourself called upon to be thus minute in introducing the prominent characters of this history, that their after acts might be more easily accounted for; for nothing is more annoying, in reading a history, than to find actions attributed to certain people, which appear very foreign to their real characters. This we believe is owing to the neglect of the historian in not giving, at the outset, such an account of his personages, that the idiosyncrasy of their minds may be understood by the reader. For I cannot believe that an author would be guilty of the injustice of attributing to one of his characters an action which he had never committed.

In saying that we have introduced in this book the principal personages of this history, we do not wish the reader to infer that there will be no others brought forward; as it will be necessary to the development of the story, that several more shall be introduced to his acquaintance, in the succeeding chapters. For as the eye, in following a noble river through a wide spread landscape, must of necessity take in many meaner objects, so in writing the history of an individual, it is impossible for the historian to exclude from his pages all those meaner persons with whom his hero is compelled to associate.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.

### BOOK SECOND.

#### CHAPTER I.

WILL CONTAIN SOME SOLEMN REFLECTIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF DEATH.

Not a great many years ago, there might have been seen among the innumerable little tin signs in Wall-street, one which bore the names of BROTHERS TUCK, hanging against the basement office of a very high granite building. This was the place of business of the two young gentlemen of that name, who were introduced to the reader's notice in the first book of this history. They were then boys; they were at the time of which we now write, men. Although they were, when boys, called simply Tom and Sam, yet they were now known as T. Jefferson Tuck, and S. Augustus Tuck; but as we have a fondness for old-fashioned names, we shall continue to call them by those by which we first knew them. In the neighborhood of Wall-street, and at the board of brokers, they were known by at least a dozen different appellations. Some called them simply *the Tucks*, others Guss. and Jeff.; others the *two Tucks*; while some merely called them *the Brothers*; and some coarse people, for there are coarse people even in Wall-street, called them '*the Tuckses*.' They were in good credit, for it was generally known that their uncle was very rich and old, and they never troubled themselves to contradict the rumor that he was going to leave them a large part of his property. Tom Tuck was the managing partner. He had the repu-

tation of being a very skilful financier ; and when any body called upon Sam, in relation to business, he always referred them to his brother. What the particular nature of their business was, no one ever rightly understood : it was only known that they made 'operations,' and had 'transactions,' and hence they were supposed to be 'shrewd calculators,' 'devilish close fellows,' who contrived to keep their affairs to themselves. They lived with their mother at the genteel extremity of the city, and drove down to their office every morning in a drab-colored phaeton, of a very singular shape. They dealt some in stocks, talked knowingly about 'the currency' and 'exchanges,' and dined at a French restaurant. They frequented political meetings, and subscribed to benevolent societies without number ; they signed all the petitions that were brought to them, let the object be what it might ; and they were of course universally respected.

'Have you seen that infernal Jew, Jacobs ?' said Tom Tuck to his brother, as he entered their office one morning.

'Not yet,' replied Sam : 'I am just in the middle of a capital story ; do n't disturb me.'

'Do n't be a fool any longer !' said the elder brother ; 'throw aside those cursed novels, and attend to your business. You must see Jacobs this morning.'

'Yes, presently ; I want to finish this chapter first, or I shall lose the thread of the story,' replied Sam.

'You will lose your neck one of these days, by your nonsense,' returned his brother : 'd—n that coxcomb BULWER ! I wish I could catch him ! I would cram his blasted nonsense down his throat !'

'Hush ! hush !' said Sam ; 'do n't get excited : here comes William.'

'Did you see Mr. Tremlett ?' said Tom, addressing a boy who now entered the office.

'Yes, Sir,' said the lad, 'and he sent you this note.'

'Let me see,' said Tom, as he opened the note, 'what the green-horn says :'

'DEAR T. : I am sorry that I cannot send you the money. My father is out of town, and your uncle is too unwell to leave his chamber. You know I cannot draw a check.

'Please say to Julia that I shall not be able to see her this evening.

'Truly yours,  
JOHN TREMLETT.'

'That 's first rate !' exclaimed Sam, throwing down a yellow-covered book that he was reading ; 'I 'll go right off and find Jac ——'

He was cut short by a glance from his brother's eye, who turned to the boy, and told him, mildly, to go to Scull and Skamp's, and ask them if they had a couple of thousand over. 'Now,' he said, turning to his brother, as soon as the boy had left, 'start, and do n't come back until you have found him ; but do n't bring him here ; tell him I 'll meet him at the old place.'

Notwithstanding the great anxiety of the elder Tuck to get his brother off, the junior stopped to brush up his whiskers, and adjust his Madras cravat, before he went, which caused the other to swear very profanely ; and even after he had once left the office, he returned

again after his cane, and remarked to his brother that '*that* story was one of thrilling interest.'

So wide an interval having occurred since the close of the last chapter, it may be proper to state, that the firm of Tremlett and Tuck was still continued, although in consequence of the advanced age of both the partners, the business had greatly fallen off; but their wealth was supposed to be greater than ever. John Tremlett had reached his twentieth year, and his manhood had more than fulfilled the promise of his youth. The fondness of his father for him had increased as the one grew in manliness and strength, and the other gradually gave way to the encroachments of Time. They had never been parted for a longer time than a day, since they returned from their journey toward Willow-mead, and the presence of his adopted son had become almost necessary for the existence of the kind old merchant. The young man had never abused the confidence which his father placed in him, and he had never given him occasion for reproof since the unfortunate affair of the pocket-book. The old gentleman made it no secret that he meant to bequeath every dollar of his property to our hero; and he had been often heard to declare, that he could not die happy, if his darling boy were not present to close his eyes, when death should summon him away. Mr. Tuck was still called the junior partner, but the infirmities of age pressed more heavily upon him than they did upon Mr. Tremlett: he was often confined to his room by illness; and his friends all agreed that he was not long for this world; a conclusion that required no great wisdom to arrive at, seeing that he was turned of seventy. But he would not listen to a word about dying himself; and whoever spoke to him on the subject once, ran no risk of doing so a second time, for he would not allow such people to enter his room. His enmity to his two nephews and their mother was as strong as ever; but Julia Tuck was constant in her visits to him, and although he was cross and querulous, grumbling to every body else, he always received her attentions with apparent pleasure. Of course the old gentleman's last will and testament was a subject of great speculation among his relations, for no one knew how he intended to dispose of his great wealth. It was generally believed, however, by those who were interested, that he would bequeath a large portion of his property to his niece; but some asserted, with great confidence, that he was going to found a hospital, or build a church, while others asserted as confidently that he had appropriated the bulk of his wealth for the purchase of a magnificent public library. Nobody ever took any pains to circulate any rumors about Mr. Tremlett's will, for it was the settled belief of all who knew him, that his adopted son would be his principal legatee; but the uncertainty of Mr. Tuck's intentions kept the minds of his friends in a state of great anxiety. The minds of his two nephews, however, were perfectly serene on this subject; for they were well satisfied that their uncle would not bequeath his money to them, let him remember whomsoever he might in his will; and therefore it might be wrong, at this stage of our narrative, to impute any sinister feelings to the brothers, because they manifested great anxiety when they heard he was confined to his room by illness.

The old gentleman sat in his rocking-chair, wondering that his niece had not been to see him, when a tap was heard at his chamber door, and the tapper being bidden to walk in, the apparition of his nephew, T. Jefferson Tuck, suddenly presented itself to his astonished eyes. The appearance, for Mr. Tuck thought, for a moment, it was an unreal personage before him, was accompanied by a middle-aged gentleman, in a black bombazine suit, and a pair of gold-mounted spectacles. As soon as Mr. Tuck recovered the use of his tongue, the functions of which were suspended for a while by astonishment, he ordered the intruders to quit his sight, without ceremony. But his nephew meekly replied, 'that he would, if his uncle would allow him to say one word first.'

'Say on, and then *go*!' replied his uncle.

'It is a long time since I have had this pleasure, uncle,' said Tom, 'and I am grieved at heart that our first meeting after so long an estrangement should be in a sick room.'

'If you are going to talk about sick rooms, stop where you are,' said Mr. Tuck.

'Well, then, it shall not be about sickness, but about health and happiness,' said his nephew, assuming a more cheerful tone. 'I heard that you were not well, and not knowing who your medical attendant was, I consulted with my brother, and we determined to recommend to you a very skilful physician, with whom we are well acquainted, and who has lately performed some very remarkable cures. This is the gentleman; allow me to introduce Doctor Healman to you. Doctor, this is my uncle; he will no doubt be always happy to see you, because I am very certain that after this visit he will rarely have occasion for your services.' The gentleman in the black suit made a low bow, and Mr. Tuck told him to sit down.

'And now, uncle,' said his nephew, 'I will leave you; and to show you how much more I respect your will than my own wishes, this shall be the last time that I shall ever intrude myself into your presence.' So saying, this dutiful nephew retired, with his face buried in his white cambric pocket-handkerchief.

'I do n't know what to make of that fellow,' said Mr. Tuck, as his nephew closed the door.

'Make of him?' said the doctor; 'he do n't require any thing to be made out of him at all; he is one of the most remarkable pious young men of the age. He is up to all sorts of goodness.'

'But his brother Sam,' said Mr. Tuck, 'is a downright rogue; he is continually studying nonsense in those rascally books. When I see him walking along with one of those blue-covered magazines of mischief under his arm, I can hardly keep from beating him with my cane. But his sister Julia is a nice young lady; she is the only woman that I ever really liked.'

'I have heard she was quite an angel,' said the doctor; but I never had the gratification of her acquaintance.'

'Did you ever have a case of the beating of the heart, in the course of your practice, doctor?' asked Mr. Tuck.

'I have made some remarkable cures in that line,' replied the doctor; 'are you affected after that sort?'

'Sometimes I feel such a throbbing here,' said the old man, put-



ting his hand to his heart, and then I have such a choking in my throat, that I should be willing to pay a good round price to get well of it. I do n't mind expense, doctor. I suppose it is not dangerous, but it is very annoying, because it keeps me from my business.'

'Let me see your tongue, Sir,' said the doctor. 'Oh, ah! it's nothing but a derangement of the secreting vessels. I can cure it in no time.'

'Do you really think that is the cause of it?' asked Mr. Tuck.

'Of course it is,' replied the doctor; 'I should rather guess I have n't dissected a dead body every day for twenty years, to be mistaken about a disorder like yours!'

'Do n't talk about dead bodies, doctor!' said Mr. Tuck; 'it makes me feel unpleasant, and I won't have it.'

'Do n't be alarmed about that,' replied Doctor Healman, 'the corpses that I cuts up, are all poor people, which could n't afford to pay for a doctor to save their lives; paupers, and such like, that aint of no consequence; of course we never cuts up gentlemen.'

'Ah, it's a great thing to be able to pay for first-rate physicians,' said Mr. Tuck; 'I suppose, doctor, you have studied a good deal in your time?'

'A great deal,' said the doctor; 'all the ancient authors, like Socrates, and all them.'

'And how long did you ever know a man to live?' asked Mr. Tuck.

'Some one hundred, and some one hundred and fifty,' replied the doctor; 'it differs according to families; some families all die young, and some live to enormous ages.'

'Well, if I could have my way,' said Mr. Tuck, 'I should like either to die when I was very young, or live to about a hundred; I think that is a very good age; and a man ought to be all ready to go then. But I ca'n't see, doctor, why a man cannot live as long now as in the days of Methusaleh.'

'So he might,' replied the doctor, 'with proper treatment. If he was willing to live on roots, and other natural wegetables.'

'And pray what are they?' inquired Mr. Tuck; 'I would be willing to live on any thing, for the sake of living to a good old age.'

'Why, esculent roots, such as cat-nip and sassaparilla, and other purifying medicines. But my time is too valuable to stay much longer; I can't neglect my other patients.'

'Do you charge by the hour, doctor, or only so much per visit?'

'Only two dollars a call,' replied the doctor; 'long or short, it's all the same.'

'Of course you don't charge as much for a simple case, like mine, as you do for a dangerous one?' said Mr. Tuck.

'It's all one,' replied the doctor; 'I suppose it would make no odds to you whether you died of a simple case, or the most inveterate complication of disorders. It costs me just as much for a diploma to cure the measles, as the very worst kind of cholera.'

'Ah, that's very true, doctor,' replied Mr. Tuck; 'if there were any real danger of dying, of course I should n't object to the price.'

'Well, Sir,' said the doctor, 'I will go upon the principle of no cure no pay, like the quacks and patent doctor, 'but it would be a

shocking 'bad principle for the regular faculty to adopt, I must confess; for some patients are dreadfully perverse, and they will die under the most skilful treatment. Here's a bottle of my Elixir of Juvenility; Doctor Healman's celebrated cure for disorders of the heart; it will cure you at wonst, if you only take enough of it.'

'Never fear but I will take enough of it,' said Mr. Tuck, as he reached out his hand for the bottle.

'But stop;,' said the doctor, putting the elixir in his pocket again; 'before I will consent to prescribe for you, I must have a solemn promise that you wont call in no other physician, or I am o. p. n. I do n't want any body's botching laid to *my* door.'

'What do you mean by botching?' inquired Mr. Tuck.

'I mean of course if any body should happen to kill you by a wrong prescription, it might injure my practice. It's dangerous, too; you know too many cooks spoil the broth.'

'That's very true,' said Mr. Tuck; 'I will pledge you my word and honor that I will not call any other physician, without your leave.'

'Then, Sir,' said the doctor, 'I will prescribe for you, with great pleasure. Here's a bottle of the 'lixir; take it and stand it in a dark closet; do n't let no light come to it, and do n't let nobody see it, until eleven o'clock to-night; then take it, shake the vial three times, and swallow as much of it down as ever you can; the more the better; it is so harmless it would n't hurt an infant, and it is so full of virtue, it would resuscitate a giant out of a collapse of the cholera.'

'And do you really think I shall be well enough to attend to my business to-morrow, doctor?' inquired Mr. Tuck.

'Of course you will; but if you aint, I wont make no charge to you. And so the doctor made a low bow, and left the old man to his meditations.

'That Tom is a good boy, after all,' said Mr. Tuck, to himself; 'if I had n't made my will, I do n't know but I would leave him something. But it's time enough to talk about my will, when I am going to die. The doctor is rather a strange man for a physician, but Tom is no fool, let him be what else he may; and I am very certain he would n't employ any but the very best physicians —'

As the old man sat mumbling to himself, and rocking to and fro in his chair, another rap was heard at the door.

'Come in!' said Mr. Tuck. 'Ah, Jeremiah, is that you? Come in, come in; sit down, Jeremiah, sit down; I am glad to see you; I want to ask you a question. I thought it was Julia, at first. What did you come for, Jeremiah?'

'I called to see if you were well enough to sign this check,' said Jeremiah; 'Mr. Tremlett has not come in to town to-day.'

'What do you mean,' said Mr. Tuck, 'by asking me if I am well enough, Jeremiah? Do n't you see I am not sick? You grow stupid every day.'

'I am very glad to hear you are not sick,' replied Jeremiah, 'but you really do not look well; perhaps it is owing to these dark curtains. I am glad you are well.'

'Sit down, Jeremiah, sit down, and let me talk with you. Did you

ever hear, Jeremiah, of any body's living so long that they did n't care about living any longer? Who was it, Jeremiah, in the Bible, who went up to heaven without dying at all? Was it your namesake, or was it Isaiah? I forget which.'

'Neither; replied Jeremiah; 'it was Elijah the Tishbite; he was taken up into heaven in a chariot of fire.'

'He was a lucky fellow; I should like that way myself,' said Mr. Tuck.

'If you would die like the Tishbite, you must live like him;' replied Jeremiah: 'but why should you wish to ascend up into the clouds, like the prophet, when the privilege is vouchsafed to you of lying down in the grave with our Saviour? Think, could your soul endure the terrors of the whirlwind and fire, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof? Would you not rather part from this life in the way appointed for all flesh?'

'Ah, Jeremiah,' said Mr. Tuck, 'you have read the Bible until you have got used to it; but I cannot think of dying, without a shudder. It's a dreadful unpleasant subject.'

'If we thought aright on the subject, it would never appear unpleasant,' said Jeremiah; 'God never lays a burden upon us that we are unable to bear; and if we can bear up under the load of life, we ought not to be dismayed at the prospect of death. If the infant were capable of thought and reflection, upon entering into this changing life, there would be greater cause for apprehension and dread, than in going to the other, which is eternal. Who that knew of the afflictions that are man's lot in this life, but would shudder at the thought of encountering them? And yet we make merry when a child is born into the world, but we follow him with tears when he is taken from it. Poverty to the rich looks like a burden too heavy to be born; sickness to the healthful seems a calamity that will overwhelm with pain; and the unsanctified in spirit are terrified at the thoughts of death; but the poor are content, the sick are comforted, and the faithful are happy, even when dying.'

'Do n't say any thing farther about dying,' said Mr. Tuck; 'but, Jeremiah, tell me about business. If there should be any inquiries after me, say that I shall be on 'change to-morrow. Do n't tell anybody that I have been sick; I do n't like to be questioned about my health. If any body ever tells me that I do n't look well, again, I will cut his acquaintance. Now reach me my port-folio, and let me sign the check. This beating of my heart is like a funeral march; it makes my hand tremble so, that I can scarcely write. There, there—go; do n't say any thing more. You make me nervous.'

Jeremiah folded up the check, and left the room slowly: he would gladly have remained to talk to the old man about the great concern of his soul, but he was afraid of irritating him, and of defeating his object by too much zeal. Once he turned back, determined to speak to him again; but he was afraid that his employer would think him presumptuous. He hesitated for a moment, and then returned to the counting-house; but his indecision on this occasion was ever after a source of grief to him.

No sooner was the old gentleman left alone, than he wished that somebody was near him. His niece had never before neglected him

for so long a time, and he listened eagerly for the sound of her step on the stairs. He wondered why Julia should desert him; there was no one else that he could expect to visit him; and he was fearful of sending for any body, lest they should tell him he was sick, or talk to him about dying. He tried to think of his business, but thoughts of death would intrude themselves into his mind, in spite of all he could do. A portrait of his mother hung up in his room, and every time he glanced at it, it reminded him that she was lying in her grave, and that he too must soon be laid by her side. He walked to his book-case, and took up a volume, hoping to amuse himself with its contents. He turned to the title-page; it was the 'Holy Living and Dying,' and the book dropped like lead from his hands; but another lay near it. It was Julia's Album, that she had left there the day before. He opened it, and seeing young Tremlett's writing, curiosity led him to read what he had written: it was a little poem:

'Oft have I joined in mirth and glee,  
When many a weary heart was sighing,  
And laughed because I could not see  
That all around the dead were lying;  
And others now in frolic glee,  
Their festal hours with mirth are keeping,  
Who soon, by sorrow touched, like me,  
Beside some loved one may be weeping.  
O! earth, and air, and sea are full  
Of messengers of death; the dying  
Are calling, while our senses dull  
With thoughtless laughter are replying.'

He read thus far, and closed the book. He knew that the Bible was full of passages to remind him of death, and he would not open it, although it almost seemed to invite him to do so. He turned from his book-case, and walked to the window, to beguile his thoughts by watching the passers-by; but he had not stood there a minute, before two men came along, bearing an empty coffin on their shoulders. He turned his head quickly away, but not until he had seen that it was about his own measure. To add to his gloomy feelings, it was a dark, dull day, and the wind moaned sadly through the blinds of his windows. He sank down in his chair, with his heart beating violently, and tried to compose himself, but in vain. He could not drive away the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him. When his house-keeper came into his chamber, he detained her as long as he could in conversation, but she appeared in a hurry to leave him.

At last it was dark, and he ordered his shutters to be closed, and a bright light to be placed in his chamber. The servant brought in the evening paper. He took it up, and the first item of news that met his eye, was the death of an old acquaintance, from a disease of the *heart*. He threw down the paper, and involuntarily put his hand to his left side. He was alarmed, when he felt how his heart throbbed. It seemed to him every moment that it would burst. By and by he fell into a slumber; but he was soon aroused from it by the pelting of the rain against his windows. It sounded to him like the earth rattling on a coffin, as the first shovel-full is thrown in to close up a grave. The cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and the blood rushed furiously into his heart. He tried to reason himself out of his fears. What could they mean? Why had not the same sights and sounds

affected him so before ? He had seen them and heard them a thousand times. He was in the daily habit of passing an undertaker's shop, where coffins stood around like boxes of merchandise ; but they had never awakened a gloomy thought in his mind. His mother's picture had been hanging many years in his chamber, and although he had dropped many a tear when gazing upon her mild countenance, yet it had never before suggested a thought of death ; and why should it now ? Without scarcely being aware of what he was doing, he opened his desk and took out his will. He remembered all the revengeful thoughts that were passing in his mind when he wrote it, and how he anticipated the disappointment of some of his relations, when they should come to know its terms ; and particularly how he chuckled over the imagined chagrin of his brother's wife, and her two sons, when they should find themselves remembered by the bequest of one dollar each ; and he wondered that he should have been moved by such feelings, while engaged in so solemn a duty. But he soon threw his will down, and tried to get rid of the weary load that oppressed him, by pacing his chamber floor. The evening wore away, and at last it was eleven, the hour when he was to take the elixir. He had been counting the minutes for more than an hour. He took the vial from the dark corner in which he had placed it, and remembering the injunction of the doctor, placed it to his mouth, with trembling hands, and swallowed its entire contents.

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T O A S K Y L A R K .

I.

Fair bird ! I saw thee leave the dewy grass,  
And plume thy pinions for thine upward flight ;  
And gaze upon thee now, as thou dost pass  
Away from earth, through boundless realms of light.

II.

The moon and stars have faded from the sky,  
That now receives the herald steps of dawn ;  
The violet scarce has oped its purple eye,  
The daisy still is drooping on the lawn :

III.

But thou art far away : the first fair bird  
That to the sun its matin music sings :  
Ere yet the world has from its slumber stirred,  
The breath of morn has dried thy dewy wings.

IV.

I cannot hear thee now, but angel ears  
May catch the echo of thy warbled hymn,  
And deem thee, as thou near'st their holy spheres,  
A wanderer from the choir of seraphim.

V.

And now thou'rt lost to view ; oh ! would that we  
Poor mortals pressed to earth with weary care,  
Could cast our burthens off, and mount like thee  
To the clear regions of the upper air.

## ARTHUR'S SUPERSTITION.

## PART TWO.

'For a long time after my prostration by the highwayman, as recorded in the conclusion of my last chapter, I remained unable to move from the uncomfortable position into which I had fallen. At length I raised myself up, and crawling up the bank, sat down. My face was covered with blood, and I could see but a faint glimmer of light. Never was there a fall from romance to wretchedness so sudden and so awful. After a while I began to discern the light on the water. I crept down to it; washed the blood from my face and temples, bound up my shattered head with my handkerchief, and having recovered my sight, I felt thankful — indeed almost joyful. I saw my horse, at a little distance, coming slowly toward me. I managed to reach him; and by help of the bank, raised myself into the saddle. All the ribs in my sides seemed to be broken, and at every step of the horse, I shook with pain; but I feared the enraged ruffian might revisit me, and by great exertion I sustained myself while my horse went on at a slow walk.

'At the distance of half a mile, I came to a log house; and turning up, knocked with all my strength at the door. Presently it was partially opened by a large tangle-haired man, who looked out rather fiercely at me. I told him what had befallen me, and begged his hospitality. At once the door swung broadly open, like the portal of the good man's heart, and displayed, beneath a short shirt, not a little of his bare shins. He helped me down, showed me into his best room, and led me, regardless of blood, to his best bed. His kind wife soon came; a pale, bent, blue-eyed woman: she dressed my wounds, and did all in her power to render me comfortable; while the whole household, old and young, from the tall kitchen-maid in white cap and night-gown, to the little bare-legged urchins of six, with long face and hair erect, gathered around. I never saw a more kind or sympathetic family circle.

'For a week I kept my bed, in great pain. To turn or change my position, was excruciating; and my head-aches drove sleep from my eyes, and slumber from my eye-lids. Much of the time was lost: my mind wandered in a chaos of strange ideas; utterly unconscious of every reality, save that of pain. As the week waned, I grew better; and on Saturday afternoon I began to consider the circumstances of my situation. It was a bright-day; the sunshine streamed in through the window, and in long smoky rolls, alive with golden motes, through the chinks between the logs. I looked around on the bare log-walls and ceiling, my lowly bed, and my own prostrate condition. The songs of the mountain-birds, and the light voices of children, reminded me of the bright world without, and how happy I had been but a few days before. I thought over the pleasant days of my journey; with what delight I had loitered along, careless as the very birds around me; free from pain; feeling pleasure in the warm-rolling blood; carrying joy in the health and freshness of my

own heart, and drawing happiness from sweet anticipations, now alas ! demolished forever.

'More than all other sufferings, there was one consideration that afflicted me. It was connected with the loss of my money. With that in hand, I had contemplated a little project that lay near my heart. It had long cheered me ; it had been to me as a sweet morsel ; it was a pleasure that lay beyond the meeting of friends. After the gladdening sight of old, brightened faces ; the anticipated gatherings around the fireside ; the pleasant talks over old times, and the stories of life's new scenes, were all enjoyed, there remained that little project, a secret bliss to my soul. It was nothing more than this : my father had parted with the old farm ; the little burying-ground had become the property of strangers, and remained in its neglected condition. My plan was, to buy back that little meadow ; to put a fence around the graves ; to lay a tablet on the grave of the pilgrim ; and to erect a simple monument to my mother, for which, after a hundred designs, I had fixed upon the model.

'And this little project was whisked to the winds ! I felt deeply the disappointment. For that little purpose I had lived ; I had considered it accomplished ; and now that it was all over, I closed my eyes to all the other hopes and gratifications of life. Full of the gloomy, desponding feelings which usually intervene between a last campaign, and the rallying of the energies to begin a new, I suffered my mind to wander back to the peaceful scenes of my childhood : tender remembrances stole upon me ; and I was buried in a train of melancholy reflections until late at night, when sleep relieved me.

'I awoke about eleven o'clock. A young woman was sitting by my bed-side, reading. The light stood on a small octagonal stand, and a large volume was placed before it, to shade my eyes. The book which the young lady was reading, was of highly gilded but much worn binding : it had the appearance of a favorite volume, or of belonging to a scanty library, in which there were few to share its service. It was a warm night, yet the girl was enveloped in a large thick shawl. The texture of her dress somewhat surprised me. Her face was rather thin, and the pale clear skin seemed to bear the trace of recent sickness. The combs had been taken from her hair, as if for the night ; and the rich mass fell in long loose flakes over her shawl, while the curling front-locks were turned behind her ears. There was a saintly beauty in the face ; and in gazing on those chaste features, my very soul felt its influence. The light fell on the fair brow, and revealed the blue veins of the temple. I studied the countenance ; the clear lid of the down-cast eye ; the innocent mouth ; the vague, magical expression of sweetness ; the deep repose of all expression, subdued under a presiding intellect. I know not how long I had been gazing, and insensibly losing myself in the delicate beauty of that face, when the lids were raised, and the soul looked out upon me from the soft, clear eyes. The sudden unveiling of those brilliant orbs threw me into a slight confusion : my eyes involuntarily closed, and I drew my hand over my brow, to the no little disturbance of sundry patches and bandages.

'When I ventured to look again, the eyes were still fixed kindly on

me, but a clear sparkle in their deep recesses discovered to me the calmness with which the girl observed my confusion. She came and replaced the bandage on my brow; and I felt the light tips of her fingers about my forehead. She re-seated herself; sat a moment observing the flame of the lamp; and then, with more averted face, resumed her book. There was about her an air of lofty composure, in which the tenderness of sympathetic woman beautifully mingled. I longed to open a conversation; but I felt that the proper opportunity had passed. I could not bring myself to begin, and every moment increased my embarrassment. Still I could see that she was not so much absorbed in her book as when I first saw her; and both my heart and my tongue fluttered, when I saw the eyes of the beautiful creature wandering about the borders of the page. At length she raised them, and observed me with timid scrutiny. There were the first faint streaks of a smile's bright dawn. The rosy tint of the morning was stealing faintly over the pale cheek. There was a tear in the gentle eye, and a familiar brilliancy, which went at once to my heart, and aroused a host of generous emotions; and I turned a glance to my vague memories of the week of half insensibility from which I had just emerged. Gradually the smile broke over that effulgent face. It was one of the sunny things that I remember greeting me in the days of artless, simple-hearted childhood. The simplicity of the beautiful being was perfectly enchanting. I found my tongue readily.

'I was not aware that I had been attended by night-watchers. I little expected to find any one by my bed-side at midnight; little indeed, to find so beautiful a creature; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I regarded the incident as one of those occurrences of unexpected delight, by which kind Providence often throws a cheerful ray into the darkest hour. It was followed by a train of pleasant thoughts, and threw me into a slight excitement, which kept me long awake. In the morning, the chair was vacant. I looked around in vain for the young lady. It was late, and she was gone. I knew she could not be one of the family; and when the good woman came in, I made a variety of ingenious inquiries about the neighborhood; but all my careful, roundabout endeavors to learn more of the fair unknown, were singularly unsuccessful, and I saw no more of her sweet face.

'In a few days I was able to travel; and my plans were soon formed. 'I will return,' said I, 'to the wilderness; and at the end of a year I shall be able to resume this journey, happy as ever in the romance of moonlight, and the sunshine of prosperity.' Fortunately, I had in my purse, in current bills, the amount necessary for my journey; and thinking I could trust to a ten dollar bill, I gave the remainder to the good woman, and took my leave of that hospitable family. I returned to the camp; and endeavored to forget my defeated enterprise. But often in my dreams I accomplished that journey; and mingled again with my old friends, and rambled over the fields of home, and busied myself whole days, as it seemed, about my little projects; and I could hardly believe my senses, when, starting from sleep, I beheld the starry canopy, and heard the moan of the forest winds.



'When spring-time came, I was in my old haunts on the cliffs; observing Nature, as she proceeded to dress up her fair scenes for the gay season, and greeting the leaves and flowers as they came laughing to their places. I watched the arrivals by every soft south wind. I thought I recognized many a constant pair of old birds, who had been to me like fellow-lodgers the previous summer; and I detected the loud, gay, carousal-song of many a riotous new-comer. These were stirring times in the woods! The robin was already hard at work on his mud foundations, while many of his neighbors were yet looking about, and bothering their heads among the inconvenient forks, or 'crotches.' The sagacious old wood-pecker was going around, visiting the hollow trees, peeping into the knot-holes; dropping in to inspect the accommodations, and then putting his head out to consider the prospect; and all the while, perhaps, not a word was said to a modest little blue-bird that stood by, and had been expecting to take the premises. I observed, too, a pair of sweet little yellow-birds, that appeared like a young married couple, just setting up house-keeping. They fixed upon a bough near me, and I soon became interested in their little plans, and indeed felt quite melancholy, as I beheld the troubles they encountered, occasionally, when for whole days they seemed to be at a stand-still. At last, when their little honey-moon cottage was fairly finished, and softly lined, they both got into it, by way of trial; and when I saw their little heads and bright eyes just rising over the top, I could not help thinking that they really had little hearts of flesh, that were absolutely beating in their downy bosoms.

'But I was reaching the borders of manhood. I surveyed these fair scenes; I beheld the beauty of the opening flowers, the gayety of the joyful birds; I heard the melody of incessant song; I saw a charm in every thing around me, and yet my mind wandered far away. The heart of man has its seasons. Its spring-time comes; then, amidst the bloom, will he give ear to the sad note of a lonely soul; and though he may be far from the scenes of his childhood, the earth may be bright, the world gay around him, he will yet turn to the sunny smiles in his memory; he will think of the beauties of his native vale. Fairy, sylph-like forms, with the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of many of my early playmates, began to flit across the field of mental vision. I bethought me of my school-boy days; of April skies, and ardent first-loves. Images of old 'sweet-hearts' began to freshen and loom up in obscure corners of my recollections. I thought of the queenly creature who reigned undisputed sovereign of school; whose charms first taught the young hearts to ache, and often led on to dreadful combats, bloody pitched-battles, of school-boy chivalry. As my recollections brightened, and my imagination warmed, I almost felt the ache of old wounds. I recalled the fair brow, and the soft eye; and as I traced the gentle features, and remembered the graceful form, I thought how those budding beauties must have bloomed out in womanhood; how gloriously she must be reigning in the east! I saw the encircling throng looking up and battling around her; and I started up with astonishment, as I beheld myself lounging at inglorious ease in the wilderness.

'On the first of June, I mounted horse, and set out once more on

my homeward journey, with ideas wild enough for Don Quixote. Strange visions had taken possession of my imagination. A new joy was dawning upon me. The mists of youth's riotous morning were passing away; the true source of all life's bright colors, the light that unobserved had shed its radiance on all my hopes and prospects, was breaking on my soul! In every little town through which I passed, I caught glimpses that flashed in my dazzled eyes like wandering rays; and on the shore of the Atlantic, the light of heavenly woman broke in full splendor. Oh, days of romance! With what feelings I lingered in Baltimore! Two years had I spent in the depths of the wilderness, a careless happy rover; and in my simplicity I had come to believe that in those free habits and sweet scenes I was gathering the very honey of life. The delusion was over. What was the wilderness, with all its charms — the beauty of moonlit solitudes, the music of midnight forests — in comparison with the bright realms of such fair beings as I saw in flowing tress and light summer robe, walking the earth at sunset? As I strolled enraptured about, I hardly remembered who or what sort of thing I was, or that I had any thing to do but to gaze and admire.

'It was about a week after my arrival in New-York, that on a bright, breezy summer morning, when the canary birds were singing gaily from the open windows, I was loitering, in sober mood down a quiet street, in which I used to live, on my way to the Battery. I was observing the changes that here and there had taken place in the neighborhood; and picking out the dwellings of old families of my acquaintance; and at the same time was not unconscious that where certain ribbons and muslins were fluttering in the distance, a beautiful woman was approaching. I was knowingly standing by to steal a glance at the soft eye and rosy cheek, and bask a brief moment in the beams of passing beauty.

'As the graceful girl drew nigh, I thought I remembered her. I felt all the sensibilities of my soul awakening, and even my heart fluttering with a slight excitement. But when she had glided by in gentle majesty, I was left in a strange confusion. I was lost in a sudden tumult; and went on mechanically, I hardly knew whither. I no longer observed the neighborhood; indeed, I had wandered quite out of my latitude, before I thought to look around me, or remembered that I was going to the Battery.

'There was something in that face that was familiar to me; but the soft eye was turned upon me without a ray of recognition. With that look, a host of associations entered my mind; oppressing my heart, subduing my soul, and yet remaining incognito. I fell into an inextricable reverie. I pondered upon that face; I gazed upon that clear eye; I could not recover from the spell of that glance. I entered upon the Battery walks, and looked out on the blue bay, just curling into ripples in the light sea-breeze. White sails were gliding about in all directions; the heavy sloop, the rakish smack, and the leering Baltimore craft. The sunshine gleamed on the white houses of Staten-Island, and on the swelling sails of square-rigged vessels, towering above the green sward, back of Castle William; it glistened afar, on the walls of Ellis' and Bedlow's island, which seemed like heralds of the deep, rising up out of the salt-water to

proclaim the stars and stripes; and it melted into soft yellow light away to the south-west, where the smoke of a steam-boat was seen, just entering the Raritan, through 'the Kills.' I leaned over the railing, and surveyed the scene from the very place I had intended; but with none of the lively reveries which I had anticipated. Huge barns, low farm-houses, and diminutive moving figures, were visible in the morning-light, under the green slope of Pavonia; and I observed the blue smoke curling up from classic Communipaw. But no sublunary scene could engage my attention. Other visions were before me. I looked into a fairer land. My foolish soul was fairly out in its own atmosphere, trampling on bright clouds. Pleasant structures were going up; agreeable combinations were forming; and all very plausible, too; things that might be, in the regular course of events, and all of which would, without doubt, have existed, could I have obtained the assistance of one of those good genii, who flourished in the better days of glorious old Bagdad.

'Beautiful women I had seen before; but generally in places where I could never expect to see them again: they had raised my admiration; they had sometimes left me in the shades of sadness; still they passed by me like the stars of other systems; dazzling, but not warming. This seemed to be one of my own circle; a bright orb, lighting up home, and my early days; a familiar face, with all its genial, heart-warming beams. I recalled, one after another, the faces of my early acquaintances, and wondered which I had seen. I endeavored in vain to trace a resemblance; yet confident that I might find that beautiful girl again, I nerved up with great courage and chivalric designs, and felt impatient for activity. A wonderful change had come over me. From the careless idler that I sallied forth in the morning, anticipating only pleasant musings, passing unconcerned by the busy throng, my fancy and observation wandering at random on the fragrant, sunny side of life, I became somewhat like the troubled, calculating, ambitious adventurer; with my sensibilities shut up, my thoughts concentrated, and with energy and enterprise gathering, I doubt not, visibly on my brow.

'As I went back, after my morning ramble, I met the young lady returning. I recognized her at a distance: I knew her, as if I had seen her a hundred times: but she turned up a portico, and I heard the door shut, long before I got near. It was a tall, modern, ambitious-looking house, towering far above a row of plain old two-story dwellings, like the abode of a man disposed to look down on his neighbors. 'She is a fashionable girl,' thought I; and I contemplated an array of the substantial difficulties which I should probably have to contend with, in my proposed enterprise. They were of just that sort which I was most poorly prepared to encounter; and my heart quailed. I saw now that all my pleasant old ideas of life were pretty nearly a delusion; I felt, with a sigh, that the happy, simple-hearted, democratic schoolboy-times were all over. I began to look with something like envy on the complacent smiles and polished air of the young men around me; and thought, with regret, of the precious years I had squandered in the wilderness. My mind descended from the realms of fancy, to contemplate the cold realities which sooner or later we must all come to: in the cold merciless

light of truth, my prospects lost their bright colors: I could not see that I had much to congratulate myself upon; my spirits fell wonderfully. I sat down in my room to brood gloomily: of all my fair anticipations, I had hardly a hope in the world left to me. Despondency and desperation looked daggers at each other, over the head of a little true courage, and just managed to keep each other out of my heart.

'But that night my soul was itself again, in my dreams; and Time went on, bringing about matters in his own quiet way. Mary's father was a retired merchant; a most uncharitable class of christians, I thought, in those days; a stern, corpulent man, of that sort of which they make aldermen. I strongly suspected that he regarded me as an unthrifty youngster. He was very civil, but cool and distant, and much given to silent moods; and, putting one thing to another, I never left the house without the conviction that a storm was brewing.

'At length I began to see what all the world was so busy about. I saw through the game; I observed the stake; I beheld the glorious excitement in which life passed away; the satisfaction which all evidently felt, like the individuals of a swarm of bees, each one contributing to the hum. I came suddenly upon the secret of life and happiness. I joined with two young friends in a grand speculation. We went on successfully; and as we began to feel wealth pretty firmly within our grasp, we made a show of spirit, and displayed all the dashing extravagance that might be expected from three foolish youngsters. We took a broad, conspicuous old house, at the head of the street, in a little village near the scene of our operations, and set up in magnificent style. Mary's father had a summer-cottage in the neighborhood. Nothing could exceed the satisfaction with which we enjoyed our importance in that retired place, and contemplated the life and bustle of our lawn, and the stir which we kept up in the village—except the gall and wormwood which they infused into the cup of bitterness, when we had them to think of in our day of trouble.

'When the times changed, and the flood of paper money began to ebb, our affairs were nearly wound up, and we were well secured; but we were bad financiers, or rather, we neglected the close of our business; and there was one bond which seemed to have been reserved for the special purpose of humbling us in the dust, and bringing our fortunes in ruin around us. A week before its maturity, there was no provision made for it. We were scattered in distant parts of the country, and gathered home to witness our destruction. In the difficulties of a contracted currency, and the bad condition of our affairs, we found ourselves helpless. There was an awful week of useless exertion. The bond was protested.

'On that never-to-be-forgotten night, I returned home from a fruitless journey to the eastward, in which I had travelled day and night. I found the house dark, silent, and deserted. My partners were gone. I was ill, and retired at once to my bed. I felt a giddiness of head which alarmed me; and I made a pile of pillows, so that I could recline in my bed nearly upright. It was a bright night; and as I looked through the window, down the silent moon-lit street, the whole village was before me, and seemed to be waiting quietly for the de-

velopments of the morning. I closed my eyes, and sought sleep, in vain. The most important events of my life were transpiring; and there were painful reflections that could not be avoided, and would not be put off. My highest, dearest, brightest hopes were setting in dark disappointment. The wedding day was near at hand: it must be deferred; and my late career of folly and extravagance, now ending in ruin, could not have escaped the observation of that important family. At times the fearful consequences of my imprudence and misfortune would glare out upon me like the lightning of a coming tempest; and in my agony I would start half up, with the energy for another effort, but only to fall back withering to my pillows.

'Never before had I known self-reproach: now my sufferings were aggravated ten-fold, by the self-approval that had turned its back upon me. I felt a tingle of remorse; the upbraidings of a displeased conscience; the gloomy sorrows of a wounded spirit. I lacked the proud promptings of a soul conscious of unforfeited dignity. Of late, I had gone on from folly to folly, in a manner that seemed like infatuation. Thinking of only harmless amusement, I had played a part in riotous scenes which I now viewed as a stain upon my character. I felt that I had degraded my soul to unworthy delights; I had given admission to a rabble of false joys, that had defiled my bosom; deceptions that had pilfered my peace; wolves in sheep's clothing. My mind was full of thorny remembrances; and every shifting reflection brought the perspiration prickling to my forehead. I looked back on my life: until late it was a white path; and with painful regret I contemplated the black stains I had brought upon it. I could have wept! It was a mournful reflection, that I had not known enough to be content with the free range of all true happiness; that I had not known enough to guard and preserve that purity and simplicity of soul, which had enabled me to enjoy the flower and the song by the way-side, through all those years of happiness. I turned a look to the dark periods; and the very sorrows of those hours seemed to have something delicious in them. They were the sorrows of innocence; they had in them no self-reproach, no pang of regret. If there was evil, it belonged to other bosoms; and how sweetly my own spirit seemed to have arisen, erect, unsullied; on good terms with joy, and with undiminished claims on happiness! Ah! it is in that season of repentance after our first faults, the faults of folly and thoughtlessness, while the heart is yet pure, that we suffer the deepest anguish and remorse! — then, when we first become aware of the strict justice that presides over us; when we open our eyes, and behold in Conscience our absolute and inexorable master; our governor, holding the purse-strings; heaven's steward, granting or refusing happiness; admitting the full sunshine of joy, or placing a cloud between the soul and heaven; then do we appreciate the blissful self-approval we have lost, and which we hardly hope to recover; the heart, light and joyous as the bird's; heaven's gift, beside which wealth and all else are but tinsel and dross!

It was in that still season which verges upon midnight. Hour our had worn away, and sleep had not come to relieve me: I condemned to await the slow approach of morning. I had a lamp, and was endeavoring to compose my mind by read-

ing, when I heard some person pass my window. There was the sound of a footstep on the back piazza. The latch of a door opening into my room was raised, and Mary entered. She was in a light summer-dress, and had only a white handkerchief over her head. She came, and sitting down, began to make a few kind, though only usual, inquiries; yet I saw that she regarded me with looks of deep anxiety. She glided into cheerful conversation, and talked over our pleasant designs. She was evidently struggling against tender feelings, and at length she ceased. The tears almost came into her eyes. 'Why are you so sad?' said she. The question threw me into confusion; and though a hundred replies thronged to my mind, I remained silent. 'Arthur,' she continued, 'are you of a melancholy temperament? I often suspected that you were. Do little sorrows and slight disappointments make you unhappy? To see you usually, one would think you had a flow of joy, independent of this changing earth. And have you not, Arthur? Have you not reason to be happy and light-hearted? Have you not funds of bliss unexpended? Then why mourn over small losses? Oh, let them go to the poor beggars! Do you know, Arthur, we are often our own tormentors? Are you not aware that our sufferings are often greatly disproportioned to our afflictions? The soul is often predisposed to sorrow; and not observing it, we double our grief over our earthly disappointments: and so there are moods of mind in which we are incapable of enduring the slightest misfortune. Little afflictions frequently make me sorrowful; indeed, I am often melancholy. I often feel solemn and unhappy, with all the joys of life bright around me. Many a time have I lain down at night, gloomy and mournful, I knew not why: often have I awaked in tears; and, oh! Arthur, there is a mysterious sadness, that comes like a dark shadow over my spirit. I felt very, very sad to night; my heart ached; I felt that I must see you. And now, why should our meeting be so sad? Arthur, think of the bright days to come! Oh, you may be sure, there is happiness in store for us; and when I have you always near me, I shall feel these spells of sadness no more.'

'There was an old Bible lying on the table. Mary turned over the leaves, and read a few pleasant passages. It was long since I had heard the language of that volume in the voice of woman. It seemed to awaken the sound of old strings. And when Mary had departed, and the door had closed, I felt cheerful emotions stirring within me. 'Yes, Mary,' said I, 'let the world go as it may, we shall yet be happy!' There was a small window at the bed-side; and putting away the curtain, I leaned out to see Mary as she passed. At a turn of the path, she lifted the long skirt of her dress, to keep it from a bunch of broom-corn. The light slipper caught my eye. I was reminded of a wet part of the path, which she must pass over; and then occurred to me the impropriety of permitting her to return alone. I sprang up, threw off my gown, dressed myself quickly, drew on my boots, and taking my hat in my hand, hurried out. When I turned the corner of the house, Mary was not within sight. I walked very fast along the path, until coming to a turn from which I could see before me for some distance, I was alarmed at not beholding her. I hurried onward to a slight eminence, from which the path was visible

all the way across the meadows, nearly to her father's door. The moon was shining out brightly on field, brook, and bridge; but there was no object moving in the landscape. I gazed around in all directions, but found nothing to relieve my astonishment.

'When I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise, I began to consider the strange circumstances of that little interview. I had never before seen Mary in that house. I was not aware that she was acquainted with the premises, or had any knowledge of that back door; and even supposing that she had heard something, or had fears about my troubles, it was inconceivably strange that she should visit me, unaccompanied, at that late hour. As I pondered these things, my mind wandered. I looked back, and traced the course of lucky events which had brought me to an acquaintance with Mary. I recalled the circumstances of our lives, and thought on the mysterious influence that seemed to preside over us, linking our destinies. I reflected upon the tie of which my soul was sensible; and I pondered upon that familiar look which so struck me, when I first met Mary in New-York. While I recalled that expression, and contemplated her gentle face, the face of the fair girl whom I found sitting by my bed-side in that dreary night on the Alleghanies, came suddenly to my remembrance; and the face of the witching little girl who came to me in my boyhood, at my mother's grave. I contemplated those clear eyes with a trembling heart. I observed them with timorous, half-intimidated feelings. There was an idea, sweet, but full of wonder, and almost overpowering. I averted my mind again and again, and as often returned to the reverie. At length there came to mind another face: I almost seemed to feel a light finger on my arm; it was that anxious face; that face, beaming with the smile of fondness; the face of her whose soft musing smile betrayed her cherished hopes; of her, early taken away; of her whose bones have long since mouldered in the dust of the little burying-ground, but whose image is present to my soul; whose legacy of love is treasured in my heart; and whose spirit has hovered near me in all the trials of my life, and will be near me in all the dark hours of my allotted time.

'I returned to the house, laid my head upon the pillow with more composure, and was soon lost in refreshing sleep: and after that night, I never sought or desired any better understanding of its wonderful events. I must not omit to mention, that on the next day a friend came to me. I was relieved, and made a happy man again, by the kind intervention of that cool, distant, silent old gentleman, whose stern, thoughtful countenance had brought down on his innocent head most unmerciful language from my lips, in many an unhappy soliloquy. I was surprised, and felt a pang of self-reproach, when I found within that cold displeasing exterior the warmest and most tender heart that I ever found in man.

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'You may remember those years spent in the Highlands. One autumn afternoon . . . Those days are gone! Down in the little burying-ground, in the sunny spot where I first saw her, Mary sleeps. Let the sweet volume of our wedded life remain closed!'

## A SISTER'S THOUGHTS OVER A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

I.

He sleeps in peace! Death's cold eclipse  
His radiant eyes hath shrouded o'er,  
And Slander's poison, from the lips  
Of woman, on his heart no more  
Distils, and burns it to its core.

II.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit  
That beamed forth from his living brow,  
Prompt, at the shrine of real merit,  
With reverence and with truth to bow,  
Is, by false tongues, not troubled now.

III.

He sleeps in peace! And while he sleeps,  
He dreams not of earth's loves or strifes,  
The tears a sister for him weeps;  
He knows not that they're *not* his wife's:  
His thoughts are all another life's.

IV.

I hope he knows not that the hand,  
Once given to him, is now another's:  
I know, the flame that once it fanned  
Had all gone out. I know, my brother's  
Last thoughts were of my love and mother's.

V.

I hope he knows not that his child  
Hears not, nor knows, its father's name:  
Keep its young spirit undefiled,  
And worthy of its father's fame,  
O Thou from whom its spirit came!

VI.

Thou Father of the fatherless,  
The mantle that my brother wore—  
The robe of truth and faithfulness—  
Keep, for his infant, in thy store:  
My brother hath left nothing more!

VII.

That mantle! Men had seen him throw  
It amply round him, ere it fell:  
Peace, brother, 't is as white as snow;  
No one of all on earth that dwell,  
Can stain what once became thee well.

VIII.

In peace thou sleepest: through the bars  
Of its dim cell thy spirit fled;  
And now thy sister and the stars  
Their tears of dew and pity shed,  
Heart-broken brother, on thy bed!



## THE CRAYON PAPERS.

## THE EARLY EXPERIENCES OF RALPH RINGWOOD.

NOTED DOWN FROM HIS CONVERSATIONS: BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

(CONTINUED.)

'I HAD now lived some time with old Miller, and had become a tolerably expert hunter. Game, however, began to grow scarce. The buffalo had gathered together, as if by universal understanding, and had crossed the Mississippi, never to return. Strangers kept pouring into the country, clearing away the forests, and building in all directions. The hunters began to grow restive. Jemmy Kiel, the same of whom I have already spoken for his skill in raccoon catching, came to me one day: 'I can't stand this any longer,' said he; 'we're getting too thick here. Simon Schultz crowds me so, that I have no comfort of my life.'

'Why how you talk!' said I; 'Simon Schultz lives twelve miles off.'

'No matter; his cattle run with mine, and I've no idea of living where another man's cattle can run with mine. That's too close neighborhood; I want elbow-room. This country, too, is growing too poor to live in; there's no game: so two or three of us have made up our minds to follow the buffalo to the Missouri, and we should like to have you of the party. Other hunters of my acquaintance talked in the same manner. This set me thinking; but the more I thought, the more I was perplexed. I had no one to advise with: old Miller and his associates knew but of one mode of life, and I had had no experience in any other: but I had a wide scope of thought. When out hunting alone, I used to forget the sport, and sit for hours together on the trunk of a tree, with rifle in hand, buried in thought, and debating with myself: 'Shall I go with Jemmy Kiel and his company, or shall I remain here? If I remain here, there will soon be nothing left to hunt; but am I to be a hunter all my life? Have not I something more in me, than to be carrying a rifle on my shoulder, day after day, and dodging about after bears, and deer, and other brute beasts? My vanity told me I had; and I called to mind my boyish boast to my sister, that I would never return home, until I returned a member of congress from Kentucky; but was this the way to fit myself for such a station?'

'Various plans passed through my mind, but they were abandoned almost as soon as formed. At length I determined on becoming a lawyer. True it is, I knew almost nothing. I had left school before I had learnt beyond the 'rule of three.' 'Never mind,' said I to myself, resolutely; 'I am a terrible fellow for hanging on to any thing, when I've once made up my mind; and if a man has but ordinary capacity, and will set to work with heart and soul, and stick to it, he can do almost any thing.' With this maxim, which has been pretty much my main-stay throughout life, I fortified myself in my deter-

mination to attempt the law. But how was I to set about it? I must quit this forest life, and go to one or other of the towns, where I might be able to study, and to attend the courts. This too required funds. I examined into the state of my finances. The purse given me by my father had remained untouched, in the bottom of an old chest up in the loft, for money was scarcely needed in these parts. I had bargained away the skins acquired in hunting, for a horse and various other matters, on which, in case of need, I could raise funds. I therefore thought I could make shift to maintain myself until I was fitted for the bar.

'I informed my worthy host and patron, old Miller, of my plan. He shook his head at my turning my back upon the woods, when I was in a fair way of making a first-rate hunter; but he made no effort to dissuade me. I accordingly set off in September, on horseback, intending to visit Lexington, Frankfort, and other of the principal towns, in search of a favorable place to prosecute my studies. My choice was made sooner than I expected. I had put up one night at Bardstown, and found, on inquiry, that I could get comfortable board and accommodation in a private family for a dollar and half a week. I liked the place, and resolved to look no farther. So the next morning I prepared to turn my face homeward, and take my final leave of forest life.

'I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when, in pacing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near a window, evidently a visiter. She was very pretty; with auburn hair, and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond; and at that time I was too much of a boy to be much struck by female charms. She was so delicate and dainty-looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods; and then her white dress! — it was perfectly dazzling! Never was poor youth more taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her; but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habitudes of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigman, or any other of my leathern-dressed belles of the Pigeon Roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Schultz's daughters, with their looking-glass lockets, I should not have hesitated: but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets, and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted, while they fascinated me. I do n't know what put it into my head, but I thought, all at once, that I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in, snatch a kiss, mount my horse, and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss — oh! I should die if I did not get it!

'I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house, and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out at the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and as she turned and looked up, I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping homeward; my very ears tingling at what I had done.

'On my return home, I sold my horse, and turned every thing to cash; and found, with the remains of the paternal purse, that I had nearly four hundred dollars; a little capital, which I resolved to manage with the strictest economy.

'It was hard parting with old Miller, who had been like a father to me: it cost me, too, something of a struggle to give up the free, independent wild-wood life I had hitherto led; but I had marked out my course, and have never been one to flinch or turn back.

'I footed it sturdily to Bardstown; took possession of the quarters for which I had bargained, shut myself up, and set to work with might and main, to study. But what a task I had before me! I had every thing to learn; not merely law, but all the elementary branches of knowledge. I read and read, for sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty; but the more I read, the more I became aware of my own ignorance, and shed bitter tears over my deficiency. It seemed as if the wilderness of knowledge expanded and grew more perplexed as I advanced. Every height gained, only revealed a wider region to be traversed, and nearly filled me with despair. I grew moody, silent, and unsocial, but studied on doggedly and incessantly. The only person with whom I held any conversation, was the worthy man in whose house I was quartered. He was honest and well-meaning, but perfectly ignorant, and I believe would have liked me much better, if I had not been so much addicted to reading. He considered all books filled with lies and impositions, and seldom could look into one, without finding something to rouse his spleen. Nothing put him into a greater passion, than the assertion that the world turned on its own axis every four-and-twenty hours. He swore it was an outrage upon common sense. 'Why, if it did,' said he, 'there would not be a drop of water in the well, by morning, and all the milk and cream in the dairy would be turned topsy turvy! And then to talk of the earth going round the sun! 'How do they know it?' I've seen the sun rise every morning, and set every evening, for more than thirty years. They must not talk to *me* about the earth's going round the sun!'

'At another time he was in a perfect fret at being told the distance between the sun and moon. 'How can any one tell the distance?' cried he. 'Who surveyed it? who carried the chain? By Jupiter! they only talk this way before me to annoy me. But then there's some people of sense who give in to this cursed humbug! There's Judge Broadnax, now, one of the best lawyers we have; is n't it surprising he should believe in such stuff? Why, Sir, the other day I heard him talk of the distance from a star he called Mars to the sun! He must have got it out of one or other of those confounded books he's so fond of reading; a book some impudent fellow has written, who knew nobody could swear the distance was more or less.'

'For my own part, feeling my own deficiency in scientific lore, I never ventured to unsettle his conviction that the sun made his daily circuit round the earth; and for aught I said to the contrary, he lived and died in that belief.

'I had been about a year at Bardstown, living thus studiously and reclusely, when, as I was one day walking the street, I met two young girls, in one of whom I immediately recalled the little beauty whom

I had kissed so impudently. She blushed up to the eyes, and so did I; but we both passed on without farther sign of recognition. This second glimpse of her, however, caused an odd fluttering about my heart. I could not get her out of my thoughts for days. She quite interfered with my studies. I tried to think of her as a mere child, but it would not do: she had improved in beauty, and was tending toward womanhood; and then I myself was but little better than a stripling. However, I did not attempt to seek after her, or even to find out who she was, but returned doggedly to my books. By degrees she faded from my thoughts, or if she did cross them occasionally, it was only to increase my despondency; for I feared that with all my exertions, I should never be able to fit myself for the bar, or enable myself to support a wife.

'One cold stormy evening I was seated, in dumpish mood, in the bar-room of the inn, looking into the fire, and turning over uncomfortable thoughts, when I was accosted by some one who had entered the room without my perceiving it. I looked up, and saw before me a tall and, as I thought, pompous-looking man, arrayed in small clothes and knee-buckles, with powdered head, and shoes nicely blacked and polished; a style of dress unparalleled in those days, in that rough country. I took a pique against him from the very portliness of his appearance, and stateliness of his manner, and bristled up as he accosted me. He demanded if my name was not Ringwood.

'I was startled, for I supposed myself perfectly incog.; but I answered in the affirmative.

'Your family, I believe, lives in Richmond.'

'My gorge began to rise.' Yes, Sir,' replied I, sulkily, 'my family does live in Richmond.'

'And what, may I ask, has brought you into this part of the country?'

'Zounds, Sir!' cried I, starting on my feet, 'what business is it of yours? How dare you to question me in this manner?'

'The entrance of some persons prevented a reply; but I walked up and down the bar-room, fuming with conscious independence and insulted dignity, while the pompous-looking personage, who had thus trespassed upon my spleen, retired without proffering another word.

'The next day, while seated in my room, some one tapped at the door, and, on being bid to enter, the stranger in the powdered head, small-clothes, and shining shoes and buckles, walked in with ceremonious courtesy.

'My boyish pride was again in arms; but he subdued me. He was formal, but kind and friendly. He knew my family, and understood my situation, and the dogged struggle I was making. A little conversation, when my jealous pride was once put to rest, drew every thing from me. He was a lawyer of experience, and of extensive practice, and offered at once to take me with him, and direct my studies. The offer was too advantageous and gratifying not to be immediately accepted. From that time I began to look up. I was put into a proper track, and was enabled to study to a proper purpose. I made acquaintance, too, with some of the young men of the place, who were in the same pursuit, and was encouraged at finding that I could 'hold my own' in argument with them. We instituted a

debating club, in which I soon became prominent and popular. Men of talents, engaged in other pursuits, joined it, and this diversified our subjects, and put me on various tracks of inquiry. Ladies, too, attended some of our discussions, and this gave them a polite tone, and had an influence on the manners of the debaters. My legal patron also may have had a favorable effect in correcting any roughness contracted in my hunter's life. He was calculated to bend me in an opposite direction, for he was of the old school; quoted Chesterfield on all occasions, and talked of Sir Charles Grandison, who was his beau ideal. It was Sir Charles Grandison, however, Kentuckyized.

'I had always been fond of female society. My experience, however, had hitherto been among the rough daughters of the backwoodsmen; and I felt an awe of young ladies in 'store clothes,' and delicately brought up. Two or three of the married ladies of Bardstown, who had heard me at the debating club, determined that I was a genius, and undertook to bring me out. I believe I really improved under their hands; became quiet where I had been shy or sulky, and easy where I had been impudent.

'I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found with her the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any sign of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone.

'Heavens and earth, what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth, to have been in the deepest dell of the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse of my former rudeness, but I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at one time tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss: bolt from the room, and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

'At length I plucked up courage, on seeing that she was equally confused with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed:

'I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity on me, and help me out of it!'

'A smile dimpled about her mouth, and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollection; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well.

'A few evenings afterward, I met her at a dance, and prosecuted the acquaintance. I soon became deeply attached to her; paid my court regularly; and before I was nineteen years of age, had engaged myself to marry her. I spoke to her mother, a widow lady, to ask her consent. She seemed to demur; upon which, with my customary haste, I told her there would be no use in opposing the match, for if her daughter chose to have me, I would take her, in defiance of her family, and the whole world.

'She laughed, and told me I need not give myself any uneasiness;

would be no unreasonable opposition. She knew my family, and all about me. The only obstacle was, that I had no means of supporting a wife, and she had nothing to give with her daughter.

'No matter; at that moment every thing was bright before me. I was in one of my sanguine moods. I feared nothing, doubted nothing. So it was agreed that I should prosecute my studies, obtain a license, and as soon as I should be fairly launched in business, we would be married.

'I now prosecuted my studies with redoubled ardor, and was up to my ears in law, when I received a letter from my father, who had heard of me and my whereabouts. He applauded the course I had taken, but advised me to lay a foundation of general knowledge, and offered to defray my expenses, if I would go to college. I felt the want of a general education, and was staggered with this offer. It militated somewhat against the self-dependent course I had so proudly, or rather conceitedly, marked out for myself, but it would enable me to enter more advantageously upon my legal career. I talked over the matter with the lovely girl to whom I was engaged. She sided in opinion with my father, and talked so disinterestedly, yet tenderly, that if possible, I loved her more than ever. I reluctantly, therefore, agreed to go to college for a couple of years, though it must necessarily postpone our union.

'Scarcely had I formed this resolution, when her mother was taken ill, and died, leaving her without a protector. This again altered all my plans. I felt as if I could protect her. I gave up all idea of collegiate studies; persuaded myself that by dint of industry and application I might overcome the deficiencies of education, and resolved to take out a license as soon as possible.

'That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and within a month afterward, was married. We were a young couple; she not much above sixteen, I not quite twenty; and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances: a log-house, with two small rooms; a bed, a table, a half dozen chairs, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons; every thing by half dozens, a little delft ware; every thing, in a small way: we were so poor, but then so happy!

'We had not been married many days, when court was held at a county town, about twenty-five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business: but how was I to go? I had expended all my means on our establishment; and then, it was hard parting with my wife, so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should soon have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and beaming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her.

'I arrived at the county town, on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day. I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, and a mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and to get business. The public room was thronged with the idlers of the country, who gather

together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with much noise, and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment I had a dozen rough shakes of the hand, and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assembly.

'The next morning the court opened. I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having a suit in progress or prospect, nor having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning, a man was put at the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose counsel from the lawyers present, and to be ready for trial on the following day. He looked round the court, and selected me. I was thunder-struck. I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster; unpractised at the bar; perfectly unknown. I felt diffident yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

'Before leaving the court, he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses; it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly in favor of his innocence, but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge, nor jury. I followed him to jail, and learned from him all the particulars of his case: from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed, and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind: the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap; the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish with my good fortune! But then the awful responsibility I had undertaken! — to speak for the first time in a strange court; the expectations the culprit had evidently formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night, fearing the morning would find me exhausted and incompetent; in a word, the day dawned on me, a miserable fellow!

'I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquillize my feelings. It was a bright morning; the air was pure and frosty. I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream; but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my little wife, in her lonely log house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I

rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down hill. Just then the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology : this, from a man of his redoubted powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearless glow ; carried the case through triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

‘ This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was, that had thus suddenly risen among them, and bearded the attorney-general at the very outset. The story of my début at the inn, on the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully, and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated, with favorable exaggerations. Even my very beardless chin and juvenile countenance were in my favor, for people gave me far more credit than I really deserved. The chance business which occurs in our country courts came thronging upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes ; and by Saturday night, when the court closed, and I had paid my bill at the inn, I found myself with an hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterward sold for two hundred dollars more.

‘ Never did miser gloat on his money with more delight. I locked the door of my room ; piled the money in a heap upon the table ; walked round it ; sat with my elbows on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money ? No ! I was thinking of my little wife at home. Another sleepless night ensued ; but what a night of golden fancies, and splendid air-castles ! As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to court, and led the other, which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of the surprise I had in store for my little wife ; for both of us had expected nothing but that I should spend all the money I had borrowed, and should return in debt.

‘ Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose : but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a snug little rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old-fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money, and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked who I had collected the money for.

‘ For myself, to be sure,’ replied I, with affected coolness ; ‘ I made it at court.’

‘ She looked me for a moment in the face, incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance, and to play Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch ; my feelings all at once gave way. I caught her in my arms ; laughed, cried, and danced about the room, like a crazy man. From that time forward, we never wanted for money.



'I had not been long in successful practice, when I was surprised one day by a visit from my woodland patron, old Miller. The tidings of my prosperity had reached him in the wilderness, and he had walked one hundred and fifty miles on foot to see me. By that time I had improved my domestic establishment, and had all things comfortable about me. He looked around him with a wondering eye, at what he considered luxuries and superfluities; but supposed they were all right, in my altered circumstances. He said he did not know, upon the whole, but that I had acted for the best. It is true, if game had continued plenty, it would have been a folly for me to quit a hunter's life; but hunting was pretty nigh done up in Kentucky. The buffalo had gone to Missouri; the elk were nearly gone also; deer, too, were growing scarce; they might last out his time, as he was growing old, but they were not worth setting up life upon. He had once lived on the borders of Virginia. Game grew scarce there; he followed it up across Kentucky, and now it was again giving him the slip; but he was too old to follow it farther.

'He remained with us three days. My wife did every thing in her power to make him comfortable; but at the end of that time, he said he must be off again to the woods. He was tired of the village, and of having so many people about him. He accordingly returned to the wilderness, and to hunting life. But I fear he did not make a good end of it; for I understand that a few years before his death, he married Sukey Thomas, who lived at the White Oak Run.'

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TO A FADED FLOWER.

I.

COME to my heart! in beauty come!  
 Sleep on its pulse, my with'ring flower;  
 Thou'rt loveliest in thy fading bloom,  
 And dearest in thy drooping hour:  
 Oh ever thus my spirit twines  
 Round joys that soonest pass away;  
 'T was born to cling, like ivy-vines,  
 To ruin and decay!

II.

I twined thee in my hair to-night:  
 It was an hour of mirth and glee;  
 And many deemed my spirit light,  
 But oh, the truth I'll whisper thee!  
 They knew not that the heart could fling  
 A fragrance in its wounded hour,  
 Like the faint perfume hovering  
 Round thee, my dying flower!

III.

Nor tell the world sad thoughts beguile  
 The careless heart I'm wont to bear,  
 For when we know and scorn its smile,  
 Oh! who would ever ask its tear?  
 Still may this bosom hide its grief,  
 Still strive to veil the spirit's gloom,  
 Though I am but a faded leaf,  
 Within a world of bloom!

L'ABRIELE.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK.** By the Author of 'A Winter in the West,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 503. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN 'Greyslaer,' the author of 'A Winter in the West' has attempted a different and higher walk, in which the merit of even moderate success is not a little enhanced by the difficulties incident to the subject, and the ingenuous diffidence with which a novice ventures upon a path illumined by the brilliancy of SCOTT, JAMES, and our own COOPER and KENNEDY. We congratulate our author, therefore, on his marked success in producing an historical novel worthy to take rank with those of his countrymen, and on the accession to his reputation which this 'Romance of the Mohawk' can scarcely fail to bring, nay, has already brought, him. The story opens at the commencement of our revolutionary struggle, and involves, of course, the incidents of savage life, and the ferocity of guerilla warfare. The plot, though ingenious and intricate in its details, has the simplicity of historical truth. 'Greyslaer,' the hero, one of those zealous young patriots whom the cause of their country called early to the field, is ardently attached to Alida de Roos, the high-souled and beautiful daughter of an aged whig, in the valley of the Mohawk. A mystery hangs over her early life, which prevents her from giving that encouragement to the suit of her lover, which his high and generous character would entitle him to claim; and the noble and impassioned student for some time loves without requital. This secret is not unfolded to the reader until the story has somewhat advanced, when it transpires that she had some years before been carried off at the suggestion and through the connivance of an unsuccessful suitor, named Bradshawe, an influential officer among the tories. The agent employed in the abduction of the heroine, is a bold and burly ruffian; and between him and the tory captain, with the assistance of a depraved son of Brant, a deep and damnable contrivance forces Alida to consent that the marriage ceremony shall be performed, which is to unite her to Bradshawe. The lady, however, is immediately after the ceremonial restored to the house of her father, in safety and honor; and the farther designs of her treacherous husband are deferred for the time, by the breaking out of the war.

The stirring events of an exciting contest enables the author to bring his hero and Bradshawe into contrast, with partisan leaders on opposite sides, and presents the opportunity of portraying many scenes of savage life and border warfare, in the graphic descriptions of which, in our judgment, Mr. HOFFMAN is surpassed by few existing novelists. In one of these Indian incursions, an attack is made upon the Hawknest, the residence of the father of our heroine, and she becomes at once an orphan and the prisoner of the celebrated sachem, Thayendanagea, or Brant, who figures prominently in the story. 'Greyslaer,' also, is wounded in an affray with a detachment of Brant's warriors, and conveyed to the mountain fastness where Alida is retained as a hostage. Here an interview takes place between them, when, in answer to the avowal of his passion, she acquaints him with her marriage with 'one as vile, sordid, faithless, and malignant, as he is gentle, generous, and noble.' This interview, however, is abruptly terminated by the entrance of the ruffian agent of Bradshawe, who bears off Alida; her

energetic lover, enfeebled by his recent wounds, being struck down in the struggle. We are next introduced to the celebrated cave of Waneonda, whither the heroine is borne, and where a scene with the villain Bradshaw unfolds the meshes he has endeavored to wind around his victim. The description of this remarkable cavern is one of the most graphic pictures in the whole work :

‘ Earth bath her wondrous scenes, but few like this.’

From this place she is rescued by Brant ; and Bradshawe, foiled in his schemes, becomes involved in the active duties of a partisan leader. At length ‘Greyslaer’ succeeds in unravelling the mystery of the marriage, which proves to have been but a sham ceremony, by a sham priest ; and her lover’s devotion to her service is rewarded by their mutual betrothal. This is followed by an attempt on the part of Bradshawe to blacken the fair fame of Alida, in which he partially triumphs ; but his designs finally recoil upon himself, with fearful réaction ; and the tale concludes, after the approved model, with the death of Bradshawe, and the union of the lovers.

The foregoing is little more than a skeleton of the story, which is interwoven throughout with fine episodes, illustrative of the characters of Brant, Herkimer, and other renowned chieftains of that day. The hunter Balt is sketched in a masterly manner. Like COOPER’S *Leather-Stocking*, his is a bold and striking portrait ; but here the resemblances cease ; for in the humble adherent of ‘Greyslaer,’ we think we recognise the portrait of JOHN CHENNY, a real character, whose peculiarities are minutely described in MR. HOFFMAN’S ‘*Wild Scenes of the Forest and Prairie.*’ Balt is a genuine woodsman, and only a mere woodsman ; and not, like MR. COOPER’S fine creation of *Leather-Stocking*, a poet of the woods. The gallant Derrick de Roos, the brother of Alida, and a beautiful Indian girl, the ‘*Spreading-Dew*,’ are marked and interesting characters ; the one a gay, mercurial young partisan, and the other a lovely, elfish creature, and one of our author’s happiest creations.

We must conclude this brief and hurried notice of ‘*Greyslaer*,’ with a commendation of the taste, as well as patriotism, which has led our author to American legends and American scenes for the matériel of his romance ; and by advising all our readers to judge for themselves of the correctness of the estimate we have placed upon his performance.

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**HEADS OF THE PEOPLE: OR PORTRAITS OF THE ENGLISH.** London: ROBERT TYAS.  
New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE seventh number of the new series of this popular publication reached us by the last steam-packet from England. We perceive no falling off, either in the literary or illustrative character of the work. We have here ‘*The Tory*,’ ‘*The Collegian*,’ ‘*The Capitalist*,’ and ‘*The Waiter* ;’ and it would be difficult to say which is the most felicitously drawn, each one is so faithfully executed. In the sketch of the Collegian, an affecting isolated picture, like that of STERNE’S prisoner, is drawn of the son of an ill-paid curate, struggling against poverty in the toilsome acquisition of academic honors. ‘*The Waiter*,’ by PAUL PENDGRAST is capital. The condensation of orders, after the manner of YELLOWPLUSH, evinces the close observation of the author : ‘*Bilemutnan-capeseauce*,’ ‘*aunchamutn*,’ ‘*breastavealanoystus*,’ standing for boiled mutton and caper sauce, ‘*haunch of mutton*,’ and ‘*breast of veal and oysters.*’ Here is one scene from ‘*The Capitalist* :’

“ Behold him in close divan with his brother kings in Leadenhall Street : the fate and welfare of millions rests on his decision ; ‘ the integrity of our Indian Empire’ requires that the barbarous states of the eastern frontier should be crushed ; and war, with all her ferocities is determined on. How many a goodly youth did that vote give to the jungle fever, and the poisoned cross. By those few words, how many yawning graves were opened ! what tides of blood were set flowing ! — then rapine had her license, and avarice her warrant.”

The companion picture, however, exhibits the capitalist as a benefactor, subduing fertile wastes yet untrod, and enhancing the comforts and luxuries of life.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR. — We would invite the reader's attention to the chapters of Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT's 'Trip to Lake Superior,' in preceding pages. They will be found to present a lively picture of the scenery of that noble inland sea; a region far better worth the attention of Americans, than the hackneyed scenes of foreign travel, to prosing descriptions of which we have been treated, *ad nauseam*, any time these ten years. We have been favored with the private correspondence of a young gentleman, in the Michigan state service, dated a few weeks since, 'In camp, Grand Marais, Lake Superior,' in which we find the following vivid sketch of the 'Grandes Sablées:'

'Just beyond our present encampment, are the *Grandes Sablées*, one of the wonders of this distant region, and one of the most truly 'grand' sights I ever beheld. Here steep sand-cliffs were observed, rising from the water with a very uniform smooth face, about two hundred feet; and barren *dunes* are seen in the distance, rising still higher. On our approach, the whole appeared like lofty hills enveloped in fog. This fog proved to be nothing less than clouds of sand, which the winds were sweeping over toward the lake, and which formed a seeming mist, so dense as completely to conceal the real character of the coast. On ascending these steep, wasting cliffs, a scene opens which has no parallel, except in such a region of wide waters and wild winds. For an extent of many miles, nothing is visible but a waste of sand; herbless, except a few grass roots and small shrubs, which in places have found sustenance. Still it by no means presents to view a monotonous desert plain, but rises into lofty cones, sweeps in most graceful curves, is hurled into eddying hollows, and spreads out in long extended valleys. Occasionally are seen the tops of half-buried pines, barkless, and worn dry and ragged by the drifting sand. They look like the time-worn columns of some antique temple, whose main structure has long since tumbled to the dust. They stand amidst the waste, like the ruins of Persepolis, the city of the desert. . . . The surface-sand is mostly packed quite hard, and may be trodden, as on a floor, with perfect ease. This floor is in many places strewed thickly with pebbles, so that deep hollows and vast plains present a smooth bed of them. Among these, are a great variety of the precious stones, common to the primary rocks of this region; agates, chalcedony, jasper, quartz, of every shade of color and transparency, trap, hornstone, etc. All these are worn smooth, and are beautifully polished by the sharp drifting sand, and many rich specimens may be obtained at this singular depository. They remind one of the Valley of Diamonds in the Arabian tales, which it was the fortune of Sinbad to find, in a region scarcely more wild and inhospitable. . . . In the rear of this desert tract, about two miles from the coast, timber is again met with; and here, just at the edge of the woodland, a small and beautiful lake lies embosomed; a rich tract of maple forest on the one side; on the other barren *dunes* of shifting sands. In this realm of desolation, it breaks upon the view as did the unexpected fountain to which Saladin led the weary cavalier, Sir Kenneth, over the sandy plains of Palestine, and may be quite as aptly named 'The Diamond of the Desert.' About this sheet of water, snow was found in large quantities, buried beneath a few inches of sand. This protection will suffice to keep it half the summer. This lake has an elevation above Lake Superior of from one to two hundred feet. A

small stream makes from it, which, after working its way through the sands, reaches the clay upon which these 'dunes' are based, and tumbles, a perfect cascade, into the recipient lake. A dense forest of fine maples and pines covers the whole country on the east of this stream, with a clay soil, while on the west commence abrupt cliffs of driven sand, rising to an immediate height, which far overlooks the woodland; and commences the great and almost leafless waste of the *Sablés*. Instead of a dark mass of verdure, by a transition as sudden as it is opposite in character, every feature of the landscape seems as if buried beneath huge drifts of snow; or you seem as if walking upon the ocean, and about to be overwhelmed by its rolling billows; only that the undulations are more vast, and the wave-crests loftier than Ocean ever raised, in its wildest fury. Looking upward from one of these immense basins, where only the lofty sand-waves meet the sky, the beholder is impressed with a sense of sublimity: an awe unmixed with that degree of terror which accompanies a storm upon the Alps, or on the Atlantic.'

Right happy should we have been, to have composed one of the fishing party among the hollows of the rocks, at the foot of the rapids of St. Mary's river, where the delicious white-fish are so numerous, that the bow's-man takes his scoop-net and literally *dips* them into the boat; we should have rejoiced to listen, in a night of storm, while snug in camp, to the roar of the mad breakers on the lonely shore; to that voice which was 'not alone the sound of dashing waters, however loud; but distinct from the rush of the waves, and the howling of the wind; a deep bass under-tone, the lowest conceivable note in the music of nature; incessant, distinct, prolonged, and filling up every pause in the awful harmony;' we should have revelled for hours in the enjoyment of the scene, where — between the lofty and picturesque bluff-points, that, like the pillars of Hercules, guard the pass of the river, crowned with tall pines, rising like church-towers covered with ever-greens — Lake Superior pours out the St. Marys; but we could scarcely have relished even these sublime sights and sounds, if they were to be purchased only by such dreadful annoyances as are here recorded by our correspondent:

'You have known what it is to have a half dozen mosquitoes singing around your head the dirge of your comfort, during a warm summer's night. Judge then what your sensations would be, when these insects come in countless swarms, to which even a handkerchief around the head, gloves on the hands, and a half-inch thickness of grease on the face, are but a poor protection. While I am now writing, though mid-day, I am fighting mosquitoes with my left hand, while I continue to make scratches for you with the other. I can hear F —, who is in another tent, brushing the rascals from off his book: and one of our party, who is out fishing with the boat, carries a face swelled out of all shape and proportion, by the rapacious attacks of these 'birds of prey.' A bite still more poisonous is inflicted by a small black fly, which holds sway during a portion of the season. While on Drummond's Island, my ears and neck became so swelled by a few hours' exposure to the attacks of these flies, that more than a week elapsed before the soreness had subsided. But of all the tortures of this nature, that inflicted by the *gnat*, (sand-flies, punkies, brulos, for they bear all these appellations,) is the least endurable. These are so small as to be almost microscopic, and about as innumerable as the particles of vapor in a mist. In this *fly-fog*, one must of course be completely enveloped, and the burning sensation produced by it is absolutely intolerable. Nothing but a thick coat of grease is a protection. They will enter through the pores of linen, as if no obstacle interposed. I have seen men's faces puffed out by their insidious poison, as if they had the 'mumps,' while blood ran down in streams. Some are so badly affected, that they will throw themselves upon the ground, and roll in agony. These are met with only during a warm day, when we are seldom on shore; and unlike mosquitoes, are seldom out at night. So you will see that there is a kind of hourly succession of these little tormentors of our race. Patience and habit will nevertheless render all these in a degree endurable; though, to speak truth, I should not have troubled you with so long a chapter on such small affairs, had not an unusually fat mosquito been pitching at me with such diligence and effect, that I could not well divert my mind. Thank for-

tune! he is floored at last. I should not omit to add, that we may be nearly freed from our enemies during sleep, by closing the tent perfectly tight, with brush heaped all around the lower portion, to prevent them from creeping in through the grass; then, with a candle, singeing to death those that were already within.'

We shall hope to keep our readers advised of the entertaining adventures of our correspondent, which will have at least the merits of freshness and natural limning, to recommend them to general acceptance.

**OUR YOUNG ARTISTS.** — Our friend 'H.,' to whom we are indebted for a letter touching the productions and genius of CRAWFORD, the young American sculptor at Rome, will find much of his information anticipated by an article from the pen of Consul GREENE, in a previous number. We are glad to learn that Mr. CRAWFORD has been very successful, and that his works 'have won high praise from the best artists and amateurs in Italy, including TENNERANI, who, next to THORWALSDEN, is the first Italian sculptor in Rome.' Of 'The Catching of the Stag,' ordered of Mr. CRAWFORD by Prince DAVIDOFF, of Russia, our correspondent speaks in the highest terms; but owing to a lack of time and space, we reserve a consideration of his remarks upon this effort, and other topics connected with the fine arts, until a subsequent issue. Our young painters, too, are doing themselves great credit in Rome, if we may judge from a few pictures which we have been kindly permitted to examine. Mr. HUNTINGTON, whose productions were so justly commended in the National Academy last season, has sent home two or three pictures worthy his reputation, and evincing a ripening of his fine talents; while Mr. GRAY, but recently a mere amateur, who accompanied him to Italy, bids fair to emulate his success with no faltering hand. His 'Roman Girl,' in its variety of positions, so to speak, in its coloring and expression, and in its minor accessories, would do credit to a far more experienced pencil, and reflects honor upon the artist. But while we keep in view such native artists as POWER, CRAWFORD, and others, we must not forget to chronicle the advancement of some of our American sculptors and painters at home. CLEVINGER is executing several orders, with his accustomed success; and soon leaves us, as we learn, to prosecute his studies in Italy. KNEELAND, a native of our Empire State, and a companion with CRAWFORD in his studies in America, has devoted his leisure from pursuits of kindred art, in which he has been eminently successful, to the thorough study of sculpture; and the benefit of the severe discipline which he has taken upon himself, is visible in the few busts which he has modelled, or sculptured in marble. We have often admired the little group, wrought in the latter matériel, which Mr. ASTOR had the good taste to secure, and which forms so pleasing an ornament of his mansion. With his fine genius, and an uncompromising determination not to rest satisfied with a superficial knowledge of his art, we must regard Mr. KNEELAND as one of our most promising artists; and we cannot but believe that his ultimate success will be marked and triumphant. Mr. BRACKETT, a clever Cincinnati, has modelled several busts, including a recent one of General HARRISON, which some of our journals have much commended. Mr. BRACKETT needs but study, to acquire that additional mastery of the details of his art, which will place him in that van-rank to which his ambition naturally aspires. We have pleasure in bearing our renewed testimony to the improvement and success of Mr. C. G. THOMPSON, whose eventual triumph we were the first to predict in this community. Beside several clerical and scholastic dignitaries, he has succeeded in attracting to his canvass the beautiful faces of sundry of our most charming belles; and having established himself a favorite painter with the fair, in our first metropolitan circles, it is not surprising that he should be 'riding on the tide.' We have had an eye, let us add, in conclusion, upon a very promising young painter in town, who, if he be true to himself, will yet create a sensation among his compeers. We allude to Mr. CLOVER, Jr., whose 'Phrenologist' was so much admired at the recent exhibition, and whose 'Idle Servant,' recently painted, evinces still higher excellence. Let him persevere.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON KNOWLEDGE. — As we stood recently upon the high bluff of the Telegraph station, at Staten-Island, and beheld the gigantic steamer President trailing her smoky banner along the western borders of the vast 'watery ways' she had traversed, and proudly entering the haven where she would be, the power of KNOWLEDGE was forcibly impressed upon our mind. We had just been conversing with an estimable citizen, who stood on the wharf at New-York, but a comparatively little while ago, and heard the jeers that were cast upon ROBERT FULTON, as he was trying the first experiment of a rude steam-boat on the Hudson; his face streaming with perspiration, partly from anxiety of mind, and partly from contact with that uncontrolled vapor which was so soon to take the wings of the wind; so soon to annihilate space and time. Without enlarging upon the history of the inception and progress of steam, let us ask, what is it but KNOWLEDGE — what but study, investigation, research — that is now yoking the subtle elements to the sea-chariot? — that is propelling floating palaces hither and thither on the great waters, swifter than weavers' shuttles, and like the weaver's shuttle, weaving distant nations into one social and intellectual fabric? The reign of all barbarous people in and about the shores of the Bosphorus, the Nile, and the coast of Syria, says a recent English correspondent, is at an end. 'The time has arrived, when Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, the lovely banks of the Euphrates and the Nile, will teem with an European population. This will be the next grand era in civilization, and the steam-engine will accomplish it all in a very little time. Steamers are already ploughing the Red Sea; and soon their puffing and smoking will be seen on the bosom of the Euphrates, and on every other river, sea, and harbor of the habitable globe, to the utter astonishment, and annihilation ultimately, of every heathen. The steam-engine will do far more toward spreading civilization than the missionary. Fulton and James Watt were the Goliaths raised up by God for this great purpose; and still the march of science and art is onward.' . . . On one of the distant rounded slopes beneath us, then covered with ten thousand children from the Sunday schools of the metropolis, we heard, many months since, our excellent friend Governor SEWARD enlarge, in clear and simple phrase, upon the *democratic* tendency of knowledge. 'Schools,' said he, in substance, 'are the great levelling institutions of the age. The secret of all *real* aristocracy, is, that *knowledge is power*. Knowledge, the world over, has been possessed by the few, and ignorance has been the lot of the many. The merchant — what is it that gives him wealth? The lawyer — what is it that confers upon him political power? The clergy — what is it that gives them influence, so benign for good purposes, so fatal for mischievous ends? Knowledge. What makes one man a common laborer, and the other a usurer; one man a slave, and the other a tyrant? KNOWLEDGE. Knowledge can never be taken from those by whom it has once been obtained; and hence the power which it confers upon the few cannot be broken, while the many are uneducated. Strip its possessors of all their wealth, and power, and honors, and knowledge still remains the same mighty agent, to restore again the inequality you have removed.' . . . Speaking of the progress of steam, as a concomitant and forcible example of the power of knowledge, in one department only of human science, we are reminded, especially in this connection, of an anecdote related by the same speaker from whom we have quoted above, in the recent centennial celebration at Cherry Valley, Otsego county. 'It seems,' said Gov. SEWARD, 'as if it was but yesterday, since we learned that burthens may be more cheaply carried on parallel iron rails, than on the rough and unequal surface of the ground; and now rail-roads are common thoroughfares, and animal force is too feeble an agent for locomotion. A gentleman upon whom age seemed to have lightly laid his hand, told me that less than forty years since he dined with Chancellor LIVINGSTON at Paris. The party was composed of statesmen and men of science. The patience of the guests was exhausted by a visionary youth named FULTON, who engrossed the conversation by an argument to prove that if he could obtain a small fund, he could construct a boat to be propelled by the power of steam, and navigate the Hudson river with the velocity of four miles an hour!'

From the same unpremeditated performance, we take the subjoined comprehensive and eloquent passage:

'Our gifted orator has given us your entire local and domestic history. Does it not seem strange that so many extraordinary changes, so many important events, and so many thrilling incidents, have occurred in the lapse of one hundred years? An hundred years! how short a period! That life is considered short which does not reach fifty years, and that one is only very long, which comprises a hundred. An hundred years! An hundred times this period of twelve months which the Earth requires for the irrigation of its soil and production of fruits; an hundred times this circle of three hundred and sixty-five days: days that so often pass like a dream, and are 'noted but by their loss.' Who that places a tomb-stone in the village church-yard to the memory of a departed friend, would not sigh to think that that monument of his affection must sink to the earth, and his friend occupy an undistinguished grave within an hundred years? Who that establishes a constitution, invents an engine, teaches a new science, or founds a new sect, would be content that his community, his invention, his science, or his creed should give place to new discoveries within a hundred years? Yet an hundred years is no unimportant portion of time. It includes the period of four generations. In a single century four thousand millions of human beings appear on the earth, act their busy parts, and sink into its peaceful bosom! A little more than half that period carries us back to the time when this great and free empire, now respected in every land, had no place among the nations of the earth. Only an hundred times has the scythe passed over this valley, since your ancestors pursued their weary way up the Mohawk, and over those hills, and planted here the first settlement of the Anglo Saxon race west of the Hudson. They found the Six Nations here as confident of perpetual enjoyment of this fair land as we now are. And yet so soon the tide of emigration has flowed over this valley, and filled the valleys of the Ohio and the Wabash, and the Mississippi, and the Missouri, and now scarcely the name of the Six Nations remains. Only twice an hundred years have elapsed, since the first navigator entered the Bay of New-York, and not four centuries have passed, since Columbus astonished the world with the discovery of this great continent. Its only ten centuries since all Europe, moved by wild fanaticism, poured her embattled hosts upon the fields of Palestine; and less than sixty times an hundred years, according to our accustomed chronology, carry us back to the epoch when there was no time, nor light, nor life, nor earth, nor heaven, and God said let all these be, and they were.'

'SUMMER: A RHAPSODY.' — We had wasted a single dip of ink from the nib of one of HAWKINS' golden-pens upon the glories of the waning summer, when the annexed rhapsody reached us from the hand of an estimable correspondent, whom it is our pride and happiness to cherish, in more regards than one. Arriving too late to be a guest at the *table d'hôte*, we make room for our friend, with pleasure, at our own humble side-table: 'Bright and glorious Summer! The morning breaks in beauty; the soft and balmy west wind breathes its gentle influence over the face of nature; the tears of the night, lingering upon the green grass, are clothed with the beauty of the rainbow, and the brightness of the diamond. The swallow, with its cheerful whistle, springs from the eaves, and darts with rapid flight across your path: the mocking-bird, that feathered mime, pours forth its thousand notes. There is no spot in the firmament of heaven; there is no blemish on the face of Nature. All is bright, and soft, and beautiful; and entranced with delight, you stand, the gentle air fanning your brow, and the glorious scene elevating your soul. Alas! that man's beauty and happiness should so quickly pass away; that life should be but a succession of cheerful moments and of gloomy hours; that the softness, the freshness, the verdure, of the morning, should so soon be lost and destroyed by the heat, and toil, and aridity, of the parching noon! Yet so it is, with nature and with man. While you stand in full enjoyment of the scene, its softness has passed away — the diamond hues have vanished. You feel no more the gentle zephyr upon your cheek; the swallow has crept back to its lofty mansion; the mocking-bird has retreated to its leafy shelter. The burning sun pours down his golden flood of light; but the spirits droop beneath the fervor and glory of his influence; the beasts of the field hasten, with eager steps, to the shelter which Providence has prepared for them; and drooping and weary, you retire from a view which but a few moments ago you thought you could linger with for ever. Happy is he, who in the noon of excitement and of struggle, has the desire and the ability to retreat from the burning scenes of strife and contention, to the retired and shady walks of domestic happiness!

'But the noon-day has vanished, and the evening hour has arrived. Again softness and beauty preside over the scene. Once more the swallow chirps, and flits along, and the birds send forth their notes. Step by step, minute by minute, the light



and the beauty vanish. You feel as though some kind friend, who had long blest you with his gentle, endearing presence, was about leaving you for ever, and your heart grows sad and dispirited. Ah, gentle reader! if it has been your fate to see that hour pass away, and with it the spirit of one who was treasured up in the inmost heart; whose smile was the delight of life, and whose affection the pearl beyond all price; then indeed will the shadows of the twilight bring with them the sadness of the heart, when the memory of the past almost overwhelms the prospect of the future; and the soul, forgetful of the joyous meeting that is to come, looks back weeping and despairing to the last sad parting!

'Have you ever asked yourself the question, whether there are any pleasures in memory? They have been said and sung; but do they exist? Do we turn our backward gaze upon the joys of other days, and does that look bring pain that they have past, or pleasure in reviewing them? Is the form of misfortune softened, when we gaze at it from a distance? Do scenes gloomy and afflicting, lose any portion of their darkness, when a few strides along life's highway has carried us from their immediate influence? Would you trace back a single step? Would you live over a single day of your past career? Would you drink again the cup of misery that had been held to your lips, or hear once more the twice-told tale of pleasure? Ah, gentle dreamer! your pleasures have been sweet indeed, your sorrows but as the summer cloud, if you answer these questions in the affirmative! Well will it be for him who seeks to forget the past, and to press onward to the future; and who, amid the retreating twilight, gathers his robe around him, and lies down in hope, and peace, and righteousness, for the slumber of the grave! . . . How many changes occur in our opinions of the character of mankind, as we pass through the avenue that leads to the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death!' In early youth, when all is rose and sunshine; when evil is unseen, unheard, unfelt; we look upon our elders as beings formed after a divine image: the world seems an Eden of delight, and its inhabitants pure and guileless creatures, clothed with innocence and beauty, and rejoicing in deeds of purity and benevolence. Vice puts on her mask of comeliness, and our unsuspecting eyes see not the deformity that is beneath. Pleasure surrounds us with its enchantments, and the beauty of life with its witchery. To us, all men are gods, and all women something more than angels. But the dream has ended! Some fellow traveller, some passer-by, more hasty than the rest, has given us a rude shake, and aroused us from our pleasant vision. We are awake now! Our senses are unclouded. The hues of beauty are passing away, and we see clearly and thoroughly into the surrounding prospect. Vice has lost her mask, and stands forth in her own disgusting nakedness. The heart of man is revealed to us. We trace back the apparently bright and crystal stream of hypocrisy to its source, and find the polluted fountain from which it flows. We see the sordid feelings of self-interest pressing down and strangling the gentle spirit of benevolence and charity: we mark the cold, calculating abandonment of principle; the betrayal of friendship; the sale of love; the barter of the soul's salvation for the mess of worldly pottage; and our own hearts grow bitter, and misanthropic, and distrustful: to us all men are devils, and all women something worse.

'But again a change comes over us. The torch that has been held up before us, that we might gaze at others, is reversed, and we are compelled to look into our own bosoms. The light falls upon the dungeon, and the secrets of our own hearts are revealed to us. Alas for the sight! The passions we have been condemning in others, are rioting uncontrolled within our own bosoms. The demons of envy, hatred, malice, lust, covetousness, ambition, are holding their mad revelry in the inmost recesses of our hearts. Vice is the ruling potentate, Sin the prime minister, of the throne. Gaze long and earnestly, reader, ere you turn away, for on *that* look rests your everlasting fate! If in disclosing to you your own imperfection, it also casts a light upon a path that will lead you far off from the evils of the flesh; if it give you resolution to follow in that straight and narrow way, well will it be for you that you have learned in time the history of

man's depravity; but if you turn away in anger, and despair, and hatred of yourself and others; if you bring yourself to the mad conclusion that there is no virtue or goodness in human nature, the light has indeed shone upon darkness, and the darkness has comprehended it not; and bitter, bitter will be the results of your unhappy decision!

'Indulgent reader, I will no longer weary you: my sheet is full. And at parting, what shall be my salutation? Shall I wish, in the courteous language of the Spaniard, 'that you may live a thousand years?' Shall I desire for you that you may not go down to the grave until age has withered your affections, sorrow blighted your hopes, disease enfeebled your frame? Would you be as the sickly leaf of autumn, clinging to the tree of life, with your beauty lost, your strength exhausted, your companions gone? Would you desire to totter along the path of the living, jostled by the vigorous, sneered at by the unfeeling, forgotten by all? If such be your desire, kind reader, even so be it unto *thee*! But so be it not unto *me*! I would not linger until the fountains of my heart are wasted, and its springs dried up; until the golden bowl of life is broken, and the silver chord of affection loosed. The choice is neither in your hands, nor in mine. The issue is with a holier Being, and it belongs not to us to gainsay his decrees. But, (with becoming reverence be it spoken,) there is something beautiful in a youthful departure. It is the repose of the noon-day, while the sun is yet shining, the birds yet singing; ere the shades of twilight or of darkness have conjured up the mocking phantoms of despair; when hope, and faith, and religion, in their giant strength, can burst asunder from the Philistine grasp of sin, and soar upward and away, to the brightness of eternal glory!

'Give me to live Life's little hour  
With those I love, and sink ere age  
Hath rubb'd my senses of their pow'r:  
Nor war 'gainst Time unceasing wage:  
Cheer, like the primrose, all around;  
In Spring-tide, gay, in Summer, dlow'ring,  
Blooming in Autumn still, yet found  
At rest, ere Winter's ills are low'ring.'

'I know that there is nothing more honorable and venerable than a holy and estimable old age; but let me gaze at it from afar, like the mariner who casts a timid glance at the fairy island, around which are shoals, and rocks, and whirlpools. . . . But, dear reader! whether you linger to a green old age, or pass away in the meridian of your beauty, blessings be upon thee and thine! A happy life, and a happier death! *Vale, et vale!* Farewell, and farewell!'

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'THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE,' by Mr. Iving, has been much quoted in England, and translated into one or two French publications. One of the London journals, speaking of the South Sea mania, in connection with its mammoth prototype, mentions the following as among the bubbles which were inflated and burst, about the years 1720-21: 'For building and rebuilding houses throughout all England; for encouraging the breed of horses, and improving church lands; for erecting salt-pans in Holy Island; for furnishing funerals to any part of Great Britain; for insuring of horses; for carrying on the royal fishery of Great Britain; for a wheel for a perpetual motion; for drying malt by hot air; for building of hospitals for bastard children; for the transmutation of quicksilver into a malleable fine metal; for buying and fitting out ships to suppress pirates; for importing a large number of Spanish jackasses; for extracting silver from lead; and last and not least, for an undertaking of great advantage, which shall in due time be revealed;' in which each subscriber was to pay down two guineas, and thereafter to receive a share of one hundred, with a disclosure of the object; and so tempting was the offer, that one thousand of the subscriptions were paid the same morning, with which the proprietor went off in the afternoon!

'MICROMEGAS, THE CELESTIAL TRAVELLER.' — We learn from Mr. BRYANT, that this satire of VOLTAIRE's was translated into English, soon after its first publication in France, and that it thus appeared in this country, several years since. It is pronounced, however, as fresh as if original, by most of our contemporaries of the public press. Its perusal, in our own case, has induced a renewed enjoyment of GULLIVER's kindred experiences in Lilliput and Brobdingnag; and we would commend a like gratification to the reader. Even a 'thrice-told tale,' by GULLIVER can never prove tedious. His *negative* grounds of comparison, how ludicrous they are! With what solemnity does he talk of the stately trees in the king's park at Lilliput, the tops of some of which he could hardly reach with his clenched fist! How becoming is the admiration with which he celebrates the prodigious leap of one of the imperial huntsmen over his foot, shoe and all! 'The mutton of the Lilliputians,' says he, 'yields to the English; but their beef is excellent. *I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare!*' A distinguished Lilliputian functionary took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, 'from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him,' says Gulliver, 'that her Grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court; and I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands, (for if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four,) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, *of five inches high, to prevent accidents*; and I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face toward them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*.' Exquisitely burlesque as is this defence, it is scarcely more so than the picture drawn of the Brobdingnagian flies, 'as large as English larks,' whose uncleanly habits interfered so wofully with his meals. He notices the lock of a little box, very particularly, because he had seen one equally large on a gentleman's gate in England; and he greatly undervalues the tower of the great temple in the capital of Brobdingnag, which, although three thousand feet in height, is, he thinks, hardly equal in proportion to Salisbury steeple! 'It is by his imperceptible mode of assimilating our ideas of proportion to those of his dwarfs and giants,' says SCOTT, 'that Gulliver renders lively and consistent a fable, which in other hands would only have seemed monstrous and childish.' The sort of *r  action*, too, which is produced upon the traveller's mind, when restored to persons of his own size, particularly after his return from the land of giants, greatly reconciles us to a deception maintained with such accuracy and truth of description.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS. — We shall embrace another occasion to notice the following works, in connection with other volumes to which we made but brief allusion in our last issue. Unavoidable absence from town, with illness and death in the editor's family, must constitute an ample excuse for the omission of much that would otherwise have received attention at our hands, in the present number: 'GURNEY on the West-Indies;' 'William Tell, and other Poems, from the German of SCHILLER;' 'BRISBANE Association;' 'PUNCHARD on Congregationalism;' DISTURNELL's excellent 'Rail-road Book for Travellers;' BULWER's 'Godolphin;' HACH's 'Musical Magazine,' etc.

**THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.** — The following eloquent and well-reasoned passage we take from an article in *FRAZER'S London Magazine*, upon the policy and taste displayed by the French Chamber of Deputies, in removing the remains of BUONAPARTE from the 'lone isle of the ocean,' which they have rendered memorable through all time, to the gay metropolis of France.

'If the true sublime were consulted, Napoleon would be allowed to remain in St. Helena. He has it all to himself. He is the sole man buried in the Atlantic who has a distinct burial place in the bosom of the ocean. In Pagan mythology Sicily was not more decidedly the burial-place of En-celadus, than St. Helena is that of the giant disturber of our own generation. There he lies alone — quite alone — a mark for all who sail along the watery ways. The islands and the coasts of the tropics have given their last homes to millions of men, since death began in the world, and no doubt the bones of many a gallant and worthy fellow are there deposited; but of them who takes thought? Those who traverse the highway from Europe to India, from the continent he had all but won to the empire which was for ever the dazzling object of his ambition — all who

— 'on the trading flood  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
Fly stemming nightly to the Pole;'

all whose thoughts turn to the shores of America or Africa; all who go down to the sea in ships, or think of wandering over the face of the deep; to them is the tomb of Buonaparte vividly present. No one passes St. Helena without visiting the willows waving over him. Men going on bold enterprises, or sent to govern provinces equal to kingdoms, or returning from splendid rule or brilliant conquest; the soldier in quest of fame, the sailor of adventure, the merchant of wealth, or each bound homeward laden with what he sought; the star-calculating astronomer, the pondering antiquary, the learned philologist, the zealous missionary; these are no idle visitants; and by them is the grave of Buonaparte duly hallowed. . . . There he lies in his ocean resting-place, as well-known to 'all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea,' as was in the days of Arabian Romance the brazen warrior, standing in solitude upon the wave-washed mountain of adamant, awaiting the coming of Prince Ajib. So should the earthly warrior abide amid his wave-washed precipices, awaiting the more dread summons, the last trumpet-call, which will order 'the sea to give up its dead.' Sorry, indeed, is the taste, which would remove him from this sublime dwelling, to make him an additional attraction among the tinsel mummeries of Paris; to confound him with the melodramatic sorrows, the tawdry *immortelles*, the musty wreathes of *Père la Chaise*; to take him from a place where his remains will command the respect of MEN — and no common men now pass his tomb — to put him where he will be only a mark for the peering and the jabbering of *monkeys*; to degrade him from being the *genius loci* of one of the great landmarks of the world; to become an additional raree-show to gratify a cockney curiosity, and share the glories of an opera-dancer, a patriotic spouter in the Chamber of Deputies, or any other buffoon of the minute, consigned with theatrical honors to the grave.'

Meet it is, that even in death he should be himself *alone*, who when he fell conquered at last, fell suddenly, without bending till he broke; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden lightning.

'**THE QUADROON.**' — This new 'novel,' by Mr. INGRAHAM, author of 'Robert Kidd,' etc., has been issued in London by BENTLEY, the highly conscientious publisher of the very *original Magazine* which bears his name. The work would seem to have been essentially 'crucified' in London; inasmuch as to lead us to question whether the 'English reputation' of the author, of which we have sometimes vaguely heard on *this* side the water, be not rather assumed than real. The *Athenæum*, a journal of authority, says of 'The Quadroon:' It is 'a violent story of fine clothes and fierce passions; its epoch, the possession of New-Orleans by the Spaniards; its main idea, the wrongs and perils which beset one of those ill-starred beings who give to the book its title. The author shows no shrinking or superfluous delicacy in the treatment of his subject. The mother is here as willing to barter her child to the highest bidder, as ever was real Quadroon; but such readiness imparts the moral taint of a corrupt society to the book, and makes it repulsive. The machinations of Azelie's too-natural parent, are defeated by the purer sense of Renault, her supposed son, and by the mysterious influence of a Moorish sorceress — that Wandering Jew-ess of all novelists — who knows everybody's secret, and stalks here and there, committing all sorts of impossibilities, and awing the *dramatis personæ*, from the greatest to the least. There is also a fierce, unscrupulous, licentious Spanish governor, thoroughly and irredeemably vicious, save for the affection he bears to his fair daughter; and there are a series of the grandest possible blue-fire and bloody-dagger stage effects, by way of winding up the novel.' We have our fears that the author of 'The Quadroon' will not a little lessen the reputation he may have

acquired at home, as a clever groupist of melo-dramatic scenes, by publishing too much — by writing more than he reads. If he would consult his fame, he should relieve his hurried *novel* performances with another series of travelling sketches, like his 'South-West,' which was his *first* work, in more senses than one.

THE 'BROTHER JONATHAN.' — We have hitherto omitted to mention the accession to the literary attractions of this beautiful and well-filled sheet, of N. P. WILLIS, Esq., who is announced as joint editor with Mr. WELD. The 'Jottings Down in London,' and 'Letters from under a Bridge,' so popular in the 'Corsair' and the 'Mirror,' have been resumed in the 'Jonathan;' and these, with kindred graphic sketches of Ireland, and those light and graceful tales in which Mr. WILLIS is so successful — to say nothing of early selections from the best English periodicals, and foreign and domestic correspondence — must add greatly to the repute and circulation of this mammoth journal. The last North American Review thus speaks of Mr. WILLIS's prose writings:

'The variety and versatility of Mr. Willis's literary abilities have been strikingly displayed within the last few years. He writes a prose style, which, for splendor of diction, brilliancy and tastefulness of ornament, and musical flow, will bear a favorable comparison with that of any author in the walks of elegant literature, whether in England or in the United States. His language possesses that curious but indescribable felicity, that clearness and graphic power, and that gracefulness of racy, idiomatic expression, which wind their way into every reader's mind, and enchant his senses by their manifold fascinations. His works have had an almost unprecedented circulation, in spite of certain grave faults, which drew down upon them the heavy censure of some of the British critics. But the critics are not omnipotent; and the writings of a man of genius, like Mr. Willis, however light and transient the theme, will be popular, will be read. His 'Pencilings by the Way,' therefore, notwithstanding their offences against the laws of society in some instances, continue to be republished, adorned by all the luxury of the British press. We understand that a new edition of his collected 'Poems' is about to appear, in the style of Rogers' magnificent volumes.'

The publishers of the 'Jonathan' have found a reward for their untiring enterprise, and liberal expenditure, in a circulation altogether unprecedented. They now issue *thirty-two thousand copies* of their journal weekly.

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR. — The sketch which occupies the opening pages of the present number, will not escape the notice of the reader; since it is a vivid narrative of a succession of events which must prove of interest to every American. We have received during the month original autograph letters from ARNOLD's mother to her son; from the traitor himself, written at Crown Point, when treason was distilling its poison in his bosom; from ANDRE, General GATES, etc., from which we shall take an early occasion to make interesting extracts, for the entertainment of our readers. It was no slight retribution, that after ARNOLD had thrown himself into the arms of the enemy, and while he was engaged in a service against his country in which victory could have gained no laurels, nor defeat incurred additional disgrace, he was in reality the most wretched of mortals. Remorse sat ever at his heart, and gnawed at its cruel leisure.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — The capital desultory paper upon 'WINE,' from the pen of our friend Prince GILBERT DAVIS, will have present attention. 'Running the Gauntlet,' a *third* Reminiscence of the late War, will receive an early insertion. The 'Letters from London,' by the 'American in Paris,' will be resumed in our next. A number of articles, in prose and verse, await that attention which, for certain painful reasons, elsewhere stated, it has been *impossible* for us to devote to them.

THE DRAMA. — Our several theatrical establishments will be in full force, by the time our next number is issued. We shall keep our readers duly advised of their various attractions. Mr. BUCKSTON, a popular dramatic author, and very pleasant actor, has been the only borrowed 'star' that has yet shot hitherward from its sphere. His success has been complete.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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L O N D O N .

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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'AMERICAN IN PARIS,' 'OUR VILLAGE,' ETC.

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THE PARKS: ST. JAMES.

THAT which stands with such unpresuming majesty on the north side of the Park, is St. James' Palace. The kings of England live here with the same kind of pride as Diogenes in his tub. The French have put myriads upon their palaces; enough upon Versailles alone to bring a judgment on a nation. Not to rival this magnificence, and to live in this old ruin, seems to me a commendable taste. Half-cut royalty is mean; it should be on one side or other of pretension. In this humble habitation dwells the monarch of a hundred millions of subjects!

The column standing at the head of a noble flight of stairs, and overlooking the Park and Westminster, and out-topping the metropolis, is the 'York Pillar;' the duke's statue peering on its summit. It is not made of the enemy's brass, with 'Dacian victories,' and grim conquests of Holland and Germany, carved in spirals to the top, but it is smooth and glossy, and you might write love-letters on it. There is a man standing by the pedestal, and stretching his eyes upward. Let us imagine, by way of anti-climax, it is my Lord Wellington. This column is a bad imitation of Trajan's, and twenty feet higher; the higher it is, the more the personage on top is diminished to a puppet, and his features indistinct. A high column, with a little man on it, is a thing in bad taste, any way. (I ask Trajan's pardon.) The design of a column is to support something; something, too, proportionate to its size; or it is the emblem of a ruin, having outlived the edifice it once sustained. Trajan's column, Napoleon's column, the Duke of York's column! Mrs. Clarke's affair did not bring much credit to the Duke, but it was a good thing for Mr. Croker.

In the north-east corner they were this morning milking the Queen's cows. I will have a drink, said I, from this pure lacteal fountain, and revenge myself for once of London milk, to which chalk gives the color, cabbage leaves the vegetable flavor, and snails the consis-

tency: so I approached and asked it from the cow; and the juggling, adulterating maid, dipping her glass into the water-bucket, while I was contemplating her Welsh roses, by a slight of hand made me swallow one half the Thames; the rinsings of twenty of my predecessors. He who has only learned cunning from the fox, or rudeness from the bear, in Schuylkill county, need not come to set up his business in London. They reckon, for a supply of the metropolis, eighteen thousand cows, each nine quarts per day, above eight millions of gallons; and the milk-girl, rosy, robust and Welsh — *quæ lac venale per urbem non tacita portat* — is every where at dawn crying and distributing it in tin pails. The supply of butter is eleven thousand tons; cheese, thirteen thousand. I like to give you the statistics in small pills, they are so indigestible in large doses. The music of the guards about the palace daily, between ten and eleven, is sweet and agreeable. That of the Tuilleries, when the still evening approaches, and the common world may be soothed of its labors of the day, is at a better hour. The English give you twenty, the French fifty minutes of this royal harmony.

What a delicious flavor of truffles! Why is this root, so rich and ambrosial, undiscovered in our country? How perverse it was in nature to put a turkey three thousand miles from its sauce! 'It was the invention of the hogs (in this friends of mankind) that brought this plant into human uses.\* The king's dinner is a matter of infinite consideration. Do not be associating with it your vulgar ideas of a kitchen. There are 'comptrollers of the kitchen,' and 'clerks of the kitchen:' the chief cook is William Ball, Esquire; his aid Thomas Higgins, Esquire; and Thomas Brown, Esquire, is chief butler. The English squire, take notice, has about the same relation of dignity to the American, that sterling has to the pound continental. I chinked a few sovereigns in my pocket, and with the sound paid the smell of the dinner; and His Majesty being content with this Gascon currency, I took leave of the palace.

Now to describe to you the interior of the Park. I forsee that Miss Martineau will write a book in 1838, and will entitle it 'How to Observe.' Until that event, I must get along as I can. The geese here go barefooted, and venture out in all sorts of weather without umbrellas. What a stately swan! See how with arched neck it rows majestically! *Quack! quack-quack-quack!* Bah! — its a duck! Now I recollect, studying the history of these three kingdoms, to have read, under the article Charles II., of a spot here called 'Duck Island,' 'which had, for the royal pleasure, always a decoy of ducks upon it.' It is apparently a religion of the place, as Juno's geese of the capitol. It is a study for Hobbema.† See how the lordly drake stands upon the margin, his wives and little ducklings faintly dabbling among the rushes. The paternal air is complete and exemplary.

The swallows are chattering among the shelvy fret-work of the Abbey. The day is genial with the sun, and white fleecy clouds are passing over it, to temper the heat. Flora's prettiest buttons are disclosed, and the gales are perfumed with the sweet spring. Yet nature seems drowsy, and the Park lifeless. Beside geese and ducks,

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\* Almanack des Gourmands.

† A Dutch painter, famous for geese.

a few domestic animals, as sheep and cows, are feeding upon the wide field. The English are admirable, beyond all other people, in their rural parks, but a city pleasure-ground requires the addition of those thinking things, men and women. Here a few persons only are seated about the hundred acres, seeming to have retired hither, as melancholy rooks, to mope, or sleep away their revels in the shade; and a few are straggling about solitary — a studious man, or a pair of lovers, to avoid observation. An old woman, done up in woolsey, or a Miss Peggy, her linen looking out from under her petticoat awry, or a Sawney, with scraggy knees, enjoying fresh air between his plaid and gaiters, stalks across your path; and now and then a horse, bestrode by a cavalier of the court, or endorsed by a fair lady, passes rapidly through. A few favored carriages, also, have the privilege of driving through to the palace. What mallaria, thought I, has passed over this most ancient, convenient, and beautiful of the English parks? The mystery has been explained: it is unfashionable; the upper classes only looking in, as they pass through Piccadilly, and the middle classes not choosing to frequent places contemned or neglected by their betters: so that St. James is left to his old acquaintances, the publicans and sinners.

This park lies adjoining the palace, in the midst of a populous district, and being spacious enough for general accommodation, should be a choice ornament of the metropolis. I would make it lively with *jet d'eau*, beautiful with lawns, woodlands, and gardens, and shrubbery, and splendid with statuary, in all the blandishments of elegant forms; and the genteel world at stated hours should make it their fashionable promenade on foot; that the transcendent English woman, from observation of the fine forms and attitudes of sculptured images, exhibited to view from infancy, should attain that which, for want of education, she does not possess in a supreme degree, a graceful air and gait in her walk. In no other state can a woman be seen in the plenitude of her charms; and neither the graces of movement, nor any other graces, were brought ever to perfection under the discipline of an exclusive set.

As for me, I do not presume to survive a pretty pair of feet and ankles. The English travellers, plague on them! have not done justice to your American girls for these acquirements. Taken up with your features, they have apparently overlooked your feet; or in your carelessness you have not taken proper steps to exhibit them, or rather perhaps, lacking domestic impression, the bump (of pretty feet) remains in the Englishman's skull yet undeveloped. You are fortunately not rich enough to ride always, and therefore, in defect of gardens, 'foot it,' the world looking on, on your snug Chestnut streets and Broadways; and therefore have a light, airy grace of movement, which, in the estimation of all persons of competent taste, does you infinite credit. Art passes into nature. Let the English lady have but her fashionable promenade on foot, where the amiable vanities may be paraded and encouraged, and she too will have darling little feet, ankles round and tapering, and movements light and aerial in her walk: at last she will be born so. To what else does the belle of the Tuilleries or Prado, owe her superiority, her delicacy of feet, her



amenity of movement, her lightness and springiness of tread, that scarce make 'a dint upon the down?'

Incomparable Tuilleries! How sweet, of the fresh morning, to walk amidst the stately marble heroes and divinities, and to see its ten thousand children at their exhilarating and healthful recreations; or the lively belle, in her accoutrements of the season; how majestic in her winter furs, how beautiful in her summer gauze, in her silks like the misty cloud, or changeable in the sun, as if 'Iris had dipped the woof,' moving at the side of her graceful cavalier, upon the smooth and silent walk, and dividing with art your admiration of human shapes, graces and expressions! Or, as the day declines, to mix with the fashionable groups, seated or promenading, and close the day with the sweet harmony of Rossini or Mozart from the palace gate. The English children, with their fine classical profiles, large clear eyes, hair in soft tresses, with their open honesty of face, and innocence and grace natural to childhood, what a drapery for a garden! But who is going to let his children associate with one knows not whom? So they walk out with their grumbling and surly nurses, instead of being allotted a portion of their fine garden, where their little emulation of address and activity might be brought out by healthful recreations, communicating at the same time cheerfulness, a sense of neatness, and propriety, and health, to their nurses, and a gratification to the idle spectators, especially their parents. To the mother, what delight to see here

'Her little self refined in purer clay!'

And to the father:

'Quelle joie en effet . . .  
De se voir caressé d'une épouse qu'on aime,  
Et de voir autour de soi . . .  
De petits citoyens,' etc.

I went musing thus along, trying to recollect Boileau's lines, by the water side, where the lime-tree hangs its rugged locks upon the stream, enclosed by a tuft of hedge-wood, and crept close under its shade. I reposed here and said with Isaiah, 'By the rivers of Babylon I sat me down'—and much more truly of London than he of Babylon, for here are three rivers—the Thames, one of nature's prettiest productions, and the 'New River' by Hugh Middleton, circulating in its ten thousand leaden veins through London, and the Serpentine, beside docks, and canals, and these little puddles of St. James; and the prophet had but the Euphrates, and it but a hundred yards wide, while the Thames is between three and four hundred. 'And we hanged our harps,' said the prophet, 'upon the willows thereof.\* Here also a gray and melancholy willow hangs drooping upon the brook. I will often, said I, take a book, and escape the dog-star in this pleasant retreat; and thinking of harps, an old ballad, which had slept from the cradle in my memory, suddenly awoke, and I sang it with great emphasis: 'The ducks and the geese they all swam

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\* If William Penn, instead of Nimrod, had founded Babylon, David would have been obliged to hang his harp on a less poetical place than a willow; Isaiah would have prophesied in a vale of bricks. Such gardens as St. James' are the work of princes, and not to be expected, they say, from the calculating spirit of a republic. But here is the Zoological, itself the ornament of a city, from the subscription of private gentlemen.

over ;' when all at once I espied, at two steps distance, a pair of lovers eyeing me attentively from behind a screen of the underwood. Why is one more ashamed of being ridiculous than vicious, and more in awe of other's opinions than one's own ? Deeply mortified, and softening to a gentler note the unsentimental lullaby, I went off, regaled with a half-suppressed titter of the lady, followed by a full chorus of a laugh by the gentleman.

The new palace looks you in the face, approaching the West End. Having a ticket of admission, I spent some time in looking through this residence of future monarchs. It is the old Buckingham House reformed. King William refuses to lodge in it, and clings with Dutch inhabitiveness to the old mews of St. James'. This palace, like twenty others, is built with two wings, connected at the farthest end by a main building. Entering this, upon a level with the ground, you are in a splendid hall, surrounded by half a hundred white Corinthian pillars, their capitals of Mosaic gold, and by rich scagliola walls. Ascending a few steps, you enter the 'Hall of Sculpture,' of the entire length of the building, and connected with a dining room, concert-chamber, and library, the queen's morning room, and private stairs. By a grand stair-way on the left, you enter the Saloon of Reception, and Throne Room, and adjoining are the king's tiring room, withdrawing room, also the queen's, with the royal bed-chamber between, dressing rooms, picture galleries, etc. Ladies of honor and waiting maids are to inhabit the left wing, and servants the right. The whole is filled up as becomes a royal residence. The chapel only is unfurnished. A chapel is always an appurtenance of a palace, and usually of gentlemen's seats ; and religion is more familiarly admitted here than in America, among the worldly concerns of life ; and still more in the Catholic countries. The ladies of the continent often intermix a fervent devotion with their amours. I have read of one having two wafers, and after making up her mind, swallowed the one, and put the other in a *billet-doux*. To take the sacrament and attend balls and other festivities on the same day, is not unusual, even in England. Caroline, queen of George II., had prayers said in a room where there was a naked Venus, and often while changing her linen. Queen Anne, economical of time, had the same custom. Once, (for she was nicer than Caroline) in the very emergency of a change, she ordered the door to be closed. 'Why does he not proceed,' sent her stripped majesty to inquire of the chaplain, who replied, 'he would not whisper the word of God through the key-hole.' I give you these royal anecdotes on the authority of Horace Walpole. The wings of the palace are adorned with sculpture and statuary, representing Virtues, Sciences, and Arts. Though saints are forbidden, the English will be guilty of a little idolatry, as long as there are women and allegories :

'Colitur Pax atque Fides, VICTORIA Virtus.'

I now stepped into Hyde Park from St. James, by the north-west corner, by a splendid gate, of the Ionic order, having three arched ways for carriages, and two for pedestrians ; and just opposite a more magnificent opening into Green Park, a park which lies with-

out any other note than a huge reservoir of filtered water, at the north side of St. James'. I paid here a hasty visit to Apsley House, (the outside of it,) and had an interview with my Lord Wellington. He was looking out of the window. His lordship is shut up here *à la tortue*: sheet-iron blinds facing the Park, and the one open palisade placked inside; very prudently, for there is no knowing when one's fellow citizens may carry one on their shoulders, or when break one's windows with bullets. Wellington, Louis Philippe, and Andrew Jackson, are at present the three great men of nearly the same age, and qualities of mind, and balancing different portions of the globe. I am very happy to mention Mr. Tattersall immediately after them, who lives in the vicinity of Apsley House. The horse-market 'is conducted on the most gentlemanly principles.' Horses more polished than the velvet, and fleetier than the roe, are here at your bidding; and pointers, terriers, gray-hounds, and all the apparatus of racing and hunting. The subscription room is only a guinea, with genteel entertainment and the best company of England; and what perfect equality! Saturn, you would imagine, had returned to be President of the Jocky 'Club.' He in 'whips and spurs,' is the heir of a noble house; his *forte* is driving; in this he triumphs; he perusing his legs, and caressing and coaxing his whiskers into a graceful curve, he is a groom; and he the footman, who gives his little finger to my lord. To know the pedigree and qualities of a horse, is human knowledge. But I must refer you to 'Tom and Jerry' for the minuter particulars.

Hyde Park is an immense field, and creeping through it is a tiny river, which, having no bend in it, they call the Serpentine. The water here also has a sleepy look; is bounded by no pastoral images, and inhabited by no swans, but sometimes a tadpole, aspiring to be a frog, merrily wags its tail from one mud puddle to another. The London youth comes hither to bathe in the heats of the carricule, as the day is opening its golden eye-lids; and now and then an open barouche, laden with the fair, passes softly by in quest of fresh air in the Park. To see the fine human forms plunging in, rowing their way through the liquid stream, or sunning themselves upon the bank, is an amusement. '*Quand cette saison n'est pas venue les femmes ne s'y promènent pas encore, et quand elle est passée elles ne s'y promènent plus.*'\* Hackney and stage coaches are shut out, and women in clogs; otherwise, the Public walks in, as slovenly and shabbily as she pleases.

Where is the 'Ring,' so famous in romance and history — especially the history of duelling? It was ninety yards only in diameter, and sixty years ago, large enough for fashionable London. The ride round, the compliments, repartees, nods and smiles, and jolly faces of our grandmothers — where are they now? Hyde Park, while the French gardens have each a litter of heroes, counts only Achilles, draped in fig leaves. He is alone in possession of the field, as he was wont to be at Troy, in an attitude of defiance. This image was put honor of Lord Wellington, by the London ladies, his lordship

finding the metal ; and no better clad, they say, originally, than is the new Venus at the Palais Royal : but all the little decencies of the metropolis, putting their heads together, made it this little apron which you see. In the Tuilleries, nakedness is of no account, where there are so many to keep it in countenance, but here it is too specific. I have a kind of indistinct impression that English nudity is more unbecoming than French. But allowance must be made for the potency of habit and general custom. I have seen American girls, who always fainted in Philadelphia on seeing themselves in the bath, when turned loose awhile among the fine arts of Paris, descant upon their beauties with the good breeding and perfect *nonchalance* of the native French women.

This Park has a wide carriage-way along the eastern margin, upon which, of fine afternoons, there is a display of the richest gayeties and elegances of London. The picture is a never-ending variety of equipages, and riders on horseback, of both sexes, moving slowly up and down, and a promiscuous crowd on foot, scattered over the lawn and elevated margin of the road. This is the outline, but who can describe you the infinite details ? Lovely Nine ! forsake me not in this emergency ! A noble steed, richly caparisoned, and mounted by a brilliant and beautiful English woman, is a choice image of the group. He moves in a kind of trot, slower somewhat than a walk, lifting his feet and setting them down nearly in the same track, as if to give you a longer enjoyment of the rider. She wears a pert little beaver, and a whip for ornament, not use ; and the zephyrs fan her with their little pinions, helping on her speed. The horse moves proudly, as if conscious of the distinction of being sat upon by so amiable and sweet a lady. The male rider too has his merits, exhibited here in all their softer varieties ; at a walk, a trot, now and then curvetting, and carracoling, or, the reins loose, leisurely indulging in a conversation by the way-side. An American woman will ride wild colts from the prairies, and 'stick to' as if born on horseback ; but the entire *abandon*, unaffected ease, and centaur-like security—in a word that nameless thing, a grace in a saddle—is to be seen no where in its perfection out of England. The American equipage, with its liveried Africans, and smooth full-blooded steeds, and its chariot with a glitter of gold and gorgeous emblazonment, is not to be despised ; but it is the number and variety, added to sumptuousness, that make the miracle in England. The aggregate amount surpasses altogether our republican notions of magnificence. It is now five of the afternoon, and the picture is complete. I will notice only a few of the objects at present visible. A beau and belle are staring at each other with glasses ; the bishop follows close behind, in wigged gravity. This one bows his imminent top, smiling faintly, and losing not an inch of his attitude, practising his own motto, '*cavendo tutus* ;' another throws his hand gracefully over the side of his calèche, his cap in it, and bends lowly, his soul in his face, and his whiskers meeting under his chin : he resumes his perpendicular, '*Qui est ce monsieur ?*' While another leaps from his tilbury, and clasping some one, who has done the same, embraces him on the pavement, as never did Orestes his Pylades, then remounts and drives on : '*Creo que he visto el Señor alguna parte.*' A lady is showing her equestrian abilities

at a drive. To be a 'good whip,' does not enter into my ideas of feminine accomplishment.

See how the sun burnishes the frogs upon the Hungarian livery! My Lord Duke's chariot now approaches, full of himself. Who deserves the praise, the coachman, who made it, or his grace, who wears out the Park with it? Who that rustles in satin, thinks of the worm that spun it? Her gorgeous ladyship next. She pulls up at Howell and James';\* now her glowing chariot bounds along the flinty ribs of Piccadilly, and arrives, the axletree on fire, at 'the Corner,' and now enters with slow dignity the ring. The four horses of jet, postillions in sea-green jackets, sleeves of rose, and golden tassels playing upon the velvet caps, they are Miss Foote's, Countess of Harrington's; and the ponys of iron-gray, thirty inches, are Queen Mab's, or my Lady Peel's. He so nobly mounted, and riding with dignity, is Sir Robert; his pride showing through the woof and chain of his 'mantle. What are the Cavendishes, the Percies, the Howards? Their fathers made them; I made myself. This one in the precious bloom of a new suit, a Shultz-like coat and polished beaver, is a painter's son, a fellow of Trinity college, sergeant at law, member of parliament, chief justice of Chester, solicitor-general, attorney-general, master of the rolls, lord high chancellor, lord chief baron of the exchequer, and now baron something else. His arms do not disown his Yankee origin; azure, and American eagles his supporters; his motto also Yankee, (go ahead,) '*ultra pergere.*' His new wife is at his side, young, blooming, and resolute as Jewish Rebecca. I would have made her a lower bow in the *Rue de la Paix*, had I had the sense to foresee she would be one day Barouess Lyndhurst. These neophyte lords are more aristocratic than the native growth: his lordship is Toryest of the Tories. The next is my Lord Abinger, also in the A. B. C. of his nobility; the deepest *read* man, as some one has said, of the British bar. He was Sir James Scarlet of Jamaica, now Viscount Abinger. His motto, '*avis stat veribus*' is appropriate; it imports that 'every pot should stand on its own bottom.' Hear! hear! — it is the ex-speaker. Is there any one upon the earth, save Rip Van Winkle, who knows not Charles Manners Sutton? His motto '*Pour y parvenir*,' is unlucky for a *parvenu*. He is now Lord Viscount Canterbury, *et pour y parvenir*, and has sat in the little niche in the south end of St. Stevens', for more than twenty years. Somebody else of Canterbury, for half his martyrdom, was made a saint outright.

These are the men who have made the name of England glorious through the world. This power of appropriating the talents of the other orders, is one of the strong points of the English nobility. It keeps alive emulation, and establishes a community of interests and affections, brightens the honor, and prevents the physical degeneracy to which an exclusive set is, in the economy of all nature, subject. It is a power, too, not liable to abuse, for the new creation comes in under the frown of the old peerage; an influence that ordinary pretensions cannot withstand. To be a blackguard nobleman, requires a  
 2 of ancestry.

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\* Fashionable store.

I forgot, in the above group, one of its central figures — the 'Cupidon dechainé' — with chest of Apollo, and waist of a gnat; his panels blazing with arms, and steeds proud of their trappings: the noble Count D'Orsay, grazing the wheels of my Lady Blessington. Nothing can exceed the grace with which his lordship takes off his glove, unless it be the grace with which his lordship puts it on.

Tell me, lady most learned in heraldry, why the Bishop of London has two swords on his escutcheon; whether it is properly a Christian emblem; and why the same image is found upon the arms of two other bishops, and not upon those of any duke in the three kingdoms, including the Duke of Wellington; and finally, why ecclesiastical arms are without supporters, crests, and mottoes, and why ladies' arms are without the motto and crest? Gracious! you interrogate me as if I had taken orders in the church! Women are weak, and should have supporters; that they should have no crests, is proper. Cocks have crests, and hens none. It is true, a heroine is sometimes 'cock of the walk,' in Virgil and Tasso; but it is going out of a lady's province — a poetical license. Arms being designed to designate knights of the tournament, it is difficult to say why a bishop should have them at all. . . Much obliged. What a gentle catachresis, that a crest, originally a feather on the apex of the helmet, should be now an elephant, or other such enormity. And what a collection of wild beasts! '*Parbleu! que d'animaux dans cette famille!*' More families than one come in for a share of Napoleon's *bon-mot*. Earth has been ransacked, and the sea and air too have furnished their quota of heraldic honors in England — the fabled unicorns, phoenixes, mermaids, griffins, harpies, 'gorgons, and chimeras dire.' The lion seems to be the favorite, and is represented in all the shapes and attitudes, integers and fractions. Among the earliest exploits of knighthood, was the destruction of wild beasts, and such images are not inappropriate. In a good device, they say, the hieroglyphics and motto should cohere as soul and body; the one is incomplete without the other. It is a bad motto that is independent. Since they wont look at us groundlings, let us turn critics of their honors. Do n't you love a calm pun? '*Fare, fac,*' for Fairfax; for de Montalt, '*De Monte alto*'; Neville, '*Ne vile velis*'; Fortescue, '*Forte scutum*'; Vernon, '*Ver non semper viret*'; Onslow, '*Festina lente*'; and prettier than all, the canting Greek of Baron Heineker, *του ἀγιστάτου ΕΝΕΚΑ*. Lord Palmerston's conceit, '*Flecti non frangi*,' would suit better our hickory president. And now for the emblematic crests. Oliphant, an *elephant*; Cockburn, a *cock*; Arundel, a *swallow*; and Corbet, a *crow*; you would think they were manufactured at our Chestnut-street mint.

That the national motto should have no higher origin than a lady's garter! But I like it better for that; better than the '*Nemo impune*,' of the Scotch, which smells of brimstone. Here comes my Lord King: how triste! Mocking his own device, '*Labor ipse voluptas*'; it should have been *Ipsa voluptas labor*. Is not the Marquis of Headfort braggadocio, with his '*Consequitur quodcumque petit*'? What does my Lord Vincent mean by his one word '*Thus*'? Is it English? Is it Latin? Is it a spice of Arabia, or a mere Saxon monosyllable? At least it is good Latin, and that is more than any one dare say of the Duke of Beaufort's '*Mutare vel timere sperno*,' which is neither good

Latin nor good sense. If it were *ima summis mutare*, or *timere libertati patriæ*, his lordship is one of the last men in England, who would like to acknowledge it. The '*Ubi lapsus*' of the Earl of Devon, all the way from Pharamond, if Debret is right in the translation, is no better. *Ubi* accompanies rest, not motion. And the '*Manu forte*' of the Scotch Lord Reay, and the '*Serva regem*' of the Earl of Iniskillen, are, by the same authority, bad. Good gods! Why here is bad Latin riding daily in the open heaven of Hyde Park, from all the three kingdoms, to the discredit of the nobility, and flagrant scandal of the 'two universities.' Prisian's head seems fated to be broken with a motto. We have in America but one poor device: *Omnia reliquit patriam servare*,\* and it bad Latin!

What say you to a short lesson of this English mythology, just enough to seem well bred among the pines? *Royal Family*: William IV. and Queen, (Princess of Saxe Meinengen,) two daughters, both deceased. *Royal Dukes*: (the king's brothers:) Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and Gloucester, husband of Mary, their sister. *Princesses*: Mary, and Sophia Augusta, unmarried at fifty. *Heir Presumptive*: Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, deceased.

	Dukes.	Marquises.	Earls.	Viscounts.	Barons.	Archbishops.	Bishops.
English,	24	19	104	14	124	2	25
Scotch,	7	3	40	4	22		
Irish,	1	14	68	38	57	4	15

The total, exclusive of clergy, four hundred and thirty-nine. To which you will add orders of knighthood; of the Garter, forty; Thistle, seventeen; St. Patrick, twenty-four; Bath —; and finally, baronets, about one hundred. The gentry are the baronets, and all who live on their income, or honorable employment; boasting often a descent above the nobility. *Lord* applies to all nobles, and by courtesy, with the surname, to their eldest sons, and by extension, to the Mayor of London, chancellor, bishop, etc. Barons are lords sometimes, in distinction from the higher ranks; their wives are ladies. Do n't forget the wives of earls are countesses. Of a duke you will say, 'Most Noble'; a marquis, 'Most Honorable'; of an earl, viscount, and baron, 'Right Honorable'; of a duke or archbishop, 'Your Grace.' Please make the Archbishop of Canterbury preach by 'Divine Providence'; of York, by 'Divine Permission.'

These are the Dii Majores and Minores, who have created for themselves a heaven upon this island, apart, and live in it, just showing themselves now and then to the world, in their visible and mortal shapes, at the east end of Hyde Park. I have no republican spite against nobles. One hates to reduce life to its mere realities. To be able to set apart a portion of our species, and endow them, as a lover his mistress, with the attributes of imaginary excellence, is delightful. Why is this divine faculty of imagination bestowed upon us? It is because simple truths are insufficient to human enjoyments. To give beauty rank, is but setting the picture in a better light, and increasing the joy of the spectator. Lords are good things, if only to make novels 'out of.' What would become of the tragic Muse? What would any one have to cry about?

Some degree of nobility is established by nature and necessity, in all governments. Even the church has its saints. *We* have our little titles, both civil and military; France has her peerage for life, England her hereditary peerage. We have built our edifice in the Doric style, why find fault with those who prefer the Corinthian? The two extremes, absolutism and excessive liberty, are detestable; the exact happy medium is not yet (perhaps is never to be) discovered. For who can estimate how much of good and evil exists in each form? how much of either is ascribable to accident or human policy? and how much forms of government are to be accommodated to the condition of its subjects, to moral and religious habits, to extent, climate, and even to the nature of its employments and productions? I love best the republic, under honest rule, if the scheme is practicable, and even a licentious democracy better than a quiet despotism. There is much good in a hereditary nobility. The evil which appears to me most obvious, is the notion it inculcates in weak minds (not the smaller number) of a personal superiority, independent of personal merit, and its tendency to run into excessive pride; a vice which, recommended by a high and influential class, soon infects a whole community, always descending with aggravation from a higher to a lower rank; stronger in the meaner mind. Lord Wellington is, I have no doubt, less proud of all the 'decorations' of Europe, than his corporal of his worsted epaulettes; and who does not know that the footman upon the tail of the duke's coach is prouder than his grace inside? The contempt of the Carolina slave for the buckra, or poor white, is perhaps the most flagrant instance of this vice that is extant. It is the common reproach of all nations; but I have no hesitation in signalizing it as the one eminent and characteristic vice of the English — active, intense, and universal.

The desire of seeming of a higher, and the apprehension of being suspected of a lower rank, are the tormenting and pervading sentiments, through every order of their society. No one, indeed, expects persons differing in fortune, station, or natural endowments, to associate on terms of intimacy; but surely, a sense of protection and gratitude, and a disparity of tastes, are sufficient to maintain the social distinctions. If they are providential, there cannot be a necessity of resorting to motives condemned not only by religion and humanity, but by common sense. The whole of human existence, what is it but one unqualified lesson of humility? The queen eats her daily meals; she sleeps (if queens sleep) eight hours of the twenty-four; she is born, she dies; she suffers the 'pains and perils of child-birth;' has the measles and the whooping-cough, and is liable to all the infirmities of her meanest subjects. Alas! there is but virtue only, which forbids pride, to give a color of reason to justify this passion, even in the most elevated of human beings.

One has to lament, also, in considering the institution of nobility; its incapacity to render its possessor happy. How many unnecessary testimonies I could bring of this truth! Even here, upon this fashionable end of Hyde-Park, the general countenance is severe and gloomy, and the splendid pomp moves by, as if performing some duty, imposed as a task. One is tempted to say with that queer foreigner admitted to an English ball-room, 'Could you not have



that done by your servants ?' 'It is no doubt with many a compulsory process. One rides out (perhaps !) with his wife ; she is nervous, dyspeptic, hysterical, and must be indulged ; or she is envious and proud, and is outshining a rival, and his purse suffers ; or it is a little icicle hanging by its mother's ear, when it would be writing a *billet-doux* ; or the handsome brother, who must go out with the old dowager, just at the hour he had a pleasant assignation, or a match at the cock-pit ; or it is my Lady Duchess, tired of 'the world, neither wishing to see nor be seen, who just rides out from habit. The only creature which seems to me really to enjoy the drive, is her ladyship's poodle. It sets its fore-feet upon the margin of the coach, and looks out with an air of genteel impudence, which the commonalty of dogs, or dogs not used to good society, will in vain strive to acquire. Do n't forget that a puppy's insolence is privileged here, or resented at the peril of one's life.\*

But here I am moralizing, as if the day stood still ; and the four hundred acres of Hyde-Park are to be traversed on foot. Why pique one's self on good riding ? It is a mere mechanical exercise, and best performed where there is least application of mind. They ride always here ; it is the reason they walk so badly, and their nether parts are so negligently costumed. If Virgil had been an Englishman, he would no doubt have made Juno *ride* the queen of heaven. The deficiency of trees and shrubs gives this field the air of a solitary heath ; and in a hot sun, the pedestrian has need of encouragements to overcome it. At last we are in the delightful Kensington Gardens. At the farthest end is a palace, now occupied by the Duke of Sussex, and, in her widowhood, the Duchess of Kent. The genius of the place is the Princess Victoria. Close by is a village, and in the church are tombs of the Earls of Warwick, and in the cemetery, the grave of Mrs. Inchbald, the actress. Pratt, Earl of Camden, was born here, and Hunter the surgeon. The Park is rural and solemn ; the circumference three miles. It has abundant shade from large interwoven trees, and a smooth and verdant lawn, with seats placed conveniently, and here and there little covered buildings, to give shelter from the storm or sun. The gardens are immediately around the palace, where the day is closed with agreeable concerts. I strolled long upon the silent gravel walks, philosophizing, then listening to the winds piping among the trees, and the familiar robin, now and then chirping its plaintive note ; and there came by, on horse-back, a lady, of a sweet and nymphish modesty of face, whom presuming to be the princess, I stood off, cap in hand, by the way-side, making her such homage as the vapor to the sun.

As often as I am wearied of the world, which will be every fine afternoon, I will walk in this park, upon its sweet garniture of green ; and sometimes of a morning to meet the early marigold that turns to the east, and smiles and dallies with the sun ; or listen to the English lark that cheats you with his single throat to believe there are twenty birds quiring in the air. Here, to the west, is Holland House, remarkable as once the residence and property of Addison, and the birth-place of Fox, and now for the delightful attic dinners of my Lord

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\* See duel of Montgomery and Macnamara.

† *Incedo Regina.*

Holland. Here Addison paced the 'long room with a window at each end,' and a bottle too, they say, at each window, to give vigor to his Spectatorial wisdom. Who smells the wine, in his charming Saturday homilies? With Dryden and the oblivious god he solaced here, of an evening, the contempt of his imperious countess. I will come hither, 'a stroller with a book,' in the 'Syrian heats,' and under thy protecting wings, Victoria, pour over its divine thoughts, in the spot in which they were conceived, and with leave, woo the harmony of thy sweet coverts through the loitering twilight.

Regent's Park had my next visit. For this I journeyed near an hour to the north-east, passing through a spot of execrable fame; where the wretch, his bones anatomized by kites and buzzards, was left a fleshless skeleton, to dangle to-and-fro in the night winds upon a gibbet — Tyburn, now fallen into disrepute. None are hung now in London but the very rabble; and these in the prison yard of Newgate. This park covers five hundred acres, and is destined to be the queen of English gardens. It is of circular form, and has parterres of shrubbery, and varieties of trees, yet in their infancy. The gravel is smooth enough for prunellas — not the case at St. James'; and some persons of honor have been seen walking here; which I give as a report, not vouching for its authenticity. They have contrived to give a not large lake, with trees on its banks, the appearance of a river, and a drive round for carriages, which seems a mile, is gently accomplished in a minute. This is one of Mr. Nash's happy accidents. The houses around are in the terrace style; that is, several united in blocks, in which mortar and brick affect the hues of marble and wrought stone, and stand up for the dignity of Ionic and Corinthian orders. The pediments are sculptured, and the balustrades and eaves surmounted by prim-looking allegories. In one of the pediments is a little coronation of Britannia by Fame; and among the other figures, (about twenty,) is a Freedom extending her favors to the Africans. On others they have served up a most delicious variety of goddesses, like a *soupe à la julienne*: Poetry and Plenty, Music and Chemistry, Medicine and Health.

The walks of this garden are sometimes in straight lines, and the trees, in spite of English gardening, are allowed to get into rows. It wants the furniture and social gayety of the Tuilleries; it wants the urns, the statuary, the orange trees, the ladies; one feels out of doors: finally, it wants the residence of the French capital to be one of the most brilliant gardens of Europe. Yet with its air of stillness and solitude, it is delightful. It is delightful to sit here so snugly under the shade of this almond tree, and look out upon the little groups of strolling visitors, and muse upon the immense world that lies immediately around. Kensington is three miles distant, and agreeable only to those who have equipages; or, like me, seven-mile boots: this has the extreme advantage of vicinity. I am lodged near, and can fly hither from the suffocated streets daily, which I do. I come on Sundays to pray heaven to vouchsafe to civilize the hearts of our city councils, and enable them to conceive such a necessary appendage to a city as the Tuilleries and Regent's Park; and if there is such a thing as a purgatory for Quakers, to heap a myriad or two of years upon the heads of those who deprived us and our posterity of this

enjoyment of the rich, this comfort and consolation of the poor. They had a continent before them, and could not spare for a city what any opulent individual here provides for the health and gratification of his private family!

To complete the subject, I should have added to this letter the Zoological Garden; but its museums, collections of natural history, delightful promenades, its large pieces of water and islands, inhabited by animals, distributed into paddocks, dens, and aviaries, according to their several natures and habits — a garden in which all nature appeals to the heart of man for his love and admiration, requires more than an entire letter for itself.

*William Pitt Palmer*

LINES

TO THE 'SWEET SOUTH,' IN EARLY SPRING.

I.

WHY linger thus afar,  
O fond expected guest from southern bowers!  
Though gay their dwellers are,  
And ever blest with blended fruits and flowers,  
They cannot hold thy balmy breath so dear,  
As those who mourn at nature's wintry bier.

II.

Within these hoary woods,  
Erst hung with rustling canopies of green,  
Stern Desolation broods,  
In grim enjoyment of the funeral scene,  
When storms have swept beneath their reckless tread  
The hectic leaves, lorn autumn's sylvan dead.

III.

How swells the pensive breast,  
To mark in ruins on yon blasted bough,  
The wild-bird's summer nest,  
So cheerful then, so bleak and silent now!  
Yet dear to fancy still, as she recalls  
The love once shrined within its hallowed walls.

IV.

The groves of hill and vale,  
The shrub that climbs the mountain's snowy towers,  
And germs that slumber pale,  
In outcast seed or bulb of perished flowers,  
But wait thy magic summons to display  
Spring's sweet regalia to the wondering day.

V.

At haste, then, loiterer! haste  
To climes still grateful, though forsaken long!  
Make green the withered waste,  
Evoke from voiceless streams their wonted song,  
And with thy genial sorcery restore  
To these lone woods their winged harps once more.

VI.

But ah, to man's sad heart,  
When bared by wintry visitings of Time,  
No sweet South may impart  
The bloom and verdure of his vernal prime,  
Nor charm the dreary void around him cast,  
With long-lost echoes, wafted from the past!

## RUNNING THE GANTLET:

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST PEACE WITH GREAT-BRITAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EASTERN LANDS,' 'THE COBBLER OF BAGDAD,' ETC.

A BRIGHT and beautiful Sunday morning dawned upon the town and harbor of Halifax. The waters were gently breaking upon the shores of George's Island, and both sides of the channel; a cooling breeze from the south-east was toying with the numberless streamers and flags that decorated the vessels of the port, and with the broad ensigns of Great Britain, that were spread abroad to catch its breath from the flag-staffs of Citadel Hill, George's Island, Point Sandwich and the Half-moon battery: the bending arch of heaven presented a clear field of deep azure, unbroken by the slightest cloud; the sun, just lifting itself from its ocean bed, was pouring a rich stream of dazzling light along the waters, causing them to sparkle brighter than crystals with the reflection of its long golden column; and gilding the spires and house-tops of the town, the vessels, and forts, and every thing it smiled upon, with glittering splendor. Every object that received again the light of day, seemed conscious that it was a time for rest and peace, so still and quiet, and in such happy keeping, was every thing around.

It was a May morning, in 1815. The war with the United States was over, peace having been proclaimed but a short time previous. Two nations had again met in amity, and exchanged once more the terms of courtesy and friendship; and the tie which war had so rudely severed, was once more united. Yet during the very darkest period of the war of 1812-15, when the most bitter feelings of deadly enmity were aroused on either side; when little was exchanged between the two nations, but terms of defiance, taunts, and reproaches; when they met not, save at the point of the bayonet, and before the cannon's mouth, where the crimson-dyed turf, and the slippery deck, too plainly told that these interviews were bloody; even then, the heart of an inveterate enemy was moved, and tears of sympathy were copiously shed, in mourning over the loss of one of the bravest heroes that ever contended for the glory and triumph of the star-spangled banner of our own dear country; the unfortunate but chivalric commander of the ill-fated Chesapeake — LAWRENCE. Yes, to the eternal honor of the British nation — particularly the naval officers and subjects then resident at Halifax — be it recorded, that they demeaned themselves as brave and generous enemies; and to the latest days of the Republic, that action will ever be remembered with the kindest feelings of sincere gratitude.

It is well known that after the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon, in which Captain Lawrence was killed, and his vessel captured, the prize containing the prisoners were carried down to Halifax. As the Shannon, followed by the captured frigate, passed Sambre light, the telegraph at Point Sandwich, communicating with that upon Citadel Hill, announced to the inhabitants of Halifax, that a British frigate with a prize was coming up. The most unequivocal

tokens of joy were manifested ; salutes were prepared to fire as soon as they should enter the channel ; brush and wood were collected to make bonfires ; flags and streamers rose at every eminence ; the military bands on shore, together with those on board the men-of-war at anchor in the basin above, struck up ' God save the King,' and ' Rule Britannia ;' and all along the shore, crowds upon crowds were collected, ready to receive them with huzzas and shouts of triumph. Suddenly, while they were yet gazing, the Shannon's ensign was lowered to half-mast, as was also that of the Chesapeake. Fear and consternation instantly usurped the place of joy and triumph. What had happened ? None could answer. The telegraph demanded an explanation, and there was a dead stillness among that mighty multitude. So immoveably silent stood the crowd, that the breaking of the tiny waves, kissing the edge of the shore at their feet, was heard distinctly, as they eagerly watched a small ball of bunting rolling slowly up the mast of the frigate. For a moment, upon reaching its destination, it drooped against the mast ; then, as a breath of air lifted it upon its wings, it spread out clear and free, and then it was whispered from one to another, with saddened feelings, that the commander of the Chesapeake had fallen in the conflict. Not a shout, not a single huzza, issued from one of that unnumbered crowd that had collected to rend the air with joyful acclamations. The name of Lawrence, associated with all that was brave and manly, was a familiar sound to their ears. They knew him through life as an unyielding and unsparing enemy ; but his many virtues had won respect ; but now that the touch of death had glazed those eyes, which had been wont to sparkle with enthusiasm, when the fight waxed hottest, and stolen from that arm the sinewy strength that had made the flashing cutlass ' tell,' wherever it had struck, they wept for him as though their own navy had lost its brightest ornament.

Wrapped in the colors which in life he had bled to preserve unsullied, and in death had prayed that he might not be separated from, his remains were conveyed on shore, and buried with military and naval honors. The ensigns of the vessels in the harbor, and also those upon the forts and batteries on shore, were displayed at half-mast ; minute-guns were fired ; the corpse was borne to the grave by the oldest captains in the navy, then at Halifax ; and every demonstration of public sympathy was manifested for their brave but unfortunate enemy. But I am digressing.

An hour had hardly elapsed, since day-break, when a brig shot through the narrow channel that lies between Sanbro' light and that part of Point Sandwich on which stood the Half-moon Battery. Her helm was in the hands of her commander ; by his side stood his mate, with a glass, minutely examining every object, as they came successively in sight. The sailors were dispersed about the yards and rigging, busily reducing sail, while a few were engaged at the bows in clearing the cable, and preparing to drop anchor. Impelled by the breeze which was then setting up the channel directly in her favor, and aided by the force of the current, the vessel rapidly passed the various forts and batteries along the shore, until nearly abreast of the southern extremity of George's Island, when the sails were all suddenly taken in, the anchor slipped, and she swung round with her

head toward the town, securely moored, awaiting to be boarded by the custom-house boat, which had already left the shore for that purpose.

'What brig is this?' inquired the naval officer, as he touched the deck.

'The Growler, of Halifax, at your service, Sir,' replied the commander, coming forward with a graceful air, and a smile playing about his lips.

'Ah, indeed? Barnett and Company's craft, eh?'

'The same, Sir.'

'And are you Captain Hecate?'

'I have that honor,' replied the captain, with another smile, touching his hat at the same time, although a sly twinkle in his eye almost seemed to cast a doubt upon the sincerity of his politeness.

'And so, Captain Hecate, your brig is a fast sailer?'

'The very best, Sir. The Sentinel frigate tried a race with her off the harbor, the last time we went out, but she was soon left hull down. I'll put her against any craft that ever walked over the waters. She is a first-rate American built vessel, although now English property, and ——'

'How 's that? — how 's that?' interrupted the officer, looking up from the paper, upon which he had been taking notes, probably of the appearance of the vessel; 'how 's all that? 'American built — English property,' eh?'

'Just so, exactly,' was the reply: 'she was built during the war, at Marblehead; fitted out as a privateer up the Merrimack, at Newburyport; went to sea; was captured on her first cruise, sent down to Halifax, condemned,\* and bought by Barnett and Company, who fitted her out as a merchantman, put your humble servant in her as commander, and bade her 'God speed.''

'Where are you from?'

'Up the Straits — from Malaga.'

'Malaga, eh?' repeated the officer, with somewhat of a tone of surprise; 'so-so; and what passage had you home?'

'Thirty days.'

'Ve-ry good,' continued he, in a drawling tone, minuting down the conversation; 'and pray what may your cargo be? I don't imagine that you came home in ballast — eh?'

'By no means,' replied the captain, laughing; 'she is loaded to the water-line with wines, of almost every variety; and from that to the deck, the space is filled up with fruit, of an excellent quality, I assure you.'

'Indeed! Perhaps I may taste of it sooner than you think for. Do you intend selling your cargo at auction?'

'No: it is all engaged at private sale.'

'The engagement will be cancelled, I'm thinking, Captain Hecate;

\* It may be proper to state, that one of the regulations of the old Navigation Act of Great Britain, forbade the importation of any article whatever by her colonies, from any foreign place, except through the mother country; consequently, all produce or merchandise, whether manufactured or in the crude state, must first be imported into Great Britain, and thence shipped to whatever place should be its ultimate destination. A breach of this law was punished with extreme severity.

the hammer will knock your loading off, depend on it. Let me see your papers.'

The papers were brought, and while they were being examined, Captain Hecate thrust his hands in his pockets, and leaning against the long-boat, between the masts, took a minute survey of the person of his querist, who was performing the functions of his office with an odd mixture of drollery and seriousness depicted upon his fine intelligent countenance. The head of the naval officer, and in fact his whole person, was indeed an admirable subject for the pencil of a Hogarth. By some misfortune, his eyes had become crossed, so that when he bent his head over his paper, one of them appeared to be perusing it, while the other was quietly fixed upon the truck, at the summit of the flag-staff, on George's Island. In addition to this, he had a pair of large bowed spectacles, resting upon the tip of his ruby nose, so very near the extreme edge, that it seemed as if the slightest motion would dance them off upon his sharply-pointed knees, which were now raised nearly parallel with a curiously-carved chin. These spectacles had probably been originally sold as 'silver-bowed,' but time and constant use had worn the leaf off, in various places, so that they now presented the speckled appearance of a variegated hen. On his head, covering a wig of thick, coarse hair, and shading a somewhat scanty pattern of red whiskers, which were straggling about in so many directions, that had they been soldiers, a drum and fife would have been necessary to call them together, rested a broad brimmed, tower-like palm leaf hat, of such dimensions that it would have formed a spacious pavilion for a cortège composed of such beings as Gulliver met in Lilliput. This coat, which was a faded blue, with a brass and a cloth button placed alternately up and down in front, was buttoned close up to his neck: his nether garments were formed from a kind of pepper-and-salt-mixed cloth, and his equipments were completed with a pair of thick, heavy cow-hide boots, which rose to his knees, upon the outside of his pantaloons. Thus habited, he remained seated upon the deck, patiently spelling out the Growler's papers; for from the trouble under which he appeared to labor, it was evident that he was not burdened with any superfluous erudition.

'So, Captain Hecate,' he said, rising to his feet, after consuming a space of nearly half an hour in arriving at a knowledge of the contents of the papers, 'so it seems that this brig is the Growler, Captain Hecate, last from Malaga, with a cargo of fruit, consigned to Messrs. Barnett and Company, Halifax?'

'Quite right. Is there any flaw or inaccuracy in the papers that you have in your hands?'

'Oh, no; I was merely going to say that — Umph! Have you got a pinch of snuff about you?'

'I do n't use it,' replied Hecate, laughing.

'How unlucky!' replied the officer, suffering his sallow visage to fall so rapidly, that had it been a barometer, instead of a human countenance, the action would have created the most alarming apprehensions: 'it is very unlucky indeed; do n't your men use it, Sir?'

'I can't say; you must inquire yourself.'

An appeal was made to the whole crew, but without success, and he turned away, seemingly disappointed.

'Well, no matter,' he continued; 'I was going to say, Captain Hecate, that this brig being American built, although now English property, and that — I really do wish you had a little snuff; do try, Sir, and see if you can't obtain some for me. I really stand in very great want of it, believe me.'

'I am not aware that there is a particle aboard, and I am thankful for it,' answered Hecate.

'Well, Sir, have it your own way, Sir; have it your own way,' continued the officer, a little touched; 'but as for me, I can't do without it, Sir; no, and I *won't*. Are you in any particular hurry, Sir?'

'Hurry? No, not much.'

'Had you just as lieve lay here for fifteen or twenty minutes longer, to oblige me?'

'Certainly: I have no particular desire to hurry up to the wharf; it being Sunday, I cannot enter my vessel, or discharge my cargo; and so, to oblige you, I will lie here a little longer.'

'Thank you, Sir, thank you,' said the officer, apparently very grateful; 'and with your permission, I'll run over to the battery there, on George's Island. You won't move while I'm gone?'

'Not a cable's length.'

'Then I'll just sail over there, and get a pinch of snuff, and be right back. I'll come right back.'

Captain Hecate could scarcely refrain from giving vent to a loud and hearty laugh; but he succeeded in suppressing his risibilities, and bowing the officer over the side, watched him until his boat grazed the shore of the island, and then seating himself upon a coil of ropes, gave way to a burst of violent cachinnation.

The officer was as good as his word. In fifteen minutes the painter of his boat was fastened to the brig's shrouds, and he came on board again with a most benign smile resting upon his unique countenance.

'How soon do you intend to haul up to the wharf, Captain Hecate?' was his first inquiry.

'As soon as the tide serves, which will be in about three hours,' was the reply.

'Well, Sir, I put a veto upon that; do n't you move from this spot until you hear from me.'

'Most certainly, Sir, I shall not wait long for you,' replied Hecate, somewhat offended at his peremptory tone.

'Well, but you *will*. Do you stir one cable's length — only one cable's length — and the guns of the battery there will send you and your vessel dancing sky high. Do try it once, only once; why can't you?'

'By what authority do you address me thus?' demanded Captain Hecate.

'By the best in the world. Do you know that your brig and whole cargo are forfeited?'

'No! For what?'

'For breaking the Navigation Act. How does that set? Wait until to-morrow, Sir, and I'll seize your vessel; I would do it now, only it happens to be Sunday. What do you suppose I went to George's Island after, eh?'

'For a pinch of snuff, as you *said*,' said Hecate, smiling.



'A pinch of snuff, eh? Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the little officer. 'All fudge, Captain Hecate, I assure you. What do you suppose I wanted of snuff, eh? I see you do n't understand trap; you an't *wp* to snuff.' I went to give orders to the commander of the battery there, to bring his guns to bear upon your vessel; and if you moved in the slightest degree, to blow you to — Sancho! Good by, Sir, good by; do n't attempt to run off, unless you wish to cut a hornpipe through the air.'

Captain Hecate remained watching the receding boat, until it shot in among the wharves of the town, and was lost to his sight; then turning, he gave orders for hoisting out the boat, and having it manned; he then went below. In about fifteen minutes he came upon deck again, and after speaking a few words apart to his mate, entered the boat and seated himself in the stern-sheets. The jovial, reckless, and contented appearance which his countenance generally wore, had given place to an expression of anxiety and alarm, and he gave the command in a low tone:

'Give way, men!'

'Which way?'

'To the nearest landing.'

A few long, measured strokes sent the boat to the desired point, and Captain Hecate, stepping ashore, bade them secure the boat, and wait his return.

A full hour had elapsed, before he was seen again, and then he entered the boat, seated himself in the stern-sheets, with a single wave of his hand, and was immediately rowed back to his vessel.

As he stepped on deck, he made a sign to his mate that he wished to speak with him; and the two descending to the cabin, the door was fastened, and they seated themselves at the table.

'Well, Carpenter, it seems that we've got into a scrape,' said Captain Hecate.

'I supposed as much, from the manner of the officer who boarded us. What 's to pay?'

'Indeed I do n't know what they will let us off for, so I cannot say how much is to pay,' rejoined Hecate, laughing, 'but this is certain, that having broken the Navigation Act, though unintentionally, our vessel, if we lie here until to-morrow morning, will be seized.'

'Well, do you intend to lie here and be seized?'

'Intend to lie here and be seized!' echoed Captain Hecate; 'no! I am too old for that. Mr. Barnett, whom I've just seen, is coming aboard with one of his clerks about dusk, and then we're going to walk her out of Halifax harbor about as quick as canvass will carry her.'

'And what then?'

'Put into some American port, Boston or New-York, in distress, and sell our cargo. Come, open the door, and we'll go upon deck to put things in order for the attempt. Mind! — not a word to any person aboard, or the plan will be spoilt.'

During the whole day, the Growler remained in the same place where she had first anchored. For several hours the wind had been vacillating in various quarters, and was now blowing steadily from the north-west, a quarter very favorable for the success of the pro-

posed hazardous scheme, as it would carry them straight out to sea, without once tacking or hauling. As night settled upon the waters, and darkness gradually grew denser, Captain Hecate, who was pacing the quarter-deck, became more anxious and impatient; and his excitement was increased by the delay of his owner, who had not yet appeared.

'Strange that they are not here!' he muttered apart to Carpenter; 'I cannot imagine why they absent themselves, when so much depends upon promptness and quick execution. What time is it?'

'Nine o'clock.'

'At eight, they were to have been aboard. How's the tide?'

'It is about turning.'

'And we shall lose it through their means! Tarrying ashore, when —— Hark! —— was not that the dip of oars? There, again!'

'No, it was nothing ——'

'I tell you it *was*; they're coming off: see there, that is the signal!' said Hecate, pointing to the upper-loft window of a store on the wharf, through which a light was streaming.

In a few moments a boat containing several persons was floating alongside, and a low voice hailed the brig:

'Growler ahoy! On board there!'

'Hush! not so loud, Mr. Barnett, unless you wish to draw the shot of the battery on George's Island,' answered the voice of Captain Hecate.

'Ah! Hecate, is that you? Is every thing ready?'

'Yes, and has been these two hours.'

'Well, don't grumble, my good fellow; there's time enough,' rejoined Mr. Barnett; 'Loring, jump up there, and I'll follow.'

As soon as the two stood upon the deck, a motion was made to the others in the boat, and turning the bows, they moved noiselessly away.

'Now put your brig before this fine breeze, Captain Hecate, and we'll walk off!' said Barnett, seating himself with his clerk at the stern of the brig. Every thing having been previously prepared, it required but a short time to get her under way, so that in less than fifteen minutes from the time Barnett made his appearance, she had left her rather disagreeable position under the guns of the battery, and was moving silently yet swiftly down, impelled by the flowing breeze that filled her bellying sails, and borne on also by the tide, which was setting outward, George's Island was passed in safety; the sails were trimmed, and a third of the distance between that battery and Point Sandwich was already left behind, when a bright flash shot out from the embrasures of the island fort, and a heavy piece of ordnance sent its startling report rolling over the waters, which was immediately answered by the guns on Citadel Hill.

'Discovered!' exclaimed Hecate; 'and now there's no use for secrecy. Spread out upon the yards, there! Unfold every thing that looks like canvass! Ha! there's an answer from Point Sandwich; and, by Jupiter! another from the Half-moon and Sanbro' light!'

As he spoke, a gun from Point Sandwich, followed by others from the Half-moon, and Sanbro' light, answered the signal, too plainly telling them that they were on the alert.

'We shall have hot work below,' said Hecate; 'we'll run out by the eastern channel, and so avoid being exposed between two fires, thereby placing both batteries on one side.'

'See! they're telegraphing from Citadel Hill!' interrupted Barnett, springing up.

'So they are! by all that's holy!' answered Hecate. 'Three lanterns in a triangle; number forty-three; 'Stop that brig;' there it is, as plain as the English language! Well, Mr. Barnett, shall we make an effort to save the brig and cargo, and run the gantlet of three heavy batteries, or shall we go back and surrender ourselves quietly up?'

'No, no; go on; save the brig, at all hazards!'

To add, if possible, to their already perilous position, the moon was just rising in all her queenly beauty, threatening to expose, by her light, the gallant vessel to yet greater danger. Captain Hecate's eyes, when they were not engaged upon looking after the management of his vessel, were intently fixed upon the fort at Point Sandwich, which his vessel was rapidly nearing. In coming down the channel, the brig had been keeping on the eastern side, hugging the Dartmouth shore all the way down, that being the farthest course that could be taken from the neighborhood of the forts. As they gradually drew nearer to Point Sandwich, Captain Hecate in vain endeavored to discover any signs of hostility; nor could he discern a single human figure. The fort rose upon the water's edge, in profound silence; the only sign of animation was the ensign of Great Britain, fluttering from the flag-staff. The brig had now arrived nearly abreast, and our captain was consoling himself with the idea that the vessel, by keeping close to the shore, had escaped the observation of those in the fort, when a bright flash from one of the heavy pieces, succeeded by a crash, and a skipping ball, convinced him that his hopes were fallacious.

'Brig ahoy! What brig is that?' hailed an officer.

'The man that lisps a single word, I'll shoot as dead as George the Third!' said Hecate, drawing a pistol, and addressing the crew.

'Brig ahoy, there! heave to!' shouted the officer, somewhat more peremptorily.

Not a word was returned in answer, and the brig's course was not stayed in the least.

'Brig there! — heave to, or we'll sink you!'

'Sink away!' shouted Hecate, snatching up the trumpet, and answering the hail in a tone of derision.

His reply was followed by the discharge of the whole tier of guns. The balls rattled about his hull, and through the sails, but fortunately did no material damage. The vessel was now in a most critical position, for as she lay exposed by the light of the moon, which was shining, as it seemed to Captain Hecate, with tenfold brilliancy, a fair aim was offered to her opponents. Still he hesitated not for an instant. Seizing the helm with his own hand, he guided the brig directly onward toward the outer entrance; and although the shots of both batteries, for the Half-moon had opened a cannonading, fell thick and fast around him, compelling him to receive a cross fire without being able to offer any defence, yet not for a moment did

his mind conceive the thought of surrendering. Close to him, upon the quarter deck, stood Mr. Barnett, with his clerk and the mate; while along the deck, the men, who had been lifted to enthusiasm by their captain's coolness amid danger, stood clustered in groups, ready to obey his next order at a second's notice, even though it should be to sail up and carry one of the batteries by assault.

'We'll go out through the eastern channel, by Dartmouth side,' said Captain Hecate; 'and although we shall be obliged to receive the fire from Sanbro' light, yet by these means we shall avoid being placed in a cross fire again, between that and the Half-moon.'

Mr. Barnett nodded, and then relapsed into silence, as they were now rapidly nearing the Half-moon, and consequently its fire was becoming hotter. Exposed, however, as the brig had been, to this heavy firing, no material damage had been done. Some little cutting up of the rigging and canvass, and a few shots in her hull, were all the signs that she bore about her of the conflict. As Captain Hecate anticipated, when they came abreast of the Half-moon, he was again hailed, and ordered to heave to; but maintaining an unbroken silence, and keeping steadily on, had the effect to draw the fire from a whole tier of guns. Crash! came the shot again, through her rigging and spars, and in a trice the maintop-gallant mast was flying into slivers, while those in the fort, seeing the effect produced, sent up a hearty and prolonged shout.

'Ay, yell away!' muttered Captain Hecate, who was not in the best of humors at seeing his top-gallant mast splintered, 'you'd laugh if the Atlantic ocean should sweep Halifax out to sea; and I wish I could find it out there! I'd return some of its warm acknowledgments, with interest and principal!'

They had now gained the current of the outer channel, and were shooting rapidly through; but they had yet to receive the shot from the battery on Sanbro' light; and although the exposure would be for only a few minutes, yet having run through all, and being crippled after having reached the sea, was a misfortune from which all fervently prayed they might escape. It would seem as if Fortune had espoused the side of this gallant vessel, and determined to carry her safely through; for after a few ineffectual shots from the Sanbro' battery, she was far out on the boundless ocean, free from farther molestation, and as staunch and tight as ever. The broken top-gallant mast was soon replaced by a temporary spar; and the brig, after standing for some distance out, in an easterly direction, hauled her course, and bounded onward on her outward voyage.

After getting fairly in blue water, and seeing that things were in ship-shape, Captain Hecate proposed to Mr. Barnett and his clerk to leave the deck in charge of the mate, and spend an hour over a bottle of wine in the cabin. It required but little persuasion to induce them to acquiesce; and accordingly they were soon seated around the small circular table, indulging in the unrestrained freedom of convivial mirth.

'Gentlemen,' said Captain Hecate, as he uncorked the third bottle, 'allow me to give you a sentiment: 'May England be more successful in most of her undertakings, than her loyal subjects have been in endeavoring to catch our gallant bark!''

Amid the applause of his companions, the toast was tossed off, while he continued :

‘ And also allow me to say, that when the lion of her coat of arms shall rouse itself in —— ’

‘ Brig ahoy ! ’

Down came Captain Hecate’s clenched fist upon the table, with an emphasis that made the glasses jingle and rattle again with the concussion.

‘ There they are again ! We have n’t shaken ’em off yet ! ’ exclaimed he, springing up the companion-way, and upon deck, just as the second hail, accompanied by the report of a heavy gun, fired to leeward, was borne to them over the waters, from a large vessel lying a short distance off. One glance was sufficient to assure him that it was a man-o’-war-frigate, of the largest class ; and by the lanterns that illuminated her whole row of broadside-guns, he perceived that they were manned and ready, and that resistance would be altogether useless. Seizing the speaking-trumpet, therefore, he answered :

‘ Brig Growler, of Halifax ! ’

There was a pause of a few minutes, and then the same voice again hailed them :

‘ Where from ? — and where bound ? — and what ’s your cargo ? ’

‘ From Halifax into New-York, with a cargo of sugars and coffee for the peace-market. ’

‘ Well, heave to, and we ’ll send a boat aboard. ’

As there was no alternative, Captain Hecate was forced to give the order for backing the top-sails, and laying the brig to, until the boat should board them. He knew that if his papers were shown, instant capture must inevitably ensue ; as with documents purporting him to be from Malaga to Halifax, he was, with all the sail his brig could carry, running directly away from Halifax, and had also replied to their hail that he was bound to New-York. How should he produce the necessary clearance, in case it was demanded ? How account for the absence of it ? He knew not, and he therefore racked his ingenuity, in the hopes that he might be able to discover some means by which he might extricate himself, and escape without forfeiture, which most surely would be the consequence of detection. The moon, which a passing cloud had obscured for a few moments, now burst forth, throwing a flood of light upon the scene, and lighting up every portion of both vessels.

‘ The Sentinel ! as sure as —— ’

He staid not to complete the sentence, but jumped down into the cabin, and communicated what he had just learned to his owner.

‘ I know her well, and her officers, ’ said he, with hope beaming in his countenance ; ‘ and if you will only keep close here, leaving me to deal with them, I ’ll come off with flying colors. It is the same frigate that convoyed a fleet from Spithead round the Cape to Manilla and the Indies, to which a brig that I commanded was attached : she tried a race with this very craft, and failed, the last time but one that I came out of Halifax. ’

‘ If that ’s the case, and the Growler can outsail her, why run any risk ? Why not walk away from her ? ’

'It *would* be 'walking away,' with a vengeance! Her guns would blow us to Jericho, before we could get a cable's length from her. No; you keep close; do n't show yourself, and I will manage them.'

He stepped upon deck again, as the boat from the frigate came alongside, and an officer boarded them. Hastily advancing to meet him, Captain Hecate shook the hand of the officer heartily, exclaiming:

'Lieutenant Talbot, I am rejoiced to see you.'

For a moment the officer looked at him, somewhat surprised, and then, as if recollection had come to his aid, returned the welcome of the hand, and answered:

'How are you, Sir? Captain Hecate, of the *Aurora*, I believe, are you not?

'That is my name, Sir, but not now of the *Aurora*. She laid her bones on Madagascar reef, and I am now in command of this brig; a fine vessel, of two hundred and forty tons; sails like the wind, and indeed, as you know, beat your famed frigate in a race: she carries sail admirably, off wind or on; and as ——'

'Hallo! — avast there!' interrupted Lieutenant Talbot, laughing: 'why your tongue is going as fast as a ship scudding. Tell me, where are you from, and where going? I must institute some little inquiry, to satisfy our old captain. Where are your papers?'

'Oh, safe enough!' answered Hecate, his heart sinking rapidly: 'Come, it is of no use to show them: I can rattle them all off to you, and you'll trust me, I know. Brig Growler, Hecate, master, bound from Halifax to New-York, with coffee and sugar.'

'I say, Hecate,' said Talbot, looking at him with a 'queer' expression, at the same time pointing to two or three baskets of wine that were stowed in the long-boat; 'does that look much like coffee and sugar?'

'Oh! I forgot that,' replied Hecate, interrupting him; 'that's a private adventure of my own. Have the goodness to accept a basket for your own use, in remembrance of the good old times, when we sailed round the Cape of Good Hope in company; and also please to take another aboard, with my respects to Captain Lovett. He has not forgotten me yet, I hope?'

'Oh no; he frequently speaks of you.'

'So much the better — so much the better,' interrupted Hecate; 'and Lieutenant Talbot, you'll find the wine to your liking, I'll pledge my word.'

The lieutenant was prodigal of thanks, and the very pink of politeness, when the present had been tendered, accepted, and stowed in the boat.

'I must leave you,' he said, turning to the side. Hecate's heart bounded; 'and if you should ever come aboard the *Sentinel*, you shall find a hearty welcome. I will not put you to the unnecessary trouble of showing your papers; and Captain Lovett will bear me out, when I tell him who you are. As soon as I get aboard, I'll send a streamer up the mainmast, and when it reaches the truck, you can go on. The moon is bright, and you can easily see it. Hope you'll have a pleasant voyage. Good by!'

'Good by!'

Motionless, Captain Hecate watched the boat until it was taken in

by the frigate ; and the few minutes that ensued, previous to giving the signal, were to him moments of agony. Not until the streamer was half way up to the mast-head, did he find relief ; and scarcely had it touched the truck, before the brig was again put about, and dashing on her course.

THE foregoing sketch is no fiction. The main incidents are drawn from actual occurrences ; and the author has it in his power to give real names ; which he would do, but for the reason that several of the parties are yet living. Suffice it for the present to say, that one of the then owners of the brig is at this time engaged in a great commercial enterprise, which promises both to Europe and America the most beneficial results ;\* and the resolute and fearless commander, who through these few pages has figured as Captain Hecate, is now residing upon one of the most pleasant farms in the vicinity of Newburyport, (Mass.)

R. L. W.

Boston, June, 1840.

#### LOVE OF NATURE.

THrice happy he, who loves the cloistered gloom  
Of some vast forest, where low-stooping boughs  
Make net-work of the holy summer sky :  
For him the soft wind singeth merrily,  
Among the reeds, and scarlet river-flowers,  
Or dances in the green tops of the wood,  
And weaves its bard-like spell among the vines,  
That hang in garlands o'er the mountain's wall ;  
For him the moon looks through the dark pine boughs,  
When she doth leave her chamber in the east,  
To wander through heaven's starry wilderness,  
And scatter spells upon the forest land,  
And promontory gray, and ocean coast,  
Sky, mountain, sea, dim wood, and leafy glen,  
The green leaves dancing in the pleasant wind,  
The summer birds to one another calling,  
The lake's blue bosom, with its load of stars,  
And moon-touched ripples, and night-blooming flowers ;  
These have for him a holy eloquence,  
And deep within his heart their beauty lives,  
An incarnation pure and glorious.

He dwells amid a proud society ;  
For the fair mountains, with their scented winds,  
And roaring torrents, that from rock to rock  
Go bounding in their fury and their joy,  
These are his comrades and his noble kin ;  
And if he marks their beauty, when the sun  
Weaves for the brow of morn his chequered braid  
Of violet and gold ; not slow is he  
To muse upon their grandeur, when the hills  
Réecho to the thunder's rattling gong,  
And the quick lightning's crooked fang is red  
O'er the dark mountain forest. When the woods  
Are reddened with a thousand hectic dyes,  
And the winged flower-seeds sweep along the vale,  
And from the forest's tent is borne no more  
The sweetness of the gentle summer flowers :  
When, one by one, the singing birds depart

\* H. J. SAMUEL CUNARD, of the Atlantic Steam Navigation Company.

From hill and river, and the saddened streams  
 Gossip but faintly in the yellow glen :  
 The little cricket 'neath the crimsoned leaf,  
 Chirrup for him its little homily,  
 And the sad wind that shakes the brown nuts down,  
 And flings a golden shower upon the pool,  
 Is unto him a gentle minister.

When raves the wintry blast without his dwelling,  
 And all the founts are silent, and the flowers  
 Are bright no longer on the mountain side,  
 O not unmindful is he of the song  
 Of the wild snow-squall in the chimney top,  
 Or the loud creaking of the mighty trees,  
 That shake their bare bones in the hurricane,  
 And fling defiance to the threatening gale !  
 Nor passes he in moody idlesse by  
 The beauty of the snowy wilderness,  
 When from its southern palaces the wind  
 Creeps forth betimes, with sudden harmony,  
 To shake the thick snow from the evergreen,  
 And chase the white cloud o'er the mountain's ridge.  
 His eye in grandeur looks o'er hill and shore,  
 And rifling from these fair and glorious things  
 Their elegance and stainless purity,  
 His heart becomes the proper dwelling place  
 Of all things that are pure and beautiful ;  
 And as he passeth to the haunts of men,  
 And looketh in the faces of the crowd,  
 As they go by him in the populous mart,  
 He feels a kinder charity astir  
 Within his heart — and this is happiness !

September, 1840.

H. W. ROCKWELL.

## A P A S S A G E O F L I F E .

'ENVOI *fugacer* Posthume, Posthume,  
 Labunter anni . . . '

HORACE.

ALAS, my Posthumus ! The flying years, as they glide past us to the dark caverns of remote Time, that thief of ages, laden with the treasures that made our youth joyous or brilliant, and leaving us standing here, Heaven save the mark ! little better than bald men ; these rogues of years have filched from me nothing that I more truly regret, than a certain alacrity of perception and of memory, that used at pleasure to cast light like a sunbeam over the events of life, and place at once in bold relief, all that I had enjoyed, or suffered, or observed, so that it is now by incidental association only, that images once so vivid, and passages of life that belonged to the very core of existence, are made to sketch themselves in faint and colorless outline over the dim retina of past recollection ; or come slowly over my heart,

'When the same sound is in mine ears  
 That in those days I heard.'

Passing the other day in front of that tall and goodly structure at the lower part of Pearl-street, denominated the *Pearl-street House*, I recollected that many years ago there stood upon the same site, a venerable fabric, with roofed and projecting windows and outside shutters, that was occupied as a large French boarding-house ; well known



for the excellency of the cookery that obtained there, and with all the countervailing discomforts that characterized the *Pension Française* of that period. I could not help pausing for a few moments, to call up the shade of the old house, and the recollection of some scenes that had taken place within it, once deeply interesting, but now almost forever lost to me. I remembered the old-fashioned door, originally of a chocolate color, with its paint half-scaled off, horizontally divided into two parts; the lower bolted within reach, and the upper part, with an old massive iron-knocker appended to it, swinging to and fro in all weathers; the uncarpeted and comfortless hall; the large staircase that for years had never scraped acquaintance with a broom, clayed and gravelled over like the street, by the frequent passers up and down; the harsh and grating sound of the footstep upon it; and the entire absence of any piece of furniture on which the eye might rest, until, in answer to my tap upon a door in the third story, a deep sonorous voice used to cry, '*Entrez !*'

My visits were paid to a French gentleman of about forty years of age; a grandly-developed specimen of the race of man, alike in body and soul, who rises up before me at this moment as he used to do when I entered his apartment, laying aside some crayon-sketches of fortifications, with which I usually found him at work, and receiving me courteously, but with a grave and dignified presence. He was a refugee from the Island of Cuba, forced to leave it precipitately with others of his countrymen, to escape the deadly hostility induced throughout that Island by the conduct of Bonaparte toward Spain; and having hastily converted his property, at great sacrifice, into merchandise and money, had lodged it upon his arrival here in the hands of the merchant on whose behalf I appeared, and whose affairs had suddenly fallen into great embarrassment. Another of his countrymen, similarly situated, had adopted the same course: they had escaped together; and the object of several of these visits was to arrange the division between them of a large sum of money, amounting to about one third of the aggregate of their joint debts, which it was resolved should be appropriated in this manner for their benefit: but I encountered the most unexpected opposition to this measure. 'No,' said this noble-hearted gentleman, 'this will not do. Both my friend and myself are longing for France. If you pay us each one third only of his money, you bring us no nearer home. We shall stay here till we have spent it, and both will yet remain in exile. D — is older than I am; you have money enough to pay him; pay him all his debt, principal and interest, and I will wait for mine.'

'But,' said I, 'it will be long, very long, before such another sum will be collected from the estate.'

'That makes the reason stronger,' said he, 'that it should be paid entirely to D —.'

'It may never be collected again,' said I.

'I cannot think,' he replied, 'that such will prove to be the case; but if so, it is a consolation that will never fail me, to reflect that at any rate he is provided for. He is older than I am, and has less resources within himself. He dreams day and night of France: pay him.'

I did so, and Monsieur D — sailed for Havre by the first ship.

Time passed off. It was war-time, when we kept short reckoning of the months, except with the Government for pay and rations, and year after year things grew worse and worse with the suspended estate. Many who had pressed their claims, had been paid in full, for it was thought impossible that there should be less than enough for all; and now, instead of large sums, small ones were collected with extreme difficulty. At last, that hope of reinstating name and credit, which dies in the breast of the high-souled merchant with such varied and long-enduring agony, began to fail us; and bankruptcy prepared its seal for one who would have laid down his life with transport to acquit his debts. Our French creditor remained unpaid, and was frequently unsuccessful in his application for small sums for personal expenses. 'I have no resource but you,' said he; 'I cannot work. I must put some paving-stones in my pocket, and walk off the end of the pier, as soon as you tell me you can do no more.'

I ventured on one occasion to advert to the arrangement that he had insisted upon. 'It is never to be regretted,' said he. 'Poor D——! he is happy now in France! He could not have existed out of it.'

Some days after this, it was a bright summer day, I remember, that I approached the house in Pearl-street, with a bounding step, and half the money that I had in the world in my pocket, that he had promised to borrow from me, until affairs came round, when I observed a number of busy faces about the door and on the stairs. I asked what was the matter.

'Ah! sir, poor M ——!'

'What of him?'

'He died this morning! He had been indisposed for one or two days, and his room was neglected; and this morning, while he was reprimanding the servant for his inattention, he was suddenly struck with a *coup de sang*, and dropped like a bullet dead upon the floor. They are laying him out: he is to be buried by sunset.'

'Dead!' cried I — 'buried by sunset!' I was at his side in an instant. He was laid out in his last dress upon a sort of tray or trencher, that exposed his figure at full length, and his countenance wore that look of composed and hallowed elevation, with which the souls of the great and good console the hearts of those who lament them. I looked upon the faces that surrounded him; the truth came upon me, and raising my hands above his corpse, I could not help exclaiming:

'Great God! is it possible that this man was A JEW!'

'Yes, young man,' answered a voice by my side, with a gentleness that I have often since felt I did not deserve, 'he was a HEBREW.'

JOHN WATERS.

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LIFE'S AUTUMN.

THAT promise Autumn pays that Spring began,  
And what the school-boy was, such is the man:  
The sap and tender bud in childhood shoot,  
And Youth the blossom gives, but Age the fruit.

## THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UNLAND.

THREE young men went over the Rhine,  
Where a good hostess sells good wine :  
'Is your wine bright ? — is your ale strong ?  
Say, where has your young daughter gone ?'

'My ale and wine are fresh and clear ;  
My daughter lies upon her bier !'  
Then all three to her chamber went,  
And over her black coffin bent.

The First the pall from the coffin took,  
And gave the dead a mournful look ;  
'Ah ! were not death upon thy brow,  
Beautiful maid ! I'd love thee now !'

The Second slowly left the place,  
And while the tears stole down his face,  
'Alas !' he sigh'd, 'that thou art gone,  
Whom I have loved so well, so long !'

The Third then clasp'd her to his breast,  
Fondly her cold, pale lips he press'd ;  
'I ever lov'd thee ! — love thee still !  
Beautiful maid ! — I ever will !'

M.

## FORT SAINT GEORGE:

OR THE ANCIENT DOMINIONS OF NEW-ENGLAND.

'Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best,  
Nae mair's required.'

It was about two hundred and thirty years ago, that an expedition consisting of two ships and a hundred emigrants, left the harbor of Plymouth, in the county of Devon, in merrie England, for the purpose of founding a colony in the then new world. The expedition sailed under the patronage of Lord Chief Justice Popham and Sir Ferdinando Gorges ; with whom were associated others, nobles, knights, and gentlemen, in the great project of forming an empire beyond the seas.

The character of the government, provided for the infant state, bore little resemblance to that which, in after years, was established by the Puritans of New-England ; and while the government was, in its nature, simple and aristocratic, the colonists themselves were a band of right merrie adventurers, who left their native land with no more pious motive than that of seeking fame and fortune in the western world.

On the 11th day of August, 1607, the ships arrived at the mouth of the Sagadahock (now Kennebeck) river, and landing upon a small

island, returned thanks to Almighty God for their safe arrival in the promised land, and prepared to commence their settlement.

The land upon which our adventurers disembarked now bears the name of Stage Island; but being unable to obtain fresh water from their wells, they soon afterward removed to the western bank of the river, near the extremity of a peninsula forming a part of the present township of Phippsburg. Here they recommenced their settlement and built a fort; to which, in honor of George Popham, president of the colony council, they gave the name of Fort Saint George. Their houses and fort completed, and every thing prepared for the winter, the ships, with nearly half the emigrants, who could not be persuaded to remain, sailed on the fifth of December for England.

Knowing, as we now do, the utter failure of the enterprise, it seems almost farcical that their colony government should have been framed upon a scale commensurate with the wants of a great state; but when the right worshipful members of the council to which its sovereignty was confided, were convened in their council-house, the lack of state in their appointments was amply recompensed by the dignity of their bearing: nor could the little colony complain for want of sufficient governing; for had the worshipful council divided their number among them, each would have been provided with about six trusty subjects to do honor to his rule. As it was, like other legislative assemblies, they talked long and loudly of the public weal, and managed to busy themselves in enacting laws for the guidance of the colonists in their intercourse with the neighboring savages.

The site of Fort Saint George, though bold and picturesque in the extreme, presented a most dreary spectacle in the depths of winter. The neighboring coast was bounded by high rocky cliffs, rising almost vertically from the water at their bases, and covered with a leafless growth of scrubby oak; with here and there a lofty hemlock showing its dark green foliage in contrast with the wintry waste around. To the north was the unbroken forest, with its wild inhabitants; while on the south and east, the dark waters of the Kennebeck, swelling to a mighty river as they neared the ocean, kept up a continued roar, as they lashed the rocky shores with their spray.

But a short time had elapsed after the completion of the fort, when through the intervention of two natives, who had been carried to England, and were brought back by the founders of St. George, a free intercourse was established with the native tribes. They were found to be friendly, and ever disposed to live on terms of perfect amity with the whites. The Sagamores, or petty chiefs of the neighborhood, visited the fort without suspicion; offering to guide the strangers to their choicest hunting-grounds, and gladly engaging with the colony in the traffic of furs and peltries. They represented to the president of the council that their great chief, whom they styled the Bashaba, resided to the eastward from the Kennebeck, at a place called Pemaquid, and held his sway over all the chiefs, from the Piscataqua to the Penobscot rivers.

In view of his great dignity, they informed him that the Bashaba expected all strangers, arriving in his dominions, to pay their court to him at Pemaquid. Dehamida, one of the restored natives, joined the chiefs in setting forth the grandeur of their mighty prince, the Bashaba,

and urged upon the president the necessity of cultivating his friendship; who, not wishing to offend his neighbors by a slight to their sovereign, set sail with a small party, on a visit to this lordly savage, who, like the renowned Atilla, had made his name a terror in the land. But adverse winds, and the intense cold of the season, made it impossible to persevere to the end of so long a voyage in their open boats; and much to the disappointment of the savages, as well as the president himself, they were obliged to return: but the sachems, who had manifested such regard for the honor of their prince, were careful to inform him of the good intentions of the president, and a few weeks afterward, Dehamida announced the approach of the Bashaba's son, with a retinue of some twenty savages, bearing a 'talk' to the white chief of St. George.

Thinking it good policy to impress this wild embassy with a proper idea of his importance, he assembled his trusty council to receive them with a degree of state suited to the dignity of his station. The hall of council was an oblong structure of hewn timber, joined to the rude mansion of the president, and bearing to it a relation which rendered it somewhat difficult to determine which of the two should in justice be considered as forming an appendage to the other. The side fronting the interior of the fort was garnished with three small windows of diamond-shaped glass; while the side opposite presented but an unbroken surface of roughly-hewn timbers. At one extremity was a fire-place, of mammoth dimensions, filled with blazing logs of wood; opposite to which was the entrance, and about midway of the hall, were seated, at a long and narrow table, the members of the honorable council. At the head of the table, fronting the entrance to the room, sat the president of the council, in brodered doublet and plumed beaver; holding in his hand a sword, whose greatest glories were its gilded ornaments. On his right, were Masters Raleigh Gilbert, bearing the honors of Admiral; Robert Davis, Sergeant Major and commander of the militia; and James Davis, commander of the fort; opposite whom, were Masters Edward Harlow, master of the ordnance; Ellis Best, marshal; and Gome Carew, searcher; and fronting the president, with ink-horn and book of records, Master John Scammon, secretary of the colony. Before the door, armed with an enormous musket, and enveloped in thick furs to shield him from the cold, paced a single sentinel, who seemed engaged, to the great peril of his toes, in striving to poise his unwieldy weapon by the least possible contact with his person. Within and around the council house were several small groups of idlers, both whites and Indians, impatiently waiting the expected interview.

About an hour after mid-day, the canoes of the Indians were seen approaching the fort; and shortly afterward, the whole party, accompanied by Dehamida, the interpreter, were ushered into the presence of the council. The president rose to welcome them, and offering his hand to the young prince, assured him of his pleasure in greeting him at St. George. The young chief, in return, pronounced it 'very good!' and gave the president to understand that, although they were a great people, whose trade was war, they had washed the war-paint from their faces, and had come to say welcome to the friends of the

Bashaba. He said that the great chief, his father, had heard of the intended visit of his brother to Pemaquid, and it made him very glad : he had taken his white brother to his heart, and his people should sell him furs, and teach him to hunt the great beasts of the forest. As an earnest of their kind intentions, he added, that during the coming month, he should go with twenty of his braves to hunt the big moose on the borders of the Kennebeck, and invited the white chief to send a party of his young warriors in company, to procure venison for his people.

Here ended the 'talk' of the Bashaba ; and while the rest of his party were gazing at the wonders of the fort, the president loaded the young prince with gaudy presents for his father, and bestowed upon the young savage himself a small hunting-knife, and a hat ornamented with a scarlet ribbon ; ' which so wrought upon y<sup>e</sup> gratitude of y<sup>e</sup> generous salvage y<sup>e</sup> hee stripped himselfe of a mauntle of rich beaver, and placed it upon y<sup>e</sup> shoulders of y<sup>e</sup> president.'

Highly delighted with their reception, the Indians returned to Pemaquid, and opened with the colony a trade in furs from all parts of the adjacent country ; receiving in return showy trinkets, and blankets of gaudy colors, with which they took great pleasure in decorating their persons.

A few days after the departure of the Indians, there came a furious snow storm, followed by a fall of rain and sleet, which formed upon the surface of the deep snow a crust of sufficient thickness to render travelling practicable, without the aid of the cumbersome snow-shoe. The succeeding day the promised hunting party appeared at the fort, and joined by about a dozen of the colonists, set off to the wilderness for their famous hunt.

Among the whites of the party, was a young Irishman, who, having filled the somewhat important office of game-keeper on the preserves of my lord Popham, imagined himself able to cope with the stoutest hunter in the destruction of the more noble game of the American forest. This Nimrod of modern times was familiarly known at the fort as 'Paddy Longbow;' so prone was he to trespass upon the credulity of his companions. Always given to indulgence in boasting of their prowess in war and hunting, the Indians told many a startling tale of their contests with the big moose, who, when hotly pressed by the hunter, sometimes makes deadly fight with his hoofs and branching antlers : ' Ah ! I see' — said Paddy to Dehamida, who explained to him the meaning of the deep gutturals of his savage companions — ' I see it takes a throe son of ould Ireland, and one who has kilt the red deer of ould England besides, to bring down your big moose wid a single crack o' his musketoon !' And seeing his white companions winking at each other incredulously, he added, ' an' aint I the boy that for a bet o' my lord's, kilt the bird on the wing so far that ye could not see it at all ? Lave paddy alone, and jist give him a shot atween the peepers o' your moose deer, an devil a bit 'll he care for his head or his heels aither, arter that !' And highly elated with the idea of his imaginary exploits, he carolled forth :

' Oh the paddy's the lad for the green-wood dell,  
Wid his bugle by his side —'

Ugh ! said an old hunter ; at which they all laughed, and poor paddy, finding that no one heeded him, judged it expedient to grant them a short respite from his troublesome gasconade.

Dehamida now told the party from the fort, that during the depths of winter the moose, tired with wading through the deep morass of the forest, sought a spot where his food was plenty, and confining himself to a small circuit in browsing upon the low branches of the trees, he insensibly trod down the snow, so as to form a kind of enclosure, with a wall on every side ; and finding them thus pent up in a yard of their own construction, the hunter easily dispatched them with his arrows. Still, a great deal of caution was necessary ; for if but slightly wounded, the bucks would invariably turn and make fearful fight upon their foes ; and if the hunter was so near as to be unable to effect an escape, great was the risk, that the infuriated animal would send him to dwell with the spirits of his fathers.

They had wandered about a day's journey from the fort, meeting various fortune in the pursuit of smaller game, when the Indians were aroused by the discovery of *signs* of the moose ; and a little farther on they came to one of those curious enclosures, containing a considerable herd of these noble animals of the northern forest ; who, finding themselves beset by foes, looked wistfully round in hope of escape ; but the hunters had stationed themselves at the various points of the yard, and whichever way the poor animals turned in their flight, they were met by the deadly arrows of the Indian hunter. One huge buck remained alive of the herd, and this, Paddy Longbow claimed as his exclusive victim ; alleging, in support of his claim, that he first had ' caught sight o' the ould divil a-feedin on the green branches ; ' and moving cautiously toward him, until well assured of his aim, he let fly his charge of buck shot ' atween his peepers ; ' which rattled loudly upon the antlers of the buck, but did no farther execution than to inflict a deep cut under one of his eyes, thereby rendering him furious with pain. The *soi-disant* Nimrod, in his anxiety to get a good shot at the moose, had ventured several rods within the enclosure ; and when the maddened beast turned furiously upon his rash pursuer, he thought his last hour had come indeed : dropping his potent musket, as he jumped from tree to tree to elude his fearful adversary, he screamed at the top of his brogue, ' An sure 't is the ould Divil his self, and 't is kilt that I am intirely ! ' when an arrow from one of the Indians brought the fierce monster to the ground, and freed poor paddy from the clutches of ' the ould divil his self.' When he rejoined his companions, he was somewhat annoyed at beholding them all in convulsions of laughter at the sight of his discomfiture, and the savages made the wild-wood ring, as it echoed their screams of delight at the prowess of the ' great white hunter.' Paddy Longbow did not finish his song of the green-wood dell, nor did he forgive the ridicule which the tawny chiefs were ever afterward ready to bestow upon his feats of daring. For the remainder of the hunt, he was the unhappy butt of his white companions, and the subject of many a sly jest from their dingy friends.

At the end of a week they returned to the fort, bringing upon rude sleds abundance of venison, and well satisfied with the kind companionship of the Bashaba's hunters. But alas ! for Paddy Long-

bow! He burned to retaliate upon them a tithe of the ridicule which had so warred against his vanity; and sadly to the misfortune of the now prosperous colony, did he succeed in his desire.

During a subsequent visit of the Indians to the fort, the council judged it expedient to plant a piece of artillery upon a neighboring height, for the better defence of a small vessel under process of construction near the shore; and most of the colony being engaged about the vessel, the transportation of the piece was confided to the Irishman; who, thinking this a favorable opportunity to retort upon them a little of the ridicule of his exploits in the field, prevailed upon a dozen of the Indians to assist in drawing the piece to its station. Secretly loading it with powder, and fastening a piece of slow-match to the vent, he directed his assistants to lay hold of the drag-ropes and draw it up the ascent. They had nearly reached the crest of the little hillock, when the gun was discharged; giving them all a dreadful fright, and actually killing one of their number, who was lifting at the wheels. The simple author of the mischief little dreamed the consequences of his rash and cruel act, and though the colonists deeply regretted the event, even they thought it would soon be forgotten. But they soon learned that Indians did not so readily forgive an injury to their people.

From this time misfortunes seemed to await the little colony at every step. The president of the council was attacked by a strange malignant fever, which, to the unspeakable regret of the colony, proved suddenly fatal; and he was succeeded in his office by Admiral Gilbert.

The neighboring Indians, though still keeping up a trade with the colony, seemed distrustful of their good faith; and having upon a certain occasion introduced a large number of their warriors within the fort, they suddenly fell upon the garrison with their clubs, and drove them from the walls. The whites succeeded in reaching the cover of their vessel, without other loss than the disabling of three of their men; but deprived of their stores, their situation seemed almost hopeless; when, to their great surprise, they heard a frightful explosion at the fort, and saw the Indians running with yells of lamentation from its walls. They even sent a deputation to sue for peace; but Gilbert, suspecting some evil design at the bottom of this sudden desire for peace, would not venture from the ship. The Indians soon afterward departed; and on reëntering the fort, the adventurers discovered no other injury than the destruction of their store-house, with most of its contents. They learned from the interpreter that in ransacking among the stores, the Indians came upon several barrels of powder; and being unacquainted with its properties, had carelessly strewed it around the floor; and in attempting to set fire to the building, had ignited the powder, causing the tremendous explosion which so surprised the exiled garrison. Ignorant of the cause of this fearful shock, they imagined that the Great Spirit was angry on account of their molestation of their white brothers; and under the terror of the moment, had sent to make overtures of peace.

The garrison had regained possession of their fort, but with it the knowledge that thenceforth they could count upon nothing but hostility from their former friends. Knowing that their future safety



must depend upon keeping the natives in awe of their power, it was even thought expedient to act on the offensive; and in accordance with this determination, President Gilbert made careful preparation for a sudden invasion of the Indian country.

It was almost sun-set, upon one of those early spring days, so peculiar to New-England, that a traveller might be seen cautiously picking his way along the western shore of the Kennebeck, toward Fort Saint George. He was a short, muscular man, of that peculiar shape whose every motion betrays a frame inured to hardship. A garment of dressed buckskin, half doublet, half sailor's jacket, in its fashion, and a pair of 'leggings,' whose fringed ornaments left no doubt of their savage origin, gave an air to his person which seemed to belong to no one age or people; but claimed relationship with every race among whom his fortunes had been cast. A powder-horn and bullet-pouch by his side, a long musket resting in the hollow of the left arm, and a pack upon his shoulders, showed him equipped for a longer journey in the wilderness than his distance from the fort would indicate. As he proceeded along the shore, an occasional pause, with a quick glance at the priming of his musket, as he stopped to listen, indicated some doubt of the safety of his way. As the day-light faded, the increasing coldness of the evening caused the traveller to quicken his hitherto lingering pace to a brisk walk; and the fatigues of his solitary journey were almost forgotten, as the now visible hamlet appeared through the opening trees, with its pleasant lights streaming 'through crack and cranny,' to cheer him with the announcement that his labors were nearly ended.

Our traveller was no other than an emissary of President Gilbert's, despatched a few days previously, to gather information of any wandering parties of Indians who might be hovering near the fort, and if possible penetrate to a small village about ten miles to the north-east, and almost midway between the Kennebeck and Sheepscot rivers. The information gathered in his perilous journey, was such as to induce the council to make immediate preparation for a warlike movement against their hostile neighbors; hoping, no doubt, to recover by force of arms the advantages so unfortunately sacrificed to the wanton cruelty of one of their people.

Two boats and twenty men, headed by Gilbert himself, composed the force destined to the warlike enterprise. The men were armed with cutlasses and heavy musketoons, and each boat carried a small swivel in its bows, in case a premature discovery should cause their landing to be opposed.

Soon after dark, on the day following the return of the spy, the party embarked in their boats, and moved slowly along under cover of the night, in the direction of the Indian village. But a few leagues to the north of the fort, on the eastern side of the river, was the mouth of a winding inland passage, joining the Kennebeck with the broad waters of the Sheepscot bay. In keeping with the surrounding country, its banks were often high cliffs overhanging the foaming whirlpools of the dangerous passage, and giving it an additional gloom, as they threw their dark shadows across the perilous abyss. Not far from its northern banks, and nearly three miles from the point of junction with the Kennebeck, was a village

of about fifty wigwams of the Bashaba's immediate tribe. To this point were the boats of the party directed; and the tide now favoring their efforts, they moved rapidly, and almost silently, up the stream.

It was one of those evenings so frequent in the early spring weather of the north, when passing clouds at times clothe all around in darkness, and anon, driving onward in their course, send the bright moonlight dancing along the ripple of the waters. If at times a passing doubt of the success of the expedition shot across the mind of its daring leader, a glance at the eager faces of his men quickly dispelled it; but when, at the end of a few hours, they entered the mouth of the dangerous passage, each one of the party, as he thought of the chances of the coming conflict, whispered a hurried charge to his neighbor, should some fatal arrow leave him stretched upon the field.

Leaving their boats drawn up into a small cove, the party set out, guided by the spy of the preceding day, for the native town. An hour's rapid march brought them in sight of the Indian fires; now almost expiring as the day-light approached; and dividing into two parties, they assailed the wigwams from the landward side, and in the direction of the stream. The Indians, completely surprised, made but a show of resistance. Almost before they were aware of the presence of their enemies, their dwellings were in flames, and the loud shouts of the adventurers told the complete success of their attack. Some of the Indians, hopeless of escape, yielded themselves prisoners; others, striving to elude the vengeance of their foes, rushed in confusion toward the neighboring cliffs, and were dashed to pieces in their descent, or perished in the dark eddies and whirlpools of the noisy stream.

After destroying the village, and taking whatever was valuable in furs and other Indian property, the whites made a hasty retreat, with their prisoners, to the boats; and with the returning tide, dropped down the river to Saint George. The effect of the expedition, as might have been foreseen, was only to confirm the Indians in their hostility to the whites. Their confidence utterly destroyed, they refused all overtures of peace, and seemed waiting only a favorable moment to retaliate the murderous attack upon their town.

The summer had now fairly set in, but the soil in the vicinity of Saint George being cold and sterile, the adventurers had little hope from their efforts at planting; and the hostility of the natives rendered it extremely hazardous to venture to the woods for game. Disgusted with their cheerless prospects, they impatiently waited the return of the ships from England. A few weeks afterward, the arrival so much desired by the adventurers brought news of the death of Gilbert's brother; leaving to him the possession of a large estate which demanded his presence at home; and the colony, worn out and discouraged by their winter's sufferings, abandoned their fort and returned to England.

Some years ago, while spending a few weeks on the Kennebeck, I procured a fisherman to pilot me through the dangerous passage to the Sheepscot; and on asking the name of a high promontory jutting from the northern shore, 'That,' said he, 'is Hockamock; where the

old settlers had a fight with the Injins; and they say' — he added, as he looked in my face to discover what degree of credit I might be disposed to give the tale — 'they say that people have seen ghosts there; but may be it's only a story.'

P. S.

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THE APPROACH OF AGE.

WELL, let the honest truth be told!  
 I feel that I am growing old,  
 And I have guessed for many a day,  
 My sable locks are turning gray —  
 At least, by furtive glances, I  
 Some very silvery hairs espy,  
 That thread-like on my temples shine,  
 And fain I would deny are mine:  
 While wrinkles creeping here and there,  
 Some score my years, a few my care.  
 The sports that yielded once delight,  
 Have lost all relish in my sight;  
 But, in their stead, more serious thought  
 A graver train of joys has brought,  
 And white gay fancy is refined,  
 Correct the taste, improve the mind.  
 I meet the friends of former years,  
 Whose smile approving, often cheers:  
 (How few are spared! the poisonous draught  
 The reckless in wild frenzy quaffed,  
 In dissipation's giddy maze  
 O'erwhelmed them in their brightest days.)  
 And one, my playmate when a boy,  
 I see in manhood's pride and joy;  
 He too has felt, through sun and shower,  
 Old Time, thy unrelenting power.  
 We talk of things which well we know  
 Had chanced some forty years ago;  
 Alas! like yesterday they seem,  
 The past is but a gorgeous dream!  
 But speak of forty coming years,  
 Ah, long indeed that time appears!  
 In nature's course, in forty more,  
 My earthly pilgrimage is o'er;  
 And the green turf on which I tread,  
 Will gaily spring above my head.

Beside me, on her rocking-chair,  
 My wife her needle plies with care,  
 And in her ever-cheerful smiles  
 A charm abides, that quite beguiles  
 The years that have so swiftly sped,  
 With their unfaltering, noiseless tread:  
 For we, in mingled happiness,  
 Will not the approach of age confess.  
 But when our daughters we espy,  
 Bounding with laughing cheek and eye,  
 Our bosoms beat with conscious pride,  
 To see them blooming by our side.  
 God spare ye, girls, for many a day,  
 And all our anxious love repay!  
 In your fair growth we must confess  
 That time our footsteps closely press,  
 And every added year, indeed,  
 Seems to increase its rapid speed.

When o'er our vanished days we glance,  
 Far backward to our young romance,

And muse upon unnumbered things,  
That crowding come on Memory's wings ;  
Then varied thoughts our bosoms gladden,  
And some intrude that deeply sadden :  
— Fond hopes in their fruition crushed,  
Beloved tones, for ever hushed. —  
We do not grieve that being's day  
Is fleeting shadow-like away ;  
But thank thee, Heaven, our lengthened life,  
Has passed in love, unmarred by strife ;  
That sickness, sorrow, wo, and care,  
Have fallen so lightly to our share :  
We bless Thee for our daily bread  
In plenty on our table spread ;  
And Thy abundance helps to feed  
The worthy poor who pine in need.  
And thanks, that in our worldly way,  
We have so rarely stepped astray.  
But well we should in meekness speak,  
And pardon for transgressions seek,  
For oft, how strong soe'er the will  
To follow good, we've chosen ill.

The youthful heart unwisely fears  
The sure approach of coming years ;  
Though cumbered oft with weighty cares,  
Yet age its burden lightly bears.  
Though July's scorching heats are done,  
Yet blandly smiles the slanting sun,  
And sometimes, in our lovely clime,  
Till dark December's frosty time.  
Though day's delightful noon is past,  
Yet mellow twilight comes to cast  
A sober joy, a sweet content,  
Where virtue with repose is blent,  
Till, calmly on the fading sight,  
Mingles its latest ray with night.

J. L.

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A LETTER FROM JOHN WATERS.

IN my former epistle to thee, admired chronicler, I compared myself, in the ingathering of intellectual sweets, to that industrious and unpretending little proverb who roams about amid the beautiful creations of Flora, extracting from objects which please the eye, those properties that delight the taste, and strengthen the heart of man.

Soon after having written it, while reclining in my roundabout chair, and indulging in one of those delicious phantasies which make it to my perceptions a sort of charmed seat ; my thoughts occupied with flowers, and verdant meads, arbors of honeysuckle, the miraculous aroma of vegetable life, the luxuries of tropical climates, orange groves of Persia, the botanic gardens of Carlsruhe, the qualities of bees, their government, habits of existence, and all that sort of thing and every thing else in the world ; — I lost on a sudden the consciousness of being, and then, a moment after, felt myself tranquilly and gradually contracting, and condensing, diminishing, and folding up into a small, small, very small compass indeed ! — a change came over the form of my head, which was presently adorned with something like a proboscis ; two diaphanous wings issued from my shoulders ; *antenna* extended themselves across my chest and the front of my body ; my color changed into a lustrous brown ; I grew hairy

and was armed with a sting; — in short, dear chronicler, I found myself in all the sober certainties of waking existence converted in reality into a BEE!

Dost thou imagine that I was beyond measure dismayed at this unexpected metamorphosis? I was *delighted*! The air is an inconceivably precious element to any creature that is endowed with wings! The window of the apartment was open; it was a warm sunny morning in this gay month of June, and myriads of diversified sounds, and inexhaustible treasuries of varied and delicious perfume, that had been altogether inscrutable to my former perceptions, now regaled my senses and filled my heart with a fresh and unwonted joy! I darted forth into the bright sunshine; I performed a thousand antic gyrations to try my wings; hummed tune upon tune to express my raptures; and at last, conducted by my unerring instincts, found myself in the middle of the most beautiful garden in the world!

Here I felt that I had imperative duties to perform; I was master of an empty honey-bag, which it was my province with as little delay as possible to fill. I lost not a moment. I plunged deep into the bosom of a dewy honeysuckle; rifled half a dozen carnation pinks; embraced an orange-flower with all the ardor of the affection of which it is so beautiful an emblem; and in the course of a short space of time, had visited all the prominent belles of the gay scene which seemed spread forth for my gratification and delight. At length my bag became nearly full; my thirst for acquisition began to be appeased; my industry slackened; I felt like a bee of fortune and of leisure, and looked down with an air of complacency upon the loads of farina that coated my delicate limbs. I grew fastidious and reserved. I passed with a slight glance the flowers which I had admired in the perspective, and amused myself with recalling an air from the opera of Don Giovanni, which I had learned in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

I was surprised to hear in return a few rich notes in a pensive strain from a neighboring but a retired part of the garden. I directed my flight thither, and found them to proceed from a young lady Bee, who was *chassez-ing* round and round a Moss-Rosebud that was unfolding its charms, and seemed desirous by every art in its power to attract her into a salute. At one time she would approach closely to it with seeming ardor, as if fully determined to draw its sweets; and then, when on the very verge of contact, would dart off in sudden caprice, and be lost from sight for several minutes; anon she would reappear, and diminishing the rapidity of her movement as she approached the expectant flower, breathe forth her sensations in the enchanting *cadenza* that I have adverted to.

I floated gently upon a perfumed zephyr toward her, admiring as I approached a graceful sidelong movement that distinguishes her passage through the air, and by which I recognized in a moment one whom I had admired from her earliest youth. Indeed Bees, wearing only the costume in which heaven intended them to be dressed, and undisguised either by cloth coat-tails for the one sex, or for the other that astonishing conception which is termed a bonnet, are known at a glance; and an impression once made upon the heart by a Belle-

Bee in her native charms, is as peculiar as it is delightful and ineffaceable. I could not therefore be mistaken in the happiness of my fortune which had led me thus unexpectedly into the very presence of delight. 'Beautiful Miella,' said I, gazing at her exquisite person, 'the day wears off; and surrounded as thou art by this profusion of flowers, thou hast yet apparently made no acquisition from them: dost thou not intend to bring to the hive some evidence of thy industry and skill?' 'Father Abeillard,' she replied, turning toward me two of the most superb eyes in the world — those of the gazelle at Paris are I am sure quite inferior to them — 'Father Abeillard' — I felt myself three swarms older at the expression, and at the manner in which she suffered those eyes to rest in cold radiance upon me while she spoke — 'it is well enough for thee, to whom labor is pastime, and exertion become a habit of pleasure — well enough is it for thee, my father, to extract sweets from flowers of every description; the whole hive understands thine honest qualities, and rewards with animated praise thine assiduity and perseverance. Thou art an industrious person, and as such deservest well of thy hive and thy country. But alas! thou canst not measure my sensations by thine own! Industry is not my peculiar characteristic, nor do I wish that it should ever be accounted such. I do not desire to return home freighted like a merchant ship, nor to have my person covered over with aromatic dust, disguising the fair proportions by which it is at present thought to be distinguished. No; I am a Bee of taste, a creature of sentiment, an emanation of refinement, born for — born for — Father Abeillard, what was I particularly born for?'

'For the grace and the embellishment, rather than the useful purposes of life; for the charm, rather than the maintenance of society; the flower that adorns the capital of the column, rather than the plinth that sustains its base.'

'Vastly well!' replied she; 'thou hast in part received the idea that I intended to convey of the character of my existence, and canst therefore imagine in some degree the fastidiousness that governs me in the choice of flowers. I long for those of Hybla and Mount Hymettus, and the pensive shade that at times spreads itself over my countenance and manner, arises from the want of correspondence between objects of external circumstance, and the elevated aspirations that belong to my interior life. I am at this moment divided in my disposition between the Moss-Rosebud that thou seest languishing before me, and a *Lobelia Cardinalis* that seems insensible of my approach, but that decorates a distant meadow with an air of sway that attracts my fancy. The ardent color and grace of form of that flower, and the intrinsic sweetness and delicacy of tint of this bud, alternately attract me, and both slightly tempt me to expatiate upon their charms; but there is not gradation of hue enough in the one to satisfy my taste, while on the other hand, I cannot entirely persuade myself that the mossy-green leaves that partially envelope this opening bud, and that botanists call its calix, and which to my mind form one of its principal attractions, can properly be considered as belonging to the flower. Upon the whole I think I shall give up gardens altogether. There is to my apprehension more beauty in the graceful combina-

tions of unadorned nature, than in all the extremity of art with which even this garden is pranked and embellished :

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;  
There sleeps a maiden, sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.'

'Adieu : I will bide me thither without farther delay. If I should be as successful as I hope, I shall arrive at the mouth of our hive as early as thyself. Should I be detained, offer thy collection to our Queen in my name, and I will reward thee when we meet, by talking to thee of the dreaming lady. I shall if I behold her have more pleasure in contemplating her than in any thing else the bank can yield — au plaisir.'

Thus saying, she darted off with all the velocity a being so graceful could employ; and while I floated, poised in air, wondering at the gift by which some rare Intelligences can neglect positive duties, and yet attach us to themselves as if they had accomplished every relationship of life, a cruel boy, either to possess himself of my honey-bag, or from mere wantonness of sport, threw his blue cap into the air with so exact an aim as to strike me on the foot with its gilt tassel, and maim me, as I thought, for the rest of my days. In an agony of consternation and pain, I awoke, and behold! every thing was a dream, except a twinge of rheumatic gout in the instep of my foot, where Huber's charming work on bees had fallen from my hands upon it.

JOHN WATERS.

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#### THE KING'S SOLILOQUY.

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GERMAN OF UNLAND.

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'~~There~~ lies my realm!' — thus spake the king,  
And gazed o'er hill and vale;  
'There quiet reigns — the zephyr's wing  
Bears no complaining tale.

'Yet ah! e'en in the festal bower,  
What care the monarch knows!  
But night comes on — her starry hour  
Invites me to repose.

'Oh starry sky! a golden scroll  
Thy shining canopy!  
Thy noiseless music thrills the soul  
With heavenly harmony.

'My hair is gray, my eye is dim,  
Rust covers helm and glaive;  
I've reigned long and well: ah when  
Shall I rest me in the grave!

'Oh! how I long for thee, sweet Rest!  
And queenly Night, for thee!  
With thy starry mantle on thy breast,  
Thy full-toned melody.'

M.

## TOM DAVENPORT:

## THE HUNTSMAN OF THE WINNEPISIOGEE.

TOM DAVENPORT, some forty years since known as one of the most successful hunters who ever trod the wilds of the Winnepissiogee, after a long career of triumph in his favorite pursuit, suddenly took it into his head that he was haunted by the devil; and possessed with this singular idea, in order to get rid of his adversary, he one morning crept softly from his log cabin into a neighboring thicket, and hung himself upon the branch of a tree. The trunk of that giant old oak still stands near the shore of the lake, and the very limb upon which poor Tom suspended himself, to elude the grasp of his pursuer, is pointed out to the curious traveller. The story of Tom Davenport is in some respects a sad one, but it is briefly told.

From boyhood, Tom had been accustomed to hunting, and was more familiar with his trap and gun, than with books or schools. He had scarcely seen more than a single book in the log hut of his father, and that was wrapped up in a neat covering of patch-work, having an emblem of the cross worked in its centre, and carefully laid upon a shelf. Morning and evening, as his parents read from its pages, and afterward knelt to their devotions, Tom knelt with them, scarcely realizing the sanctity of the rite; and in the restlessness of his imagination, thinking of almost every thing but the humble and penitent prayers, which ascended from hearts long since weaned from the vanities of the world.

Tom was not absolutely vicious, but he was wayward; restless whenever called to his task in the field, and panting only for the wild forest, or the broad bosom of the lake. His soul burned with a passion for lake and woodland scenery, and he was happy no where else. When not restrained, he would be off, while yet the stars were bright in the dome above, as the first faint rays of the coming day would pencil the curtains of the east; and roaming from covert to covert, in the forest, or from inlet to inlet along the picturesque shores of the lake, he would remain until the same stars, bright and immoveable, again twinkled in the canopy of night.

It is easily to be seen, that a passion so absorbing unfitted Tom for any other pursuit than that of a hunter. Born near the lake, and having spent the first ten years of his life in the little clearing of his father, whose log cabin was for years the only human habitation within a circuit of ten miles, Tom had in infancy received impressions, which, as he grew up, ripened into a passion. He had seen his father, when the family stock of venison or salmon had diminished, go forth with his rifle or his rod, and had seen how unerringly he supplied their wants. He had gone with his father on some of these expeditions, at first carrying his pouch and flask, or box of bait; then fishing himself for the spotted salmon, and at last trying his tiny hand at the rusty trigger. Tom on these occasions was invariably in luck, and scarcely ever threw out the line from the canoe, but it was straightway hooked in the gills of a trout, or poised the rifle over his father's knee, but the shot took effect in the heart of his intended victim. Of



course his father was gratified at these instances of Tom's success, in the beginning of his career, and whenever a chance wayfarer stopped at the dwelling, he was usually enlightened with the full history of Tom's juvenile exploits. Tom was of course delighted ; and from day to day, as he grew older and bolder, and more experienced, he became more and more determined that he would lead the life of a hunter, and none other.

Things went on well enough, until Tom had attained to the age of fifteen, when his labor and exertions were beginning to be matters of some importance to his father upon his little farm. Tom, he had observed with regret, had exhibited no particular fondness for labor, and would much rather watch the movements of the gray squirrels that were skipping about in the edge of the forest, than hoe potatoes ; and in this sort of indifference to agricultural life, the young man had in fact grown up in almost entire ignorance of the first great employment of man. Tom knew how to snare a partridge ; could bring down two wild geese at a shot, with his old double-barrelled gun, as they wheeled in grand circle upward from the adjoining lake ; he could plant the ball in the heart of the panther or the bear that growled in the thicket ; and in sunshine or rain, in summer or winter, whenever Tom wanted a salmon, his hook could always find one. But as to hoeing potatoes, weeding corn, or chopping wood at the door, Tom said, ' he did n't know how, and did n't believe he could ever learn.'

The old man would shake his head, and grumble as loudly in his vexation as a christian man should, at Tom's incorrigible idleness, as he called it ; and his mother scolded and fretted away at him as a ' good-for-nothing lazy lout,' for fixing his fish-lines, and scouring his gun of a morning, while his father was taking care of the cows, or chopping wood at the door. Tom was sensible that he was in fault ; and being so, generally refrained from improper replies to the reproofs he so well merited ; resolving in his own mind, on such occasions, to make ample amends by bringing in daily as much in value of ' the products of the forest and fisheries,' as should equal his father's gains at the plough. Tom, you see, was a political economist, though he knew no more about that than he did about chopping wood ; and both, in his eyes, were decidedly vulgar employments, compared to hunting and fishing.

One morning, after having received a rather severe reproof from his parents for neglecting to milk the cows before sunrise ; a custom which old dairy wives say should never be neglected, if you would have good wholesome milk ; Tom gathered up his hunting and fishing gear, and hurried off into the forest. It was at quite an early hour. The tinkling of the cow-bell, as his father's cattle, let loose into the woods, were wending their way to the cool margin of the lake, came to his ears with rather a mournful cadence. He sat down beneath a giant oak, and resting his head upon his hand, reclined upon the carpet of grass. He thought over his own conduct, and course of life ; his inertness in all the usual plodding pursuits of husbandry ; and the abundant cause his good father and mother had for their vexation. Tom was in a fair way to repentance, and might possibly have become an altered man ; but just at that moment, his eye caught a glimpse

of a beautiful fawn, which had apparently strayed away from its dam, and was quietly feeding upon the tender sprouts that had sprung up near the borders of the lake. The beautiful animal, unconscious of danger, looked out upon the quiet lake, and up into the forest, and fed on, while the deadly rifle was silently charged, the ball sent home, and the priming dropped carefully beneath the flint. Tom, scarcely breathing, crawled softly behind the huge trunk of the oak, and was watching to get sight of the fawn through a little opening in the bushes, where she would, in a few moments, come within range of his rifle. He waited patiently for a moment. The young deer stood a fair mark for his never-failing rifle; and he was raising it to meet the line of vision marked by his eye, when, crash! down came a huge dry branch of the old oak, knocking the gun from his hand, and almost stunning him with the blow.

'Hold!' on the instant, exclaimed a hoarse voice, near him: 'strike not the spotted fawn, or the curse of Chocoma be upon you!'

Before Tom Davenport could recover his bewildered senses, the fawn had bounded far back into the forest, and when at last he got upon his feet, and caught a glimpse of an old solitary Indian, who was known to live upon one of the islands in the Winnepissiogee, he was just passing round a point of land jutting out into the lake, still waving one hand menacingly, as with the other he guided his birchen canoe through the limpid waters.

'By heavens!' said the hunter to himself, as he gathered up his rifle, 'this is a strange adventure. What! the flint is clear gone, I see, and — by all the devils in hell! the lock, too, is broken! Blast the 'cussed old imp! What shall I do? What offering shall I now carry home? I'll try for a six-pounder in the wizard's cove.'

Tom was within a hundred yards of the lake, and gathering up his fishing gear, and depositing it with his broken rifle in the bottom of the log canoe, fastened to a birch tree which bent over the margin, he pushed his boat from the shore, and was soon paddling silently over the smooth waters in the direction of the wizard's cove. This cove was a deep indentation of the lake into the shore, with a sort of natural gulf beyond, full of dark alders, through which a small brook came from the distant hills, creeping lazily into the lake. The shores on either hand were steep, and on the eastern or left side, rocky and precipitous. The water was deep and clear, and in this still retreat, Tom remembered that he had caught finer trout than at any other spot upon the lake. No stray sun-beam had ever found its way down into this narrow glen, revealing to the finny tribes below the snares prepared for them by the dexterous angler. At high noon, as well as at night, the deep shadows of the cliff hung over the quiet waters.

Tom brought his canoe to rest, nearly in the centre of the cove, and proceeded with his sport. He was entirely successful, and was taking up his paddles in order to return, when a hoarse laugh echoed from rock to rock above him, dying away in the distance upon the waters. Startled by the sound, and looking upward, he saw the same old Indian, whom he had before encountered under the oak, carelessly swinging upon the very edge of the precipice. As quick as thought, he raised his rifle to bring him down, forgetting that he had neither

lock nor flint, and that the savage was for the present beyond his reach : of all this the Indian showed that he was conscious, by laughing immoderately at Tom Davenport's discomfiture. At last he said :

' Let the Englishman keep his powder, till the Mohawk comes ! The son of Chocoma is his friend. But *remember !* Strike not the spotted fawn ! '

Tom was not terrified ; but he was naturally superstitious, and the mysterious appearance on the very pinnacle of that cliff, of the old sagamore, whom but a short time before he had seen pass round a point in the lake more than a mile distant, puzzled him exceedingly. The singular fall of the branch of the old oak, and the mysterious warning now again repeated, were also circumstances that added not a little to his embarrassment. In a somewhat confused state of mind, Tom returned home, in season to provide the means of a dainty dinner, and as the father craved a blessing over that happy meal, all thoughts of the little vexations of the morning vanished like dew before the sun.

The old man complimented Tom on his good luck, and his mother declared that ' Thomas *was* good for *something* — for fishing and hunting, if nothing else — and she guessed, after all, that Thomas *would* contrive to get an honest living somehow, and that was all any of us wanted.' Tom prudently kept his morning adventures to himself. He did not know what to make of them, and would not alarm his father or mother by the recital. He got his rifle mended, and in a few days was again as successful as ever in his favorite employment.

Years passed on. His ardor never abated in the pursuit ; on the contrary, his appetite for hunting seemed to grow with what it fed on. His fame as a hunter was circulated far and wide ; and parties of pleasure came up from Portsmouth and Dover to join him in his hunting and fishing expeditions. By degrees, the forest melted away before the axe of the husbandman, and smiling villages now occupy the hunting grounds of the pioneers. Until the last deer was seen stalking in the wilds about Winnepisiogee, Tom Davenport had a regular hunt weekly. He had now become a tavern-keeper. Roads leading to Pequawkett had been opened near his dwelling, and Tom grew wealthy without labor, and was himself in due time one of the best customers he had at the bar. A few years of diligent practice confirmed his habits. He was still, however, the best fisherman upon the lakes ; and was wont, when a little exhilarated, to take his old rifle with him, in the hope of encountering some straggler from the wilds.

Twenty years had now elapsed since the old Indian had been seen ; and scarcely a deer had been noticed in the neighborhood for half that period, when one day as Tom was returning from the wizard's cove, well laden with trout and whiskey, he saw at a distance on the shore a plump deer drinking of the waters of the lake. He raised his rifle, and in the next moment the spotted fawn lay weltering in blood. The thought of Chocoma's curse, bringing sickness upon every living thing he possessed, and poisoning the fountains and the lake, rushed at once upon his thoughts ; and, excited as he was by the strong stimulus in which he had indulged so long, he became from

that moment possessed with the horrid belief that he was haunted by the devil, because he had killed the spotted fawn, the favorite deer of Chocoma. No persuasion could alter this belief. He was in an agony of distress and terror. The warning of the old chief was ever ringing in his ears, and the death-throes of the spotted fawn continually present to his frenzied imagination. He was harmless toward others; and no one of his friends supposed that he meditated any violence toward himself. He had indeed been often heard to say that he could not escape the snares of the devil on earth; but his incoherent ravings were regarded as the necessary results of the intemperate habits he had so long indulged.

On a chill morning in October, just twenty-six years from the date of his adventure with the swarthy son of Chocoma under the oak, the lifeless body of Tom Davenport was found suspended from a limb of that identical old tree. He had made his exit from 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' in the manner already related. J. E. M.

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B L E S S   T H E E .

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BY M. E. HEWITT.

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I.

I MAY not break the potent spell  
 Thy beauty wove around me,  
 Till time shall loose the silver cord  
 That long to earth hath bound me.  
 I see thee smile on loftier ones,  
 And prouder ones caress thee;  
 Yet when my lips would ope to curse,  
 They only ope to bless thee!

II.

A storm toss'd bark on ocean wide,  
 No guiding hand to steer me;  
 I rode upon the darkling tide,  
 No onward hope to cheer me:  
 Till thou, the far and radiant light,  
 With true and holy seeming,  
 High o'er the drear and lonely waste  
 Wert like a beacon gleaming.

III.

The one, one star upon my sky,  
 That moment of revealing,  
 Flash'd like a meteor forth — the vast  
 In deeper gloom concealing.  
 Yet bless'd I the inconstant light,  
 That pointed, while receding,  
 Where wildly o'er the midnight wave  
 My unchecked prow was speeding.

IV.

One memory round me, every where,  
 One task in silence set me —  
 The ever, ever thinking on,  
 And striving to forget thee!  
 And though for aye the goading thought  
 To madness doth oppress me,  
 I may not curse — I cannot hate —  
 My heart still whispers, 'bless thee!'

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 SKETCHES OF A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.
 

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 BY H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.
 

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THE sand *dunes* and coast diluvions generally, of Lake Superior, form a most interesting field of study. And not less so are its sandstones, vertical and level; its granwackes, some of which are unequalled for magnificent display of scenery,\* its trap-rocks and well-filled amygdaloids. And finally, its sienites and sienitic granites; its quartz rock, hornblende rock, and serpentine; large portions of which confer upon its shores an Alpine character, which is wholly wanting in the other series of the upper lakes. Limestone, so abundant in other parts of the western world, seems to have been studiously excluded from its formations by the hand of Nature; and were it not for the crystallized calc-spar in the amygdaloids, it might be safely asserted that there was no carbonic acid in the region.

Geology has yet much to do, in shaking off local theories, and wire-drawn systems, notwithstanding the great advances it has made in our day. While the study of organic remains has completely overturned the *old* systems, and set up the *new*, giving it to a large extent the character of an exact science, the exactitude, it must be observed, has been rather in the observation and description of facts, than in the final deductions which have been drawn from them. There is not evidence enough to produce complete satisfaction with any existing theory, as a *whole system*. While the modern history of the science has abounded with rich stores of exact and shining facts, the theory of their application, if closely scrutinized, will be found to have rather grown worse, than better. Nor is it probable that *any* theory which runs counter to the Mosaic order of the introduction of the organic and inorganic classes, will be found capable of standing the test of truth and future observation. It is not enough that organic fibre and structure, in all their forms, should be proved by their *impressions*, or 'remains' in existing rocks, to have been created in their declared order, but the whole fabric of natural philosophy must contribute its concurrent proofs. It cannot be admitted that *light* was created out of its order, any more than that earth or vegetable fibre were. There can, therefore, be no true philosophy, which furnishes a class of deductions contrary in any thing to the maxims of revelation. It is this fact which forms the difficulty in admitting Buckland's *amended* theory; for while he sets out to prove, and does most triumphantly attain the object, that wisdom, and power, and benevolence, are shown in animal organization, yet all his splendid array of facts is used to sustain his main postulate, that the earth, and its great element *light*, and all the monstrous forms of animal life, were created ages before the Mosaic *בְּרֵאשִׁית*, or beginning. Neither do we regard the theory of Professor Silliman sound, that the *יוֹם*, or day, of which the prophet speaks, was a cen-

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 \* As at Presque Isle River, west of the Ontonagon.

tury, or any other extended period of time; and not, as the plain sense is, the measure of *one* revolution of the globe on its axis, or twenty-four hours. For although the term is variously employed in subsequent passages of the scripture history, yet the context denotes clearly the occasion of its *general* application, while the same rule shows that it is always *specifically* employed to denote the time of a modern astronomical day. Beside, Moses and his people had, at the time he wrote, used the word *yom* for day, during centuries, and there is no probability that he did, or intended to, introduce in his account of the creation, this word in any other save the common acceptance.

Geology has always overlooked the fact, that the creation of the world was a *miracle*, extraordinary powers having been communicated to all the elements to compass the divine will. There is no necessity, therefore, for the chemical or philosophical objection, that the water of crystallization could not be got rid of in so limited a period, and strata become duly consolidated, and often repeated in the manner we find them. These are the objections of a *finite* mind, which, having observed the laws of cause and effect in the ordinary operations of *created matter*, deny to it any other powers during the *primary act of its creation*. So far from the brevity of the period's constituting a ground of objection on this head, it would rather appear to call for admiration, that Omnipotent Power should have elected to extend the order of the physical organization of the globe throughout the multiplied mystical number of one hundred and forty-four hours.

With respect to the monstrous forms of organic life, both of the sea and of the dry land, which form so brilliant a portion of modern descriptive geology, it is believed that the first *sixteen centuries* after the creation was the true epoch of their existence, destruction, and embedment. During this period, the human race were comparatively low in the numerical scale of population, and limited in position. The waste parts of the earth, both land and sea, would afford a suitable theatre for these animals, of extraordinary strength and power, to range, and to devour each other. And when the deluge came, it extinguished the whole of these gigantic classes of fishes and quadrupeds, and swept their remains into the tertiary and diluvial beds, where they are now found.

The power and effect of the deluge cannot be measured by any thing we know, or have experienced, of tempests and floods. Added to all the natural energies of elementary and concrete matter, it was a divine expression of vengeance, and like its prototype, the creation, a *miracle*. Nothing less could bring into play the mighty powers which caused the earth, 'standing out of the water, and in the water,' to perish.\*

Of the power and universality of this revolution, perhaps no part of the world affords stronger proofs than North America. It left its huge deposits of newer brecciated sand-stone on the highest peaks of the Catskills. It buried the bones of the mastadon and other species, in the valleys of the Hudson, the Unjigah, and the Mississippi,

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\* II Peter, III : 5. 6.

in the tertiary plains of New-Jersey, and in the blue clays of Kentucky and Virginia. It filled with diluvial strata the pre-existing limestone caverns of Missouri and Arkansas. It impressed upon the great chain of American lakes their peculiar configuration, and consummated their wide-spread connection, and their grand out-burst at Niagara. And its receding waters carried over the land, in a general direction toward the south-west, deflected a little by lateral valleys, the great erratic block-group, extending from Baffin's Bay and the Frozen Ocean to the Mexican Gulf.

## NUMBER X.

*Whitfish Point.*

In the course of our homeward journey, we have had frequent occasion to be out on the lake by night, and travelled in one instance till one o'clock, which gave us an opportunity of viewing the northern starry hemisphere. Never did we more fully realize the truth and graphic beauty of the nineteenth psalm, nor gaze with more profound admiration on 'the glorious firmament on high.' We had occasion to remark that few clear evenings are without the phenomena of shooting stars, although the ordinary number is probably less than a casual notice would indicate. Having in my reading-basket the number of Silliman's Journal which mentions the probable periodical recurrence of a meteoric shower, as it is termed, on the night of the ninth and tenth of August, I determined to notice the heavens that night. But the atmosphere became dark and overcast before we encamped, and rain set in soon after, which precluded all observation above the nether clouds.

On the 18th of August, at midnight, the aurora borealis exhibited a magnificent and singular display. A segment of a circle, of unvaried blackness, based itself on the northern horizon, above which luminous blunt points of light shot up perpendicularly, and not in a divergent manner. The same phenomenon was repeated while we were at St. Mary's, on the night of the 21st of the same month.

Having in our crew several intelligent Odjibwas, the occasion of these night journeys was taken to question them on several points involving their astronomical knowledge and opinions. Their year consists of twelve moons. The moon is called night-sun. The phenomenon at which we had looked, they call dancing ghosts, and the milky way, the path of the dead. It is evident they believe the earth to be a globe and not a plain, a fact I had before noticed in their hieroglyphic drawings. They distinguish the fixed planets, and have names for a great number of the stars, and groups of stars. It is remarkable that Ursa Major is called the bear, and Venus the morning star. The north star bears the same name. The group of the plough is called Fisher-stars. Many of the names evince the popular belief in transformations, and the topic is replete with amusement. A far greater familiarity with the subject is evinced than is generally supposed to exist, but not greater than might be anticipated, when it is recollected that so great a portion of their time is passed under the open heavens.

## NUMBER XI.

*Parisian Island.*

On quitting Whitefish Point, the wind served for crossing the lake to this seldom-visited, green, woody, romantic island, and we reached a little cove at its southern extremity, in perfect safety. It is based on the red sandstone formation, is quite level, and chiefly covered with fir. Being here in view of the two prominent capes which form the outlet of the lake, the occasion is taken to advert to a few traits in its natural history, or geography, which have not before been noticed.

Copious incrustations of crude salts of alum were observed on the precipitous face of the Pictured Rocks, a short distance west of the great cavern at *Le Portail*. These incrustations are so elevated, that it seemed impossible for some time to obtain specimens. The men standing in the boat at the base of the rock could not reach them with an oar. I requested one of them to fire into the effloresced mass with ball, and afterward with shot, which detached and brought down a sufficient quantity.

It was thought this line of rocky coast would afford an eligible point for determining the periodical rise of water in the lake within late years. The result of the examination, both here and at other points, must, however, necessarily be imprecise, until an accurate rock-gauge is appealed to. I could not satisfy myself, from the most careful examination, that the rise of water, from 1832 to the present time, has exceeded from ten to fourteen inches. Indeed, it was decidedly *less* than had been anticipated. As this is far below the observed rise in Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario, it may be inquired, whether the cause of the periodical ebb has been less constant or efficacious in its operation here, than it has in the other lakes? This may well be doubted. It is believed the annual decrease of solar heat, and the contemporaneous annual fall of water, have been as operative here as elsewhere. And it is probable the increased area of the lake alone is the chief cause of the striking difference. The rise of Ontario, for instance, is stated to have been a fraction over six feet. If it be estimated that Superior is six times its area, and the causes equal in their operation, but twelve inches should be noticed here, which is in fact the precise observation. No estimate has however been made of the *comparative area*, for which we have in fact no accurate data.

Fuller opportunities of examining the geological structure of the sand dunes were had than on previous occasions. They are decidedly diluvial, and consist of alternate strata of clay, loam, and pebbles, with a comparatively few large boulders, and a top stratum of sand. This structure explains the cause of their stability, precision of outline, and the remarkable parallelism of their summit lines. The sand is acted on by the winds, and being thus cast over the brow of the diluvial cliffs, forms a loose envelope, and gives them their peculiarly arid aspect. Among the strata showing themselves at the eastern termination of these sandy eminences, are extensive beds of peat, both fibrous and compact.

The volcanic substance called trachyte in Europe, I have never seen, but from its description, it is abundant in rolled masses along



these shores, together with melted feldspars, slates, and other vitreous pebble-stones and boulders, indicating former volcanic action in the region.

It has formed no part of the object of these sketches to put down a regular succession of diurnal events, which, though always important to the party, might afford very little to interest the reader. Scarcely a day passed, which did not afford its share of little incidents, agreeable or disagreeable, which usually go to swell the bulk of modern narrations of travel, without however uniformly adding much to the stock of useful knowledge, or the sources of literary pleasure. Nor were there wanting scenes and subjects well worthy of the notice that has been denied them. More than once on the trip has the wish been expressed, that the author of 'A Winter in the West,' or 'First Impressions of Europe,' had been present, to seize the living traits of the landscape, or that these far-off realities in American scenery had fallen under the Doric pen of the great DIEDERICH himself. Confident I am that the region constitutes a store of rich materials for the pen and pencil of the future tourist, and it is one which, it may be anticipated, will ere long be displayed in its most attractive colors.

## NUMBER XII.

*Michilimackinac.*

WE descended the falls, or Sault of St. Mary's, in our boat, with all its fixtures standing, and came out of the foaming billows at its foot, under the enlivening influences of the Canadian boat-song. After a few days' rest at this ancient point of French settlement, (A. D., 1678,) we continued our descent of the stream to Lake Huron, having gone through the rocky and romantic pass of the Montreal Channel. We then visited the thriving Indian village of Portaguissee, and the shores of Drummond Island, so noted for their organic remains, and returned to the island of islands, *Michilimackinac*, after an absence not exceeding a month, improved in health, and exhilarated in spirits, by the remembrance of scenes and situations of the most pleasing description. And now, my dear Sir, I tender you my regards, and remain, with every wish for your editorial and personal prosperity, your obedient servant,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

## AVARICE: A CONTRAST.

PALE Avarice, in vulgar minds,  
Ambition's place doth hold,  
And as the tyrant's bane is steel,  
The miser's curse is gold.

The tyrant at the banquet sits  
Beneath a falling sword;  
The miser amid plenty starves —  
His only feast, his hoard.

Both make that costly sacrifice  
Unto the means, of ENDS;  
Beth start alike to gain a good  
That neither comprehends.

## CAIN TO ADA.

I.

The curse is strong upon me,  
The brand hath scorch'd my brow;  
Each living thing doth shun me,  
Each living thing — but thou!

II.

To cool my parched lip's fever  
I seek the mountain flood —  
When lo! the sparkling river  
Assumes the hue of blood!

III.

O'er earth 'tis mine to wander,  
Nor know again a home:  
And hark! the deep-mouth'd thunder  
Speaks of a wrath to come!

IV.

Yet thou, true heart! art near me,  
Star of a hopeless life,  
Still shining forth to cheer me —  
My sister, friend, and wife!

J. K. ARMSTRONG.

*Wm. Brewster - Boston 1874*

## A CHAPTER ON PROPOSALS.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent, who is a man somewhat advanced in years, and capable of looking back upon the follies and errors of his youth with a calm and contemplative spirit, proposes to open the budget of his experience for the benefit of the rising generation, and to give, through your pages, an occasional lesson therefrom, to the crowds of youth and beauty who assemble monthly at your literary feasts. For himself, age has long since blunted his sensibilities too much to endanger his becoming discomposed by a review of his youthful follies, and his *incognito* will effectually preserve him from any serious harm, either from the laugh or sneer which may be provoked by a plain and unvarnished recital of his early experience.

As will have been understood by the title to this essay, I propose to offer at present a few remarks upon the subject of matrimonial proposals. So much has been said, thought, written, and *done*, upon this subject, that the man who could actually offer any thing like a new, genuine, and efficient chart to the lorn and frightened mariner upon the uncertain sea of love, must indeed be a genius, the rail-road track of whose imagination diverges far from the ordinary dusty highway of human thoughts.

Your humble correspondent proposes no such lofty flight. For him it shall be sufficient, if he succeeds in selecting among the many awkward modes now in vogue, of asking a lady's heart, that which is least so; nothing doubting, but that by so doing he will confer a lasting favor upon the many individuals who are doomed to tread the dark and shadowy path toward that fairy land from whose bourne (take the word of a happy husband of thirty years' experience for it,) no traveller ever *wishes* to return.

If, unfortunately, the veil of obscurity which still hangs between us and the past, did not shut out from our eager gaze, among other valuable learning, the minutæ of the science of courtship, as it must have been understood by the Pyramuses, Phaons, and Leanders of a former world, doubtless many a valuable lesson might be derived from the experience of men who succeeded so well in gaining the affections of the beautiful and gifted fair ones of their own sunny

climes. What modern lover would not give half his wits, to learn the first tender word of affection, which, breathed through a crevice in the cruel wall that divided her from her adorer, melted the heart of the lovely but ill-starred Thisbe? — or learn, at still greater cost, if possible, the initiatory language of his love, for whom, when subsequently faithless and perjured, the broken-hearted Sappho leaped from Leucate's steep, or his for whose sake the fair and persecuted Hero, the beautiful priestess of Venus, sought and found death in the deep waters of the Hellespont? Alas! the dark wave of oblivion has half hid from our view the particulars of these veritable and affecting histories, and we seek in vain at the fountains of classic light, for a single ray to illuminate this dark and perplexing subject.

But to enter more minutely into the subject, allow me to give, as in the outset I have proposed, a brief account of an early adventure :

—— ‘*quaeque ipse miserrima vidi*  
*Et quorum, pars magna, fui.*’

It will not be deemed vanity at my age to say, that at twenty-five I was possessed of a full share of the ordinary personal charms of youth. Within a little of the Chesterfieldian standard of height, five feet ten, with locks black and glossy as the raven's wing (alas! the driven snow is not whiter now!) with fair complexion, cheeks glowing with the red tide of youth and health, and possessing what is generally considered sufficient good sense and education for all the practical purposes of life, it may be thought that my experience in matters of the heart ought to have proved an exception to the rule that ‘the course of true love never did run smooth.’ But, alas! not so! It was my fortune to become acquainted with a young lady possessed of so many charms, mental, moral, and personal, and so super-eminent in each, that it was indeed impossible for me to avoid falling, as I did, desperately in love with her.

As far as glances of the eye, tremors of the voice, and occasional innuendoes, might go, I doubt not that I succeeded full well in imparting to her a knowledge of the state of my heart; and I will not presume upon your patience so much as to detail the extacy of joy with which I first discovered, or fancied that I discovered, through similar media, a reciprocity of feeling on the part of the young lady. Let it suffice to say that this was the case, and that the time came when it was incumbent on me to make a distinct avowal of my love. This, after long and perplexing mental debate, I resolved to do by letter; and after writing some forty epistles on as many sheets of gilded satin-paper, I finally succeeded in forming a letter, amounting to about six lines, containing, as I thought, the condensed quintessence of every thing that could or ought to be said on the subject. Of this precious *morceau*, I retain now but slight recollection. That it abounded with terms expressive of pure, warm, ardent, glowing, undying, everlasting, and unprecedented affection, I have not the least doubt. But unfortunately, this little specimen of epistolary excellence was scarcely finished, when, chancing to peruse some of the experiences of a predecessor in the paths of love, I read that nothing was more unwise or dangerous, than making an offer of one's hand and heart by means of pen and paper.

With the credulity of a simple mind, I at once gave implicit credence to this doctrine, and, frightened at the fearful precipice which I had so narrowly avoided, I immediately destroyed my letter, and resolved to declare myself in person, with my own lips and voice, and to hear with my own ears the reply which was to seal my destiny.

Never did an Alexander, a Wallace, or a Napoleon, feel the inspiring effects of a heroic resolution more powerfully than I felt the influence of this. I had resolved. I would execute! I walked the streets with a proud consciousness of the heroism of my resolution; and in the height of my pride, fairly feared lest, in the words of the poet, I should 'strike the stars with my lofty head.' But sensible of the imperfection of human powers, and conscious that mine, in particular, were liable to fail on so delicate an emergency, I resolved at least to write and commit to memory my declaratory speech. This undignified and foolish thing I did. Instead of trusting to the warm outpouring of an ingenuous heart, which in some way at least would have managed to make itself understood and *felt*, I committed to memory a cold formula of words, to be delivered as the school-boy recites his speech, of which it is sufficient for the purposes of this article to recollect the following sentence: 'Miss Adams! will you allow me to offer you my hand and heart?'

The fearful hour arrived. The evening for my wonted visit approached, and I found myself seated by the side of my adored, in the summer evening twilight. The last rays of the setting sun had gradually disappeared from the rosy clouds that lingered about the west. The full moon rode high in heaven, and one by one the glorious stars became visible:

'In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand,  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love  
To come again to Carthage.'

The open window by which we sat looked out upon a garden stored with a profusion of rich and rare flowers, from which there exhaled, and rose around us, a delicious fragrance, forming a fit atmosphere for such a scene. The time, the silence, the scenery, every thing was appropriate; and she, the beautiful, the almost unearthly, seemed by intuition to understand my thoughts and intention, as with head bent down, she gazed earnestly (and with a slight blush upon the fair cheeks around which her auburn curls were playing,) upon a moss-rose which she was earnestly engaged in pulling to pieces. I was employed in the equally serious occupation of opening and shutting a small fancy snuff-box which I held in my hand.

Alas! where now was the Alexandrian or Neapolitan courage that had inspired me? I felt my valor oozing out of the palms of my hands! But at length, summoning resolution, like a man upon the scaffold who wishes to die with at least *seeming* fortitude, or to use a more forcible illustration, gathering together and concentrating, as it were, all the energies of my mind, after the manner of one about to submit to that most inhuman of all earthly tortures, the extraction of a tooth; I say, with such energy as this, I raised my eyes to those of Isabella, and in the language of my prepared speech said, 'Miss ADAMS!'

The unnecessary and startling emphasis with which this rather formal commencement was delivered, seriously frightened both parties. The rose dropped from her fingers, the box from mine; and I was only able to follow up this impressive exordium with some common-place remark about the beauty of the evening, after which we relapsed into our former silence.

Gathering however, energy from defeat, I made, after a slight pause, a second attempt :

'Miss Adams,' said I, in a slow, solemn, sepulchral voice, '*will you, will you — will you —* allow me to offer you — to offer you — a pinch of snuff?'

'With pleasure, Sir,' replied a soft, sweet voice, which, in contrast with my own, sounded like a strain of soft music following up the rumblings of an earthquake. I felt my eyes starting from my head. I *felt* that the veins on my forehead were swollen like the streams of spring. I *felt* the red blood mantling over face, brow, and neck. I *heard* the loud beating of my heart; and in an agony of both bodily and mental pain, to which the rack, the wheel, and the gibbet, were paradise, I rushed from the room, hurried to my home, entered my own chamber; locked, doubly, trebly locked my door, lest any one should observe my shame, and vented my spleen in idle imprecations upon my own stupidity.

An hour's walk across my chamber served, however, to calm my spirits; and with a composure that seemed really supernatural, compared with my recent violent agitation, I sat down and wrote :

'DEAR ISABELLA : Take pity on an unhappy youth, who is too deeply in love with you to utter two consecutive words in your presence! I am miserable till I hear from you.'

This note was immediately despatched, and in half an hour I was the happiest man in the universe. My Isabella proved a pattern of excellence. I was never offended with her but once, and then she dispelled my wrath, by asking me, in a mock-serious tone of voice : 'Will you — will you — will you — allow me to offer you — a pinch of snuff!'

SENEX.

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#### PARAPHRASED LACONICS.

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##### WISDOM AND FOLLY.

To borrow Folly's cap and bells  
Though Wisdom oft descends,  
Yet Folly to her cost doth find  
That Wisdom never lends.

That Wisdom oft hath play'd the fool,  
Is seen in every age;  
But here the bargain ends, for ne'er  
Hath Folly play'd the sage.

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##### POLEMICS.

POLEMICS with Religion play,  
As truant children cast  
From hand to hand the flying ball,  
But to be lost at last.

## PASSAIC:

A GROUP OF POEMS TOUCHING THAT RIVER.

BY FLACCUS.

'On could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme;  
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

DENMAN.

## TALE FOURTH.

## THE RETREAT OF SEVENTY-SIX.

'The enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawnings of that bright day, which afterward broke forth with such resplendent lustre.'—*Hamilton*.

TRAMP!—tramp! Tramp!—tramp!  
'What rushing band with thundering tread  
Along the bridge disordered led,  
With rapid and alarming stamp,  
Now hurries o'er the tide?  
Waking the pattering echoes far and wide?  
On—on they come—tumultuous come!  
With rattling arms, and clamoring drum:  
Till all the wooden arches round  
Challenge aloud the intruding sound,  
And clank for clank, and stamp for stamp  
rebound!'

Thus spake a stranger to the crowd  
New-gathered on Passaic's banks,  
Drawn by the din of trampling ranks  
Resounding far, and loud.  
A skulking, and half-hidden knave  
From out the group this answer gave:  
'It is the rebel band,  
In arms, audacious, to withstand  
The legions of their lawful king.'

'Base renegade! 't is false!' replied  
A crippled veteran at his side,  
With locks all wintry-white, and waving:  
'No! rebels these a righteous monarch  
braving;  
The holiest cause that ever prayers  
Of good men rose to aid, is theirs:  
No! these are honest patriots—steeled  
With Justice' sword, and Freedom's  
shield—

Alas! with other armor scarce, or none:  
Sprung from the shop, the woods, the  
To die, perchance, but not to yield [field,  
Till all their country's wounds are healed,  
And all their rights are won!  
Long, long have they besought in vain  
Their rulers to relax their chain:  
Unheard was every prayer:  
Thus writhing with the pain, what won-  
The frenzied struggles of despair [der

At last should rend the galling links  
asunder?  
My kindred share their country's fate:  
Two sons I boast in yonder train,  
And had these limbs their nerve again,  
I were not here to prate.'

'Whence hastes they now, thus spent,  
forlorn,  
Half-armed, half-clad, on winter-morn,  
With bleeding feet unshod, and torn?  
And, as their wheeling ranks advance,  
Why turn they back the anxious glance,  
As if some danger tracked them near?'

'Alas! their dearest hopes are crossed:  
Defeated, driven, the city lost,  
Surrendered every fort and post,  
Before them, shame and fear:  
Behind, with all the royal host,  
Cornwallis stops the rear:  
Despair, disgrace  
In every face;

No glance along their panic lines  
With still unshrinking courage shines,  
Save his, in whom they trust alone,  
The gallant chief that leads them on:  
But he is WASHINGTON!  
Oh! that he now would turn, and stand!  
Stop! leader of the flying band—  
Freedom, and the wailing land  
Beseeching, cling around thy knees:  
Oh! shield them from their enemies!  
The sacred soil by foes is trod:

Drive back th' invaders to the waves!  
One freeman on his native sod  
Can match a score of slaves:  
Stop! better were the deadliest fight  
Than such unworthy flight:  
All is not lost—or if it be,  
Still stand!—the dead at least are free:  
Why shun the strife that must begin?  
Then ranged by that humble stream, stand  
fast!

And show the world though crushed at  
 You have deserved to win : [last,  
 Stand all ! that narrow bridge before,  
 And e'er one foeman passes o'er,  
 With your free bodies pave the floor,  
 That tyranny may see  
 Her path to power so ghastly dread,  
 O'er bloody causeway of the dead,  
 Appalled, she shall not dare to tread,  
 But leave the free land free !

They're gone ! — why should they list to  
 And fast beyond the hills afar [me ?  
 Sink the last plumes of passing war.  
 Yet stood there in their leader's eye  
 A fixed enduring energy —  
 A beacon steady in the storm's turmoil :  
 There must be hope, hope e'en in flight,  
 While such an eye as that keeps bright ;  
 He may retreat, yet scorn to fly,  
 And thus his forces gathering,  
 Sudden as bended steel may spring,  
 With terrible recoil !

## II.

Tramp ! — tramp ! Tramp ! — tramp !  
 'Hark ! — again the martial stamp  
 On the hollow bridge resounds,  
 From the steepy shore rebounds,  
 Peopling thick with sounds the air ;  
 Mid shouting horns and glittering armor  
 See ! in dazzling pomp advancing, [fair !  
 Banners flaunting, horses prancing,  
 Seas of plumes in billows dancing,  
 And far away the frosty bayonets glan-  
 Hark ! harmonious music, sent [cing !  
 From many a breathing instrument,  
 Pouring from their mellow throats  
 Streaming hoards of golden notes :  
 That the ear  
 Which turns to hear,  
 Cloyed at last with luscious treasure,  
 Sickens with delicious pleasure,  
 Till rattling bugle-call, and cymbal-clash  
 Startle the host — and arms and armor  
 With sudden glory there ! [flash,  
 While ever and anon  
 The trumpet's lawless tone  
 Rips up with rent outrageous the broad air.  
 What troops are these in burnished armor  
 fair ?

At which the busy knave once more  
 Intruded answer as before :  
 ' It is the royal host  
 Sent from England's distant coast  
 In full accoutred pomp, to bring  
 The rebel crew submissive to their king.

' Silence that raven's horrid croak !'  
 The veteran then impatient broke :  
 ' These are the foes of whom I spoke,  
 The tyrant's bloodhounds dead.'

' A goodly sight !' the stranger cried :  
 ' How gaily pass their ranks of pride  
 Along the bridge successive led !  
 First in the glittering course,  
 Stately slow, with conscious force,  
 Snorting, prance the gallant horse !

Clattering with irregular beat  
 Tumultuous ring the mingled iron feet :  
 Now in banded order tramp  
 Ranks of foot, with timing stamp,  
 Clad in robes of gory shade,  
 Livery of their dreadful trade ;  
 O'er their heads, their breezes braving,  
 St. George's bloody banner-cross is waving :  
 Now o'er the trembling bridge with  
 groaning jar [non-car :  
 Rolls lumbering on the ponderous can-  
 But who are these that last appear,  
 With foreign garb and reckless air,  
 In shaggy caps of savage hair ?  
 No British troops so wildly stare :  
 What strangers have we here ?

' This' — cried the old man, and clenched  
 his hand —  
 ' This is the hireling Hessian band,  
 Bought and sold  
 With British gold :  
 Sent, with murderous heart, and brand,  
 To subdue this savage land :  
 Come with robberies and fires,  
 Come with rapine all unsparring,  
 Terror of the sick and old :  
 Insulting helpless women — scaring  
 Children which their arms enfold,  
 And butchering their sirens.

Ah ! while I watch yon mighty host  
 I feel as every hope were lost :  
 Their dazzling arms grow foully dark  
 As I their coming horrors mark :  
 Horrors that o'er my sense already fleet :  
 I hear yon cannon's stunning din  
 O'erwhelming Pity's voice within :  
 I hear those horns whose song ascends  
 With voice of angels urge to deeds of  
 fiends :

I see the horse with crushing feet  
 The fractured breasts of brethren beat :  
 Those glittering tubes already roar :  
 I hear their fatal bullets whistle :  
 I see their steely points that bristle  
 Grow crimson wet with kindred gore :  
 Come back ! ye scarlet legions dread :  
 Oh ! think on what ye do !  
 'Tis brothers' blood ye seek to shed :  
 The curse of Cain will brand your head,  
 And ghosts of all the murdered dead  
 Your visions will pursue !  
 Loose not those hireling wolves to howl,  
 On kindred homes and fields to prowl,  
 On kindred flesh to prey !  
 Be generous in your pride of power !  
 Have mercy now in triumph's hour,  
 And further havoc stay !  
 Alas ! they hasten on their way,  
 Nor heed what prating age may say :  
 But urge their cruel course,  
 Untouched with pity or remorse.  
 Come back ! ye bloody fiends of war,  
 Ye slaves of tyrants bloodier far ;  
 Defeated as your victims are,  
 Still have they mortal fangs to scar :  
 Ye shall not crush unstung !  
 Yes ! — one free fragment of a blade

Ere this has deadliest havoc made  
Invaders' ranks among ;  
For Freedom is a tigress, bayed :  
'Beware! — touch not her young !'

They're gone beyond the hills afar :  
Convulsive, faint, no longer shrill,  
Along Passaic's lonely brink  
Swell the last clarion-notes of passing war,  
That heave, and sink —  
Heave and sink,  
And all again is still !

## III.

'Tis night along the Delaware —  
'Tis merry Christmas night ;  
And all the holiday may share,  
Save yonder band of patriots there,  
Preparing for the fight.  
Extended on the opposing coast  
Is quartered all the royal host,  
Wide-spread in many a post.  
'Now!' the patriot captain said,  
'Clip their wings ere they are spread !'  
Rattling hail, and drizzling sleet  
'Gainst their freezing faces beat :  
But storms, as well as armies, fail  
To make the breast where freedom lodges  
quail :  
Lo! in many a shallow boat  
Thick-crowded on the stream they float,  
With horse and cannon laden low,  
Fast whitening in the driving snow ;  
With darkness, storm, and foes before,  
While round them, with alarming roar,  
Fragments of massive ice rush crashing on  
the shore !

## IV.

'Tis night along the Delaware —  
'Tis merry Christmas night,  
And all the holiday may share :  
The Hessian ranks throw off their care,  
And Trenton rings right merrily  
With strangest warrior-minstrelsy :  
'Glory greet the roving band !  
'What though banished far to roam —  
'Soldiers ever find a home !  
'When unwelcome thoughts o'ercome,  
'Still with drinking,  
'Banish thinking !  
'Glory greet the exiled band !  
'Let the toast be Father-land !  
'Till peep of morning light :  
'Fill high the can !  
'Fill high the can !  
'To Glory's prize — the soldier's mark :  
'The toast — the toast be Fatherland !  
'Till peep of morning' — Hark !  
Hark to the deadly volley's rattle !  
Hark to the shout — the crash of battle !  
To arms ! to arms ! they rush, they form,  
The post surprised — the vanguard beat,  
No hope is left them but retreat !  
Away ! their foes hold every street ;  
'Tis Washington that guides the storm,  
And flight and strife alike are vain :  
Surrounded, humbled, in despair,

## V.

A thousand men surrender there,  
And Rahl, their chief is slain !  
'Tis night along Assaupink stream,  
And wide the flaming watch-fires gleam ;  
While here and there, from either shore,  
The bellowing cannon rarely roar,  
As if to clear their rugged throats  
To chant to-morrow's death-hymn notes ;  
For, quickened with the late disgrace,  
Cornwallis rushed with force apace  
From royal 'scutcheon to efface

The foul, corroding stain :  
To-morrow shall the shame atone —  
For that shoal, narrow creek alone  
Divides the foes in twain.

What now can save the little band ?  
Behind, the frozen Delaware,  
'Too frail an army's weight to bear  
Would yet all passing boats withstand :  
Before, around them all the land  
Is mastered by the foe :  
And were it not, the moistening sky  
Has mired the ways, they cannot fly :  
Loud shout the royal chivalry !

'To-morrow with a blow  
Will lay the ragged rebels low !'  
Oh! God of suffering right, be with them  
now !

## VI.

'Tis morn along Assaupink stream,  
And palling watch-fires dimly gleam :  
Cornwallis heads his bright array —  
But ah ! the rebels — where are they ?  
Gone with all their tools of war !  
Tent, cannon, stores, and baggage-car —  
All save their fires alone !

At midnight fell a sudden cold,  
That froze the yielding earth to stone —  
Oh, sure from pitying Heaven it came !  
And back with all their force they rolled,  
Safe-shielded by the treacherous flame :  
But whither are they gone ?

Hark ! cracking cannon in the rear,  
Ring sharply on the frosty air —  
The British leader, struck with wonder,  
Cries 'Can that be thunder ?'  
Yes ! 'tis thunder tears the sky —  
Yes ! those crashing bolts that fly  
Shall rend the ears of Tyranny —  
Those lightnings blast her form !  
A tempest bursts on Princeton plain  
Of iron hail, and leaden rain,  
Which, ere its fury hush again,  
Shall strew the ravaged earth with slain :  
'Tis liberty that wings the whirlwind storm !  
See her chosen son  
Lead her scanty forces on !  
Half-armed, half-trained in warlike arts,  
No matter ! dangerous still :  
The steel they boast is in their hearts,  
And Heaven will teach them skill !  
Hark their leader's trumpet-tones of cheer !  
'One stout blow will set us clear ;



The first report that stuns his ear,  
Will bring Cornwallis furious here :  
We must at once break through the rear !  
We must — we *can* — we *WILL* !

Then cannon oped the dreadful revel —  
Then muskets dropped in deadly level,  
And Murder, as the signal broke,  
Threw o'er the foes his sulphurous cloak,  
The better in its folds of smoke  
His bloody work to do ;  
And deeds were done so foul, alas !  
Himself, all butcher as he was,  
In face of heaven had shuddered to pursue.  
But vain the patriot's bold attack —  
The van is checked — 't is beaten back !  
Oh Freedom's God ! must all be lost  
At once, uncounting risk, or cost,  
Their daring leader goes —  
A star-lit standard seizes there,  
And waves it through the sulphurous air,  
Then spurs between the foes !  
Thickens the din, the smoke, the flash ;  
The bayonet thrust, the sabre gash ;  
The heated combatants, grown rash,  
Madly on each other dash ;  
But God defends the right ;  
'To Freedom gives the conqueror's might,  
But claims a hero for his prize ;  
For shattered in the front of fight,  
Devoted *Mazaca* lies !

A stubborn remnant yet maintain  
Their stand within the college fane :  
'The muses' hallowed halls they stain  
With all the wreck of fight.  
The victor summons — and they yield ;  
Triumphant now he quits the field,  
Before the royal vanguard daunts the sight.

Cornwallis comes with thundering speed,  
Revenge his raging senses blinds ;  
Too late ! 't is past the hour of need :  
His dead along his track he finds,  
His living, scattered to the winds !  
And sheltered mid the hills afar,  
The rebels, in his grasp at night,  
Themselves victorious from the fight,  
With all the spoils of war !  
Astounded at the daring feat,  
At once he sounds retreat ;  
And leaves the soil he late profaned,  
Save by the captured foe, unstained.

vn.

Applauding shouts the land rang round :  
Of triumph, and of victory ! [found,  
Then hope first pierced the gloom pro-  
And then the stars, which rose in shame

When the young banner 'gan to fly,  
First peeped through trouble's cloudy sky  
And sparkled on the eye !  
And joy the bright alliance crowned  
Which Freedom made with Fame,  
When Trenton grew a battle-cry,  
And Princeton found a name.

Then broke th' auspicious day !  
As hope new arms to courage gave  
Fast rolled successes wave on wave,  
All brightly gilt with glory's morning ray :  
The Lion, blinded, in despair,  
Slunk baffled to his lair :  
While boldly high  
The Eagle, with a scream of joy,  
Soared sunward with unquailing eye,  
And flapped his wings for victory !  
And as the vapors fold by fold  
Before the light retreating rolled,  
Lo ! Freedom on the lofty stand  
Of Alleghanian mountains towered, and  
blazed,  
Sole sovereign of the land :  
Long, long from man in mists concealed,  
Then first with every charm revealed,  
Her form august she raised ;  
August, yet gracious, and her brows were  
bound

With lustrous stars that like a glory crown'd.  
Her front looked on th' Atlantic shore,  
One beckoning hand outthel before,  
Waved welcome to the world !  
And one, to point the promised ground  
She proffered to her guest,  
Turn'd backward to th' unmeasur'd west,  
Whose desert wealth of soil spread  
widely round ;  
Still spreading, spreading, 'till the roar  
Of sounding seas at length proclaimed its  
bound,  
Where, heaving without rest,  
Pacific's solemn billows curled,  
And broke unheard along the lonely shore !

Then, at the radiant light  
Poured lavish from her presence bright,  
The mighty crowd  
Of gazing nations, awed, with homage  
bowed ;  
And hailed, with pæans hailed, the fairest  
queen,  
That through all time benighted earth  
had seen,  
To rule her race, and lead to glory on :  
And trebly hailed the youthful land  
Whose Heaven-directed band  
Had show'd the world how Freedom should  
be won !

THE END.

#### PRETEXTS AND MOTIVES.

I.

Doest think those gilt and hollow cones  
That *front* an organ cause the tones ?  
Not so ! — those pealing notes proceed  
From tubes of baser metal, hid.

II.

This same remark, we might advance,  
Holds good in life's mysterious dance.  
In front the pompous pretext find,  
But the mean motive skulks behind.

## THE CRAYON PAPERS.

## THE SEMINOLES.

FROM the time of the chimerical cruising of Old Ponce de Leon in search of the Fountain of Youth ; the avaricious expedition of Pamphilo de Narvaez in quest of gold ; and the chivalrous enterprise of Hernando de Soto, to discover and conquer a second Mexico, the natives of Florida have been continually subjected to the invasions and encroachments of white men. They have resisted them perseveringly but fruitlessly, and are now battling amidst swamps and morasses, for the last foothold of their native soil, with all the ferocity of despair. Can we wonder at the bitterness of a hostility that has been handed down from father to son, for upward of three centuries, and exasperated by the wrongs and miseries of each succeeding generation ! The very name of the savages with which we are fighting, betokens their fallen and homeless condition. Formed of the wrecks of once powerful tribes, and driven from their ancient seats of prosperity and dominion, they are known by the name of the Seminoles, or 'Wanderers.'

Bartram, who travelled through Florida in the latter part of the last century, speaks of passing through a great extent of ancient Indian fields, now silent and deserted, overgrown with forests, orange groves, and rank vegetation, the site of the ancient Alachua, the capital of a famous and powerful tribe, who in days of old could assemble thousands at bull-play and other athletic exercises 'over these then happy fields and green plains.' 'Almost every step we take,' adds he, 'over these fertile heights, discovers the remains and traces of ancient human habitations and cultivation.'

About the year 1763, when Florida was ceded by the Spaniards to the English, we are told that the Indians generally retired from the towns and the neighborhood of the whites, and burying themselves in the deep forests, intricate swamps and hommocks, and vast savannahs of the interior, devoted themselves to a pastoral life, and the rearing of horses and cattle. These are the people that received the name of the Seminoles, or Wanderers, which they still retain.

Bartram gives a pleasing picture of them at the time he visited them in their wilderness ; where their distance from the abodes of the white man gave them a transient quiet and security. 'This handful of people,' says he, 'possesses a vast territory, all East and the greatest part of West Florida, which being naturally cut and divided into thousands of islets, knolls, and eminences, by the innumerable rivers, lakes, swamps, vast savannahs, and ponds, form so many secure retreats and temporary dwelling places that effectually guard them from any sudden invasions or attacks from their enemies ; and being such a swampy, hommocky country, furnishes such a plenty and variety of supplies for the nourishment of varieties of animals, that I can venture to assert, that no part of the globe so abounds with wild game, or creatures fit for the food of man.

'Thus they enjoy a superabundance of the necessaries and conve-

niences of life, with the security of person and property, the two great concerns of mankind. The hides of deer, bears, tigers, and wolves, together with honey, wax, and other productions of the country, purchase their clothing equipage, and domestic utensils from the whites. They seem to be free from want or desires. No cruel enemy to dread; nothing to give them disquietude, *but the gradual encroachments of the white people*. Thus contented and undisturbed, they appear as blithe and free as the birds of the air, and like them as volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous. The visage, action, and deportment of the Seminoles form the most striking picture of happiness in this life; joy, contentment, love, and friendship, without guile or affectation, seem inherent in them, or predominant in their vital principle, for it leaves them with but the last breath of life. . . . They are fond of games and gambling, and amuse themselves like children, in relating extravagant stories, to cause surprise and mirth.\*

The same writer gives an engaging picture of his treatment by these savages:

'Soon after entering the forests, we were met in the path by a small company of Indians, smiling and beckoning to us long before we joined them. This was a family of Talahasochte, who had been out on a hunt and were returning home loaded with barbecued meat, hides, and honey. Their company consisted of the man, his wife and children, well mounted on fine horses, with a number of pack-horses. The man offered us a fawn skin of honey, which I accepted, and at parting presented him with some fish-hooks, sewing-needles, etc.

'On our return to camp in the evening, we were saluted by a party of young Indian warriors, who had pitched their tents on a green eminence near the lake, at a small distance from our camp, under a little grove of oaks and palms. This company consisted of seven young Seminoles, under the conduct of a young prince or chief of Talahasochte, a town southward in the isthmus. They were all dressed and painted with singular elegance, and richly ornamented with silver plates, chains, etc., after the Seminole mode, with waving plumes of feathers on their crests. On our coming up to them, they arose and shook hands; we alighted and sat a while with them by their cheerful fire.

'The young prince informed our chief that he was in pursuit of a young fellow who had fled from the town, carrying off with him one of his favorite young wives. He said, merrily, he would have the ears of both of them before he returned. He was rather above the middle stature, and the most perfect human figure I ever saw; of an amiable, engaging countenance, air, and deportment; free and familiar in conversation, yet retaining a becoming gracefulness and dignity. We arose, took leave of them, and crossed a little vale, covered with a charming green turf, already illuminated by the soft light of the full moon.

'Soon after joining our companions at camp, our neighbors, the prince and his associates, paid us a visit. We treated them with the best fare we had, having till this time preserved our spirituous liquors.

They left us with perfect cordiality and cheerfulness, wishing us a good repose, and retired to their own camp. Having a band of music with them, consisting of a drum, flutes, and a rattle-gourd, they entertained us during the night with their music, vocal and instrumental.

There is a languishing softness and melancholy air in the Indian convivial songs, especially of the amorous class, irresistibly moving attention, and exquisitely pleasing, especially in their solitary recesses, when all nature is silent.

Travellers who have been among them, in more recent times, before they had embarked in their present desperate struggle, represent them in much the same light; as leading a pleasant, indolent life, in a climate that required little shelter or clothing, and where the spontaneous fruits of the earth furnished subsistence without toil. A cleanly race, delighting in bathing, passing much of their time under the shade of their trees, with heaps of oranges and other fine fruits for their refreshment; talking, laughing, dancing and sleeping. Every chief had a fan hanging to his side, made of feathers of the wild turkey, the beautiful pink-colored crane, or the scarlet flamingo. With this he would sit and fan himself with great stateliness, while the young people danced before him. The women joined in the dances with the men, excepting the war-dances. They wore strings of tortoise-shells and pebbles round their legs, which rattled in cadence to the music. They were treated with more attention among the Seminoles than among most Indian tribes.

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#### ORIGIN OF THE WHITE, THE RED, AND THE BLACK MEN.

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##### A SEMINOLE TRADITION.

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WHEN the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the Governor, WILLIAM P. DUVAL, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs addressed the governor in the name of all the rest. 'My brother,' said he, 'we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first

attempt, and pretty well for a beginning ; but he soon saw he had bungled ; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still *he* was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man ; and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

‘ When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers ; the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks ; the third with spades, axes, hoes, and hammers. ‘ These, my sons,’ said he, ‘ are the means by which you are to live ; choose among them according to your fancy.’

‘ The white man, being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working-tools without notice ; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man’s turn came next ; and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows, and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left, but to put up with the box of tools.

‘ From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write ; to understand all about the moon and stars ; and to make every thing, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first-rate hunter, and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn any thing from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any : nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

‘ We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write, is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse. Some of the Creeks and Cherokees learnt to read and write, and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians. They went on to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing any thing about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington. And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo ! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses, and their lands, and the graves of their fathers ; and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry we cannot receive teachers among us ; for reading and writing, though, very good for white men, is very bad for Indians.’

## THE CONSPIRACY OF NEAMATHLA.

## AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

IN the autumn of 1823, Governor DUVAL, and other commissioners on the part of the United States, concluded a treaty with the chiefs and warriors of the Florida Indians, by which the latter, for certain considerations, ceded all claims to the whole territory, excepting a district in the eastern part, to which they were to remove, and within which they were to reside for twenty years. Several of the chiefs signed the treaty with great reluctance; but none opposed it more strongly than NEAMATHLA, principal chief of the Mickasookies, a fierce and warlike people, many of them Creeks by origin, who lived about the Mickasookie lake. Neamathla had always been active in those depredations on the frontiers of Georgia which had brought vengeance and ruin on the Seminoles. He was a remarkable man; upward of sixty years of age, about six feet high, with a fine eye, and a strongly-marked countenance, over which he possessed great command. His hatred of the white men appeared to be mixed with contempt: on the common people he looked down with infinite scorn. He seemed unwilling to acknowledge any superiority of rank or dignity in Governor Duval, claiming to associate with him on terms of equality, as two great chieftains. Though he had been prevailed upon to sign the treaty, his heart revolted at it. In one of his frank conversations with Governor Duval, he observed: 'This country belongs to the red man; and if I had the number of warriors at my command that this nation once had, I would not leave a white man on my lands. I would exterminate the whole. I can say this to you, for you can understand me: you are a man; but I would not say it to your people. They'd cry out I was a savage, and would take my life. They cannot appreciate the feelings of a man that loves his country.'

As Florida had but recently been erected into a territory, every thing as yet was in rude and simple style. The Governor, to make himself acquainted with the Indians, and to be near at hand to keep an eye upon them, fixed his residence at Tallahassee, near the Fowl towns, inhabited by the Mickasookies. His government palace for a time was a mere log house, and he lived on hunters' fare. The village of Neamathla was but about three miles off, and thither the governor occasionally rode, to visit the old chieftain. In one of these visits, he found Neamathla seated in his wigwam, in the centre of the village, surrounded by his warriors. The governor had brought him some liquor as a present, but it mounted quickly into his brain, and rendered him quite boastful and belligerent. The theme ever uppermost in his mind, was the treaty with the whites. 'It was true,' he said, 'the red men had made such a treaty, but the white men had not acted up to it. The red men had received none of the money and the cattle that had been promised them: the treaty, therefore, was at an end, and they did not mean to be bound by it.'

Governor Duval calmly represented to him that the time appointed in the treaty for the payment and delivery of the money and the cattle had not yet arrived. This the old chieftain knew full well, but he chose, for the moment, to pretend ignorance. He kept on drinking and talking, his voice growing louder and louder, until it resounded all over the village. He held in his hand a long knife, with which he had been rasping tobacco; this he kept flourishing backward and forward, as he talked, by way of giving effect to his words, brandishing it at times within an inch of the governor's throat. He concluded his tirade by repeating, that the country belonged to the red men, and that sooner than give it up, his bones and the bones of his people should bleach upon its soil.'

Duval saw that the object of all this bluster was to see whether he could be intimidated. He kept his eye, therefore, fixed steadily on the chief, and the moment he concluded with his menace, seized him by the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and clinching his other fist:

'I've heard what you have said,' replied he. 'You have made a treaty, yet you say your bones shall bleach before you comply with it. As sure as there is a sun in heaven, your bones *shall* bleach, if you do not fulfil every article of that treaty! I'll let you know that I am *first* here, and will see that you do your duty!'

Upon this, the old chieftain threw himself back, burst into a fit of laughing, and declared that all he had said was in joke. The governor suspected, however, that there was a grave meaning at the bottom of this jocularly.

For two months, every thing went on smoothly: the Indians repaired daily to the log-cabin palace of the governor, at Tallahassee, and appeared perfectly contented. All at once they ceased their visits, and for three or four days not one was to be seen. Governor Duval began to apprehend that some mischief was brewing. On the evening of the fourth day, a chief named Yellow-Hair, a resolute, intelligent fellow, who had always evinced an attachment for the governor, entered his cabin about twelve o'clock at night, and informed him, that between four and five hundred warriors, painted and decorated, were assembled to hold a secret war-talk at Neamathla's town. He had slipped off to give intelligence, at the risk of his life, and hastened back lest his absence should be discovered.

Governor Duval passed an anxious night after this intelligence. He knew the talent and the daring character of Neamathla; he recollected the threats he had thrown out; he reflected that about eighty white families were scattered widely apart, over a great extent of country, and might be swept away at once, should the Indians, as he feared, determine to clear the country. That he did not exaggerate the dangers of the case, has been proved by the horrid scenes of Indian warfare that have since desolated that devoted region. After a night of sleepless cogitation, Duval determined on a measure suited to his prompt and resolute character. Knowing the admiration of the savages for personal courage, he determined, by a sudden surprise, to endeavor to overawe and check them. It was hazarding much; but where so many lives were in jeopardy, he felt bound to incur the hazard.

Accordingly, on the next morning, he set off on horseback, attended merely by a white man, who had been reared among the Seminoles, and understood their language and manners, and who acted as interpreter. They struck into an Indian 'trail,' leading to Neamathla's village. After proceeding about half a mile, Governor Duval informed the interpreter of the object of his expedition. The latter, though a bold man, paused and remonstrated. The Indians among whom they were going were among the most desperate and discontented of the nation. Many of them were veteran warriors, impoverished and exasperated by defeat, and ready to set their lives at any hazard. He said that if they were holding a war council, it must be with desperate intent, and it would be certain death to intrude among them.

Duval made light of his apprehensions: he said he was perfectly well acquainted with the Indian character, and should certainly proceed. So saying, he rode on. When within half a mile of the village, the interpreter addressed him again, in such a tremulous tone, that Duval turned and looked him in the face. He was deadly pale, and once more urged the governor to return, as they would certainly be massacred if they proceeded.

Duval repeated his determination to go on, but advised the other to return, lest his pale face should betray fear to the Indians, and they might take advantage of it. The interpreter replied that he would rather die a thousand deaths, than have it said he had deserted his leader when in peril.

Duval then told him he must translate faithfully all he should say to the Indians, without softening a word. The interpreter promised faithfully to do so, adding that he well knew, when they were once in the town, nothing but boldness could save them.

They now rode into the village, and advanced to the council-house. This was rather a group of four houses, forming a square, in the centre of which was a great council-fire. The houses were open in front, toward the fire, and closed in the rear. At each corner of the square, there was an interval between the houses, for ingress and egress. In these houses sat the old men and the chiefs; the young men were gathered round the fire. Neamathla presided at the council, elevated on a higher seat than the rest.

Governor Duval entered by one of the corner intervals, and rode boldly into the centre of the square. The young men made way for him; an old man who was speaking, paused in the midst of his harangue. In an instant thirty or forty rifles were cocked and levelled. Never had Duval heard so loud a click of triggers: it seemed to strike on his heart. He gave one glance at the Indians, and turned off with an air of contempt. He did not dare, he says, to look again, lest it might affect his nerves; and on the firmness of his nerves every thing depended.

The chief threw up his arm. The rifles were lowered. Duval breathed more freely: he felt disposed to leap from his horse, but restrained himself, and dismounted leisurely. He then walked deliberately up to Neamathla, and demanded, in an authoritative tone, what were his motives for holding that council. The moment he made this demand, the orator sat down. The chief made no reply, but



hung his head in apparent confusion. After a moment's pause, Duval proceeded :

'I am well aware of the meaning of this war-council ; and deem it my duty to warn you against prosecuting the schemes you have been devising. If a single hair of a white man in this country falls to the ground, I will hang you and your chiefs on the trees around your council-house ! You cannot pretend to withstand the power of the white men. You are in the palm of the hand of your Great Father at Washington, who can crush you like an egg-shell ! You may kill me : I am but one man ; but recollect, white men are numerous as the leaves on the trees. Remember the fate of your warriors whose bones are whitening in battle-fields. Remember your wives and children who perished in swamps. Do you want to provoke more hostilities ? Another war with the white men, and there will not be a Seminole left to tell the story of his race.'

Seeing the effect of his words, he concluded by appointing a day for the Indians to meet him at St. Marks, and give an account of their conduct. He then rode off, without giving them time to recover from their surprise. That night he rode forty miles to Apalachicola river, to the tribe of the same name, who were in feud with the Seminoles. They promptly put two hundred and fifty warriors at his disposal, whom he ordered to be at St. Marks at the appointed day. He sent out runners, also, and mustered one hundred of the militia to repair to the same place, together with a number of regulars from the army. All his arrangements were successful.

Having taken these measures, he returned to Tallahassee, to the neighborhood of the conspirators, to show them that he was not afraid. Here he ascertained, through Yellow-Hair, that nine towns were disaffected, and had been concerned in the conspiracy. He was careful to inform himself, from the same source, of the names of the warriors in each of those towns who were most popular, though poor, and destitute of rank and command.

When the appointed day was at hand for the meeting at St. Marks, Governor Duval set off with Neamathla, who was at the head of eight or nine hundred warriors, but who feared to venture into the fort without him. As they entered the fort, and saw troops and militia drawn up there, and a force of Apalachicola soldiers stationed on the opposite bank of the river, they thought they were betrayed, and were about to fly ; but Duval assured them they were safe, and that when the talk was over, they might go home unmolested.

A grand talk was now held, in which the late conspiracy was discussed. As he had foreseen, Neamathla and the other old chiefs threw all the blame upon the young men. 'Well,' replied Duval, 'with us white men, when we find a man incompetent to govern those under him, we put him down, and appoint another in his place. Now as you all acknowledge you cannot manage your young men, we must put chiefs over them who can.'

So saying, he deposed Neamathla first ; appointing another in his place ; and so on with all the rest ; taking care to substitute the warriors who had been pointed out to him as poor and popular ; putting medals round their necks, and investing them with great ceremony. The Indians were surprised and delighted at finding the

appointments fall upon the very men they would themselves have chosen, and hailed them with acclamations. The warriors thus unexpectedly elevated to command, and clothed with dignity, were secured to the interests of the governor, and sure to keep an eye on the disaffected. As to the great chief Neamathla, he left the country in disgust, and returned to the Creek Nation, who elected him a chief of one of their towns. Thus by the resolute spirit and prompt sagacity of one man, a dangerous conspiracy was completely defeated. Governor Duval was afterward enabled to remove the whole nation, through his own personal influence, without the aid of the General Government.

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TO THE NEW MOON.

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BY D. H. BARLOW.

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I.

Thou peerest through my window-pane, young Moon,  
And sweetly smilest; and thy tremulous beam  
Is bright with youth and hopefulness, and soon  
Thy perfect orb shall pour a broader stream.  
And then shall wane thy glory, day by day,  
Thy luminous fulness waste, and thou must die:  
The inevitable hour no charm can stay,  
The common lot thou sharest of Mortality!

II.

Burning beside thee is a beautiful Star,  
In full-orbed radiance, evermore the same,  
Nor change doth its unborrowed splendors mar,  
Nor the strong rush of ages quench its flame.  
Though, for a season, Earth may veil its ray,  
'T is only to our eyes; its living light,  
When from our sense Earth's shade hath rolled away,  
Burns in its far blue shrine, unalterably bright.

III.

A solemn voice low whispereth in mine ear/  
Bidding me, beautiful Moon! behold in thee  
A type of joys that gild this mortal sphere,  
A fair, but frail and short-lived progeny!  
And thou dost image forth a joy, bright Star,  
Owning no fealty to the away of Time,  
Above or waste or change exalted far,  
It shineth ever full, unchangeable, sublime!

IV.

This joy to win, All-merciful! be mine;  
If present, visible things would weave a charm  
To bind my worship to a mortal shrine,  
Redeem my bondage with thine own right arms!  
Or if Earth's blinding shadow intervene,  
To hide the blessed splendors of the Sky,  
Forbid that aught should from my spirit screen  
The ever-burning Star of Immortality!

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST: a Personal Narrative of Life at Sea.** pp. 483. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this volume one of the most striking and evidently faithful pictures of 'real life' at sea, that has ever come under our observation. It is literally what it claims to be, a 'Voice from the Forecastle,' and narrates, from the notes of a journal kept during the entire period, the events of two years spent as a common sailor before the mast, in the American merchant service. The writer is said to be Mr. R. H. DANA, Jr., of Boston, a son of the well-known author of 'The Buccaneers.' The voyage round Cape Horn from Boston to the western coast of North America, was undertaken from a determination to dispel, if possible, by an entire change of life, and by a long absence from books and study, a complaint which had obliged him to give up his pursuits, and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure. From the moment of the change from the tight dress-coat, silk cap, and kid gloves, of an under-graduate at Cambridge, to the loose duck trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of the regular Jack Tar, our young author seems to have determined to play, or rather *work*, the part of a thorough sailor; and we cannot sufficiently admire the uncomplaining fortitude with which, for two long years, he bore the multifarious hardships of a common seaman's lot. For himself, great as was the change in his avocations, he never utters a murmur. Whether 'tarring down' the rigging; cleaning offensive Spanish hides, and carrying them on his head through the surf of a California coast; sending down a royal-yard, or furling a yard-arm off Cape Horn, in a hurricane of hail and sleet,

'While the tough cordage creaks, and yelling loud,  
The fierce North blusters in the frozen shroud;'

in short, whether 'in breeze, or gale, or storm,' with dinner, such as it was, or without it, such as it *might* have been, but for sad accidents; we find our author ever the same hard-working, all-enduring philosopher, with an eye to see and a heart to feel every body's discomforts and sufferings but his own. We commend the forcible Saxon English, and the unpretending style, of this work to the notice of the elaborate, ornate class of writers among us, who find it so difficult to describe a plain matter in a plain way, while we proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts, in justification of our warm encomium; commencing, 'for the benefit of the ladies,' with the following picture of an English sailor, encountered on the coast of California:

"He had been to sea from a boy, having served a regular apprenticeship of seven years, as all English sailors are obliged to do, and was then about four or five and twenty. He was tall; but you only perceived it when he was standing by the side of others, for the great breadth of his shoulders and chest made him appear but little above the middle height. His chest was as deep as it was wide; his arm like that of Hercules; and his hand 'the fist of a tar — every hair a rope-yarn.' With all this he had one of the pleasantest smiles I ever saw. His cheeks were of a handsome brown; his teeth brilliantly white; and his hair, of a raven black, waved in loose curls all over his head, and fine open forehead; and his eyes he might have sold to a duchess at the price of diamonds, for their brilliancy. As for their color, they were like the Irishman's pig, which would not stay to be counted; every change of position and light seemed to give them a new hue; but their prevailing color was black, or nearly so. Take him with his well-varnished black tarpanlin stuck upon the back of his head; his long locks coming down almost into his eyes; his white deck

trowsers and shirt; blue jacket; and black kerchief, tied loosely round his neck; and he was a fine specimen of manly beauty. On his broad chest he had stamped with India ink 'Parting moments'—a ship ready to sail; a boat on the beach; and a girl and her sailor lover taking their farewell. Underneath were printed the initials of his own name, and two other letters, standing for some name which he knew better than I did. This was very well done, having been executed by a man who made it his business to print with India ink, for sailors, at Havre. On one of his broad arms he had the crucifixion, and on the other the sign of the foul anchor.

"He was very fond of reading, and we lent him most of the books which we had in the fore-castle, which he read and returned to us the next time we fell in with him. He had a good deal of information, and his captain said he was a perfect seaman, and worth his weight in gold on board a vessel, in fair weather and in foul. His strength must have been immense, and he had the sight of a vulture. It is strange that one should be so minute in the description of an unknown, outcast sailor, whom one may never see again, and whom no one may care to hear about; but so it is. Some people we see under no remarkable circumstances, but whom, for some reason or other, we never forget. He called himself Bill Jackson; and I know no one of all my accidental acquaintances to whom I would more gladly give a shake of the hand than to him. Whoever falls in with him, will find a handsome, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate."

We do not remember to have seen a more forcible sketch of a lazy Spanish American, than is contained in the subjoined 'feature' of a scene at the island of Juan Fernandez:

"The men appeared to be the laziest people upon the face of the earth; and indeed, as far as my observation goes, there are no people to whom the newly-invented Yankee word of 'loafer' is more applicable than to the Spanish Americans. These men stood about doing nothing, with their cloaks, little better in texture than an Indian's blanket, but of rich colors, thrown over their shoulders, with an air which it is said a Spanish beggar can always give to his rags; and with great politeness and courtesy in their address, though with holes in their shoes, and without a sou in their pockets. The only interruption to the monotony of their day seemed to be when a gust of wind drew round between the mountains and blew off the boughs which they had placed for roofs to their houses, and gave them a few minutes' occupation in running about after them. One of these gusts occurred while we were ashore, and afforded us no little amusement at seeing the men look round, and if they found that their roofs had stood, conclude that they might stand too, while those who saw theirs blown off, after uttering a few Spanish oaths, gathered their cloaks over their shoulders, and started off after them. However, they were not gone long, but soon returned to their habitual occupation of doing nothing."

We give the following melancholy scene at length; and not without a sense of pleasure that it is embraced in the widely-spread 'Family Library,' and that it is in our power to place before some forty thousand additional readers a record of tyranny that must stamp the character of 'Captain T——,' of the Brig Pilgrim, of Boston, with odium, and hand down his name to the merited scorn and contempt of every humane commander and seaman in Christendom:

"The captain was on board all day Friday, and every thing went on hard and disagreeably. 'The more you drive a man, the less he will do,' was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night, and were turned to, early Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate, or one of the crew, I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear:

"You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your jaw? No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. 'You may as well keep still, for I have got you!' said the captain. Then came the question, 'Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?'

"I never gave you any, Sir," said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half choked.

"That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?"

"I never have been, Sir," said Sam.

"Answer my question, or I'll make a spread eagle of you! I'll flog you, by G—d."

"I am no negro slave," said Sam.

"Then I'll make you one!" said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate: 'Seize that man up, Mr. A——! Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!'

"The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

"What are you going to flog that man for, Sir?" said John, the Swede, to the captain.

"Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

"Let me alone," said John. 'I'm willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force,' and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and seat him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam by this time was seized up, as it is called, that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of

the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man — a human being, made in God's likeness — fastened up and flogged like a beast! A man, too, whom I had lived with and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother. The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two beside myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age. And then there were (beside the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, they are pirates for life. If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. Bad as it was, it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice — six times. 'Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?' The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear; this brought as many more as the man could stand; when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and to go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John, and taking his iron fist. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the fore-castle. 'Bring that man aft,' shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John; but he soon threw him from him. At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, 'Drag him aft! — Lay hold of him! I'll sweeten him!' etc., etc. The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft; and he, seeing resistance in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him; said he would go aft of himself; that they should not drag him; and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast, he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. 'Have I ever refused my duty, Sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?'

"No," said the captain, 'it is not that that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference — for asking questions.'

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No!" shouted the captain; 'nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel, but myself; and he began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. As he went on, his passion increased, and he dauced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope: 'If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it! because I like to do it! It suits me! That's what I do it for!'

"The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common to foreigners than with us: 'Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!'"

"Don't call on Jesus Christ," shouted the captain; 'he can't help you. Call on Captain T——. He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!'

"At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away, and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and the prospect of future revenge, crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back at once. At length they ceased, and turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the fore-castle. Every one else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage, and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us: 'You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect!' 'You've been mistaken in me; you didn't know what I was! Now you know what I am!' — 'I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy, up!' 'You've got a driver over you! Yes, a *slave-driver* — a *negro-driver*! I'll see who'll tell me he is n't a negro slave!' With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after, John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put upon it. 'No,' said the captain, who heard him from below; 'tell him to put his shirt on; that's the best thing for him; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay up on board this vessel.' He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to 'give way!' 'give way!' but finding they did their best, he let them alone. The agent was in the stern sheets, but during the whole pull — a league or more — not a word was spoken. We landed; the captain, agent, and officer went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, staid near the boat while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone. I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and under suffering; and he had his knife with him, and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. But nothing happened, and we went quietly on board. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have had nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indian blood-hounds, whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them."

"After the day's work was done, we went down into the fore-castle, and ate our plain supper; but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night; but there was no song — no 'sweethearts and wives.' A gloom was over every thing. The two men lay in their berth, groaning with pain, and we all turned in; but for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men, showed that they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture a moment; the dim, swinging lamp of the fore-castle shed its light over the dark

hole in which we lived; and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind. I thought of our situation, living under a tyranny; of the character of the country we were in; of the length of the voyage, and of the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then, if we should return, of the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings, of whom I then was one."

Now, while all will admit the necessity of discipline on board a ship, and the duty which a captain owes to his station and his employers, yet no one, who is not a *brute*, in feeling or in practice, will be found to extenuate or defend such acts of wanton and barbarous cruelty as are here described; and we must express the hope that the well-known Boston house of BRYANT, STURGES, AND COMPANY, do not still maintain in their employ so unworthy an officer. Our author adverts, in his closing chapter, to the evidences of good character on shore, which are permitted to weigh with a jury, when such sea-tyrants as Captain T——, are tried for their gross offences against humanity:

"There are many captains whom I know to be cruel and tyrannical men at sea, who yet, among their friends, and in their families, have never lost the reputation they bore in childhood. The sea-captain would be a brute indeed, if, after an absence of months or years, during his short stay, so short that the novelty and excitement of it has hardly time to wear off, and the attentions he receives as a visitor and stranger hardly time to slacken — if, under such circumstances, a townsman or neighbor would be justified in testifying against his correct and peaceable deportment. With the owners of the vessel, also, to which he is attached, and among merchants and insurers generally, he is a very different man from what he may be at sea, when his own master, and the master of every body and every thing about him."

A passenger, on the voyage homeward, in the person of Professor N——, of Cambridge, was unexpectedly found on the coast of California:

"I had left him quietly seated in the chair of Botany and Ornithology, in Harvard University; and the next I saw of him was strolling about San Diego beach, in a sailor's pea-jacket, with a wide straw hat, and barefooted, with his trowsers rolled up to his knees, picking up stones and shells. He had travelled over land to the North-west Coast, and come down in a small vessel to Monterey. There he learned that there was a ship at the leeward, about to sail for Boston; and, taking passage in the *Pilgrim*, which was then at Monterey, he came slowly down, visiting the intermediate ports, and examining the trees, plants, earths, birds, &c., and joined us at San Diego shortly before we sailed. The second mate of the *Pilgrim* told me that they had got an old gentleman on board who knew me, and came from the college that I had been in. He could not recollect his name, but said he was a 'sort of an oldish man,' with white hair, and spent all his time in the bush, and along the beach, picking up flowers and shells, and such truck, and had a dozen boxes and barrels, full of them. I thought over every body who would likely to be there, but could fix upon no one; when, the next day, just as we were about to shove off from the beach, he came down to the boat in the rig I have described, with his shoes in his hand, and his pockets full of specimens. I knew him at once, though I should not have been more surprised to have seen the Old South steeple shoot up from the hide-house. He probably had no less difficulty in recognising me. As we left home about the same time, we had nothing to tell one another; and owing to our different situations on board, I saw but little of him on our passage home. Sometimes, when I was at the wheel of a calm night, and the steering required no attention, and the officer of the watch was forward, he would come aft and hold a short yarn with me; but this was against the rules of the ship, as is, in fact, all intercourse between passengers and the crew. I was often amused to see the sailors puzzled to know what to make of him, and to hear their conjectures about him and his business. They were as much puzzled as our old sailmaker was with the captain's instruments in the cabin. He said there were three: the *cre-nometer*, the *cre-nometer*, and the *the-nometer*. (Chronometer, barometer, and thermometer.) The *Pilgrim*'s crew christened Mr. N. 'Old Curious,' from his zeal for curiosities, and some of them said that he was crazy, and that his friend let him go about and amuse himself in this way. Why else a rich man (sailors call every man rich who do not work with his hands, and wears a long coat and cravat) should leave a Christian country, and come to such a place as California, to pick up shells and stones, they could not understand. One of them, however, an old salt, who had seen something more of the world ashore, set all to rights, as he thought: 'Oh, vast there! You don't know any thing about them craft. I've seen them colleges, and know the ropes. They keep all such things for curiosities, and study 'em, and have men a' purpose to go get 'em. This old chap knows what he's about. He a'n't the child you take him for. He'll carry all these things to college, and if they are better than any that they have had before, he'll be head of the college. Then, by-and-by, somebody else will go after some more, and if they beat him, he'll have to go again, or else give up his berth. That's the way they do it. This old cove knows the ropes. He has worked a traverse over 'em, and come 'way out here, where nobody's ever been afore, and they'll never think of coming.'"

On the return voyage, and while in the latitude of Cape Horn, an immense iceberg was encountered, of which our author gives the annexed vivid description:

"At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. 'Where away, cook?' asked the first man who was up. 'On the larbord bow.' And there lay,

floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways, its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the sublimity, of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height—its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear,—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning, a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight."

Notwithstanding, says our author, all that has been written about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship literally under *all* her sail. This noble sight, however, was vouchsafed to him, in the tropics:

"One night, I went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom, upon some duty, and, having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from the deck, I could look at the ship, as at a separate vessel;—and, there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvass, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade-wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out, wide and high;—the two lower studding-sails stretching, on each side, far beyond the deck; the top-mast studding-sails, like wings to the top-sails; the top gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and, highest of all, the little sky-sail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble, they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvass; not even a quivering at the extreme edges of the sail—so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight, that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said, (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's man as he was, had been gazing at the show,) half to himself, still looking at the marble sails, 'How quietly they do their work!'"

Copious as are our extracts, we had marked many more for insertion; among them a description of two ships meeting at sea, 'standing head on, and bowing and curvetting at each other like war-horses reined in by their riders;' a picture of a calm in the tropics; of the entrance to Boston bay, with the light-houses standing, 'like sentinels in white, before the harbor;' of the saving, by Yankee captains, of all holidays, and the consequent *advantages* which the American sailor enjoys over Catholic seamen; the remarks upon the Sandwich Islands, into which white men, from countries called *Christian*, have introduced revolting diseases, before unknown, which are sweeping off one-fortieth of the entire population annually; and several other entertaining or profitable passages, for a perusal of which we must refer our readers to the volume itself. Aside from matters of various interest, we have ourselves risen from its discussion with a new sense of the sublime in nature; with a more enlarged conception of the vastness of the 'grey and melancholy wastes' of ocean which spread around earth's isles and continents; upon which the early dawn breaks and day-light fades alike; where the almost living vessel, fleet sailing, drops in the distant wave the Southern Cross, the Magellan Clouds, the wild and stormy cape; where—unlike the travel of the land, which at the most conquers a narrow horizon after horizon—each succeeding night the homeward ship sinks some celestial constellation in the backward distance, raising another 'landmark of the heavens' in the onward waste of mingled sea and sky! Truly saith the Psalmist, 'They who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep!'

THE STAGE: BOTH BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN. From 'Observations Taken on the Spot.' By ALFRED BUNN, late Lessee of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent-Garden. In two volumes. pp. 538. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

'CAPITAL! capital!' exclaimed at intervals, and some dozen of times, a worthy friend of ours — who sometimes takes an arm-chair in the *sanctum*, and devours damp books fresh from the publishers' — as he sat through the live-long day, to peruse the volumes before us; and truth to say, when we subsequently followed him through their entertaining pages, we were at no loss to account for his enthusiastic admiration. The English press has borne testimony to the great interest and faithfulness of the work, and advised us of the writer's unequalled opportunities of correct observation; and the last number of BLACKWOOD commends the volumes in no measured terms. 'MR. BUNN,' says CHRISTOPHER NORTH, 'has dashed into the whole subject of stages, actors, and management, with all the fearlessness of one who has abundance of facts at his disposal; laying on the lash with a keenness which will make the sufferers remember him with much more sensibility than tenderness;' and supplying the public with the most unanswerable evidence, that there is a little world within the walls of theatres, made abundantly 'busy, bitter, and perplexing, by such mimics as ramble from Drury Lane to Covent-Garden, and from Covent-Garden to Drury Lane.' The following remarks do not include, as MR. BUNN subsequently informs us, the more gentlemanlike and distinguished members of the theatrical profession, 'as rare as they are pleasant to meet with, among the illustrious *minores* whose backs have once rubbed against the scenes of a play-house.' Players, says our author, if examined upon the principles that regulate society at large, are altogether unintelligible:

"An author is vain but upon one point; an actor is vain upon all. You can scarcely persuade the most crooked varlet that ever presented himself at the stage door for examination, that he is not the glass of fashion and the mould of form; or many a hound, who literally yelps out his notes, that he is not a second Rubini. You can impress on the minds of very few who have once crossed the stage, that the British nation, to a man, is not thinking of them morning, noon, and night. They are the most obsequious, and yet the most independent set of people upon earth; their very vitality is based upon 'the weakest of all weaknesses — vanity;' almost every sentiment put in their mouths is at variance with every action of their lives; their whole existence is an anomaly. The feverish state of excitement upon which their fortunes depend, is a perpetual drawback to any exercise of the judgment they are supposed to possess. Their occupations bring them for ever before a tribunal whose opinion, being decisive for the moment, induces them to mistake temporary approbation for permanent respect, without once referring to circumstances. They virtually serve two masters, their employer *behind* the curtain, and the spectator *before* it; but upon the established principle of not being in reality able to serve both at one time, they select, in all cases of emergency, the one they deem the most powerful."

In the various and amusing gossip which succeeds, and which fills these volumes, we gather, very clearly, that the characters which our author here describes, and which he otherwise and elsewhere scourges, are *mainly* of that secondary class of histrions, some of the least reputable and 'talented' of whom now and then find their way across the Atlantic, attracted by the reputation and dollars acquired by the well-educated and accomplished English actors who preceded them. As we have before observed, in some remarks upon the high character of many native and foreign actors with whom we have had the pleasure to be acquainted, from such as these, who may have sought to retrieve or obtain in this country the character and reputation which they have lost, or never possessed, in their own, little can be anticipated that is not baneful in its influence upon society in our principal Atlantic cities; and especially upon the young and thoughtless, who ape not only their thin varnish of external politeness, and their second-hand stage portraiture of the true gentleman, but the vices which are inherent in their old habitudes and associations. Sterling theatrical talent, moreover, is often temporarily forestalled by these involuntary exiles from a country which has not 'sufficiently appreciated them!' Instances there are, in which grimacing buffoons, from the lowest English play-houses — places where, as our 'American in London' observes, a man being kicked out of a subordinate station in the higher theatrical establishments, forthwith appears as a star! — have come to America, and by brazen self-puffery, and a servile imitation of certain 'diverting mountebanks' at home, whom MR. BUNN cites as 'striking illustrations



of the vast difference there is between a *farceur* and a comedian,' obtained a short-lived notoriety, which has at once been vaunted as 'unbounded popularity!' A certain portion of the play-going public may for a while be amused by this class of self-imported 'mountebanks,' and thus temporarily assist to divert a support which might be otherwise and less mischievously bestowed. But at length, grimace palls; and the 'poor player' finds that the making of faces alone, will not serve the public's turn. Mrs. JARLEY, of Boz's 'caravan,' is a much more fortunate character. Being itinerant, she can make the same wax-actor play a different part in every town through which she passes; here altering the costume of the clown, to represent 'Lindlay Murray, as he appeared when engaged in the composition of his English Grammar,' and there 'turning a murderess of great renown into Miss Hannah More!' But a *stationary* human player, of the changeable wax-figure school, can hope for no such good luck; and there's the humor of it! Something too much of this, however. There are points, and many of them, embraced in the general theme of these volumes, which we have neither time nor space at present to discuss; we shall therefore again resume the consideration of the work; which we cordially commend to such of our readers as desire to be greatly entertained and amused.

AIRES OF PALESTINE, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN PIERPONT. In one volume. pp. 334. BOSTON: JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY.

LET not the reader turn instantly away from the above title-page, and the few remarks we have to offer upon the very beautiful volume which it heralds, under the impression that we are about to produce a long retrospective criticism of productions so familiar to the public as the 'Airs of Palestine,' and many of the 'other poems' of this collection, several of which, we may add, were written for the *KNICKERBOCKER*. Let him rather understand that here, conspicuous in large, clear types, impressed upon fine white paper, are all the miscellaneous and occasional poems of our author, down to the present time, embracing, 'Hymns for the Lord's Supper and Christmas; for Ordination, Dedication, and Installation; Hymns and Odes for Charity and Temperance Occasions, and for Anniversary, Centennial, and other Celebrations; together with funereal, patriotic, and political pieces; not to mention 'Gleanings,' which would alone make the reputation of half a score of the would-be bards who hang upon the skirts of our poetical literature. There are numerous and various effusions embraced in the volume, which will be new to the general reader; and he will need no other inducement to seek them out, than a grateful memory of their elder brethren. Very amusing is the temperance song, to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' and very beautiful the 'Fugitive's Apostrophe to the North Star; both of which we had marked for insertion; but Dan Tantalus mocked us in this, as in other matters. We present that noble poem, 'The Exile at Rest,' because we are for the first time aware of its real authorship:

His falchion flashed along the Nile;  
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;  
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,  
His eagle flag unrolled — and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone; — not one  
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,  
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,  
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now alone; — the star,  
That led him on from crown to crown,  
Hath sunk; — the nations from afar  
Gazed, as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone; — the mountain cloud  
That night hangs round him, and the breath

Of morning scatters, is the shroud  
That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch; — the ocean flood  
Far, far below by storms is curled,  
As round him heaved, while high he stood,  
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! Comes there from the Pyramids,  
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,  
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids  
The world he awed to mourn him! — No!

The only, the perpetual dirge,  
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,  
The mournful murmur of the surge,  
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

When the Great Warrior's remains shall 'share the glories of a Parisian opera dancer,' in the gay metropolis, how changed will be the theme of the poet!

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**THE TRAITOR ARNOLD.**—It was our purpose, in the present number, to have compiled an article of some length, embracing incidents connected with the later career of **BENEDICT ARNOLD**, as well as one or two important events in our national history; but as we are promised by the gentleman from whom we received the autograph letters to which we have before alluded, a number of others of equal interest—among them two or three which were addressed by Major **ANDRE** to **ARNOLD**—we shall postpone the article in question, until our friend shall have obtained these documents from the papers of a near relative, who was the traitor's executor. One of **ARNOLD**'s letters, now before us, is dated at Crown-Point, 19th May, 1775. It is endorsed 'Addressed to Congress,' and was doubtless read by **WASHINGTON** himself. It is much worn and defaced by time; but the following extract, so unlike the treason which subsequently handed the writer's name down to infamy, will be found to possess not a little interest: 'My last was of the 14th inst., by Mr. **ROMAN**, via New-Haven. I then acquainted you with the occasion of delay in not carrying your orders into execution. The afternoon of the same day, being joined by Captains **BROWN** and **OSWALD**, with fifty men enlisted on the road, they having taken possession of a small schooner at Shrewsborough, we immediately proceeded on our way to St. Johns, and at eight o'clock, A. M., the 17th inst., arrived within ninety leagues of the town. The weather being calm, we manned but two small batteaux with thirty-five men, and the next morning at six o'clock arrived at St. Johns, and surprised and took a sergeant and his party of twelve men, and the king's sloop-of-war of seventy tons, with two brass six-pounders and seven men, without any loss on either side. The captain was gone to Montreal, and hourly expected with a large detachment for Ticonderoga, and a number of guns and carriages for the sloop, which was just fixed for sailing. Add to this, there was a captain and forty men at Chamblé, twelve miles distant from St. Johns, who were expected there every minute with his party; so that it seemed to be a mere interposition of Providence, that we arrived in so fortunate an hour. We took such stores on board as were valuable, and the wind proving favorable, in two hours after our arrival we weighed anchor for this place, with the sloop and four of the brig's batteaux, having destroyed five others; so that there is not left a single batteau for the king's troops, or Canadians, or Indians, to cross the lake, if they have any such intention. . . . I must, in justice to Col. **ALLEN**, observe, that he left Crown-Point soon after me, for St. Johns, with one hundred and fifty men; and on my return from there, I met him five leagues this side, and supplied him with provisions, his men being in a starving condition. He informed me of his intention of proceeding on to St. Johns, with eighty or an hundred men, and keeping possession there.' (**ETHAN ALLEN**, 'all over') 'It appeared to me a wild, impracticable scheme; and even provided it could be carried into execution, of no consequence, so long as we are masters of the lake, and that I am determined to be, by immediately arming the sloop and schooner.' . . . 'I wrote you, gentlemen, in my former letters, that I should be extremely glad to be superseded in my command here, as I find it next to impossible to repair the old fort at Ticonderoga, and I am not qualified to direct in building a new one. I am really of opinion that it will be necessary

to employ one thousand or fifteen hundred men here this summer, in which I have the pleasure to be joined in sentiment by Mr. ROMAN, who is esteemed an able engineer. I am making all possible provision of wheeled carriages, to carry such cannon, etc., to Albany as can be spared from here, and will be serviceable to our army at Cambridge. . . . I beg leave to observe, that I have had intimations given me, that some persons had determined to apply to the Provincial Congress to injure me in your esteem, by misrepresenting matters of fact. I know no other motive (cause) they can have, only my refusing them commissions, for the very simple reason that I did not think them qualified. However, gentlemen, I have the satisfaction of imagining I am employed by gentlemen of so much candor, that my conduct will not be condemned until I have an opportunity of being heard. I am, with the greatest respect, gentlemen, your most devoted, humble servant,

B. ARNOLD.'

In reading the first draft of such a letter as this, in ARNOLD's own hand-writing, and reflecting upon his subsequent wickedness and folly, the fate of 'Lucifer, Son of the Morning,' will be the first simile that will suggest itself to the mind of a true-hearted American.

ARNOLD seems not to have been considered altogether frank and trust-worthy, even at this period. General GATES, in an autograph letter now before us, dated 'Head-Quarters, 25th August, 1775,' writes, among other things, to ARNOLD: 'SIR: I am confident you told me last night that you did not *intend* to leave Cambridge entirely, until the express sent by your friend returned from General SCHUYLER. Lest I should have been mistaken, I am directed by His Excellency, General WASHINGTON to request you to resolve to wait the return of that express. I have laid your plan before the General, who will converse with you upon it, when you next meet,' etc. . . . That the traitor did not lack the virtuous inculcations of a fond and pious parent, is evinced by a tattered and almost illegible letter, written by his mother, and dated at Norwich, (Conn.,) in April, 1754, and addressed to him at Canterbury, 'Dear child,' she writes, 'I received yours of the 1st inst., and was glad to hear that you was well. Pray, my dear, let your first concern be, to make your peace with God, as it is of all concerns of y<sup>e</sup> greatest importance. Keep a steady watch over your thoughts, words, and actions. Be dutiful to superiors, obliging to equals, and affable to inferiors. . . . I have sent you fifty shillings. Use it prudently, as you are accountable to God and your father.'

The 'Robinson House, or Reminiscences of West-Point and Arnold the Traitor,' in our last issue, has attracted much attention, and has been widely copied throughout the Union. A friend has sent us a communication from Dr. HALL, of East Hartford, Connecticut, a surgeon in the army of the revolution, and who stood within four or five rods of Major ANDRE, when he was executed. He notices some statements of our correspondent, which he considers a little inaccurate. He informs us that ANDRE walked to the place of execution behind the cart, accompanied by two officers, one on each side, and stopped under the gallows. Arrived there, he immediately stepped up into the cart, when the officer of the day, Colonel SCAMMELL, said to him, 'If you have any thing to say, you now have an opportunity.' He replied, 'I have nothing to say, but to have you bear witness that I die like a brave man.' Colonel SCAMMELL then said to the hangman, 'Do your duty.' He went to work so awkwardly in attempting to put the noose over ANDRE's neck, that ANDRE took it from him, and made an effort to do it himself. But his hat being in the way, he let go the rope, took off his hat and stock, and laid them on the coffin, and unbuttoned his shirt collar, and turned it down. He then put the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck; took out of his pocket a white handkerchief, with which he bandaged his eyes; and a blue ribbon, which he handed to the executioner, requesting him to tie his hands behind him. This being done, Colonel SCAMMELL directed the cart to be driven away. ANDRE was a small man, and seemed hardly to stretch the rope, and his legs dangled so much, that the hangman was ordered to take hold of them and keep them straight. The body was cut down after

hanging fifteen or twenty minutes, and buried near the gallows. From the location of the grave, ANDRE must have passed it in going to the place of execution. The Doctor thinks the account relative to the attempts made by WASHINGTON to secure ARNOLD and liberate ANDRE, must be incorrect. The court which sentenced ANDRE to death having been held on the 29th of September, only three days before his execution, the time allowed was not, he imagines, sufficient to permit such plans to be successfully carried out, especially the one in which CHAMPE was said to have been concerned.

THEATRICALS: NEW THEATRES, ETC. — An apology is due to 'A Thirty Years' Theatre-Goer, and a Lover of the True Drama,' for the none appearance of his communication in the present number; but its insertion would have excluded much of our usual variety in this department, and compelled us to omit various matters to which we had promised to advert. We agree entirely with our correspondent in his views of theatricals in general, and especially of the policy of founding new theatres, to divide and temporarily dissipate that patronage which, directed to two or three well-established houses, would increase the edification of play-goers, and reward deserving managers for their enterprise and expenditures. This the public have discovered, sooner or later, to be the invincible result. How many 'theatres,' so called — the hobbies of ambitious and unattractive actors, out alike of favor and of place — have arisen, struggled, and fallen, within the recollection of our readers, in the principal cities of the Union! And yet, did they ever know or hear of one that was not in 'the full tide of success,' until the very last night before the 'concern' was sold out by the sheriff? BLACKWOOD has a capital paper upon this subject,\* which we recommend to the attention of the reader. No sooner, says that journal, in effect, is a vacant establishment to let, by an unlucky owner, than some ultra-adventurous performer, who has ceased 'to draw,' comes forward, and pronounces his predecessors fools, and their failures natural consequences; vows with vows that *his* mode is the only sure way to wealth; expends his small capital in the first three months; his credit, if he has, or can obtain any, in the next three; reserving the remainder of the year for quarrels with his actors, suits with his creditors, and vain attempts to get new terms from the owner, by new 'promises to pay.' We ask, is not this a true picture? — and is it not a familiar one in many of our principal cities? cities, too, that are not particularly dramatic, or theatrically inclined? 'But,' the reader will ask, 'are not the public *naturally* attracted to new establishments, when reports of 'unprecedented success' 'unbounded applause' and 'crowded houses' fill the journals of the day? Perhaps so: but read the late work of Mr. BURN, a gentleman whose long experience enables him to 'speak by book,' for a description of the *modus operandi* by which these deceptions are practised upon the play-going public, to the division of theatrical support, and the serious injury of the drama. Among the expedients, he tells us, that are resorted to — for the first few months of a new and 'successful establishment' — to obtain probationary audiences, and 'nightly applause,' are a liberal issue of gratuitous 'orders,' and a judicious disposal about the house of the 'sons of freedom' who enter by their aid. On the strength of this unproductive auditory, and the 'immense favor' bestowed by a planted party of *claqueurs*, the editors of public journals are enabled, 'from the appearance of the house, to congratulate the manager upon his good fortune!' The moral of all this — which will apply even more forcibly here than in England — is, that while 'competition is the life of business' in general, the apothegm is one which will not apply to the business of PLAYING; that *established* theatres, linked with the recollections of play-goers, from childhood up to man and womanhood, have claims for past as well as present enterprise and exertion, and should not, even temporarily, be defrauded of their natural support by unfounded pretension and deceptive appearances.

\* 'Metropolitan Stage,' Number for August.

'VITA INCERTA, MORIS CERTISSIMA!' — 'Death,' says an eloquent and quaint father, 'is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later, stops at every man's door. Ever he steppeth onward, with iron foot, treading down all that comes in his way; heedless whether it be the young seedling or the swelling blossom, the lordly tree or the withering plant, that he crushes. Therefore remember this: a mortal of fourscore is young enough to live; an infant of a day is old enough to die.' Doubtless we have but shared the lot of many of our readers, in being called to witness, within a brief space, two illustrations of the admonitory truths of the quaint moralist. . . . Children and grand-children stood by the lifeless remains of a MOTHER, who, full of years and full of honors, was called, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,' to lay down her blameless life. It was not difficult to trace the thoughts of the weeping daughter by that coffin's side. Childhood, and youth, and womanhood, and the various vicissitudes of each, were all connected with the thousand endearments and tendernesses, the cares and anxieties, of that departed being, who could never more return! The scenes of life's morning were again fresh in remembrance; its endearing associations thick-clustered in that almost bursting heart. And mingled with these, came recollections of Nature and its phases, at the old homestead, which could seem never like home again; the blue lake, in calm or storm, the winding-path by its breezy shore; the garden-walk, the bloomy orchard; and twined with these, thoughts of the first separation from so beloved a scene; the absence at a far-distant school; the letters, full of maternal affection — the glad return! Close linked with ALL, was that pale corse, so cold and still, that loved as none else can love! And when other affections held divided empire in that daughter's heart, and the depths of a MOTHER'S love were no longer mysteries, still was that deathless affection unchanged, or changed but to be mingled with a love like its own. . . . But hard by, there is another and a different scene. A young mother is bending over the little coffin of her infant boy. She is disposing a few white roses around his sweet face, and tears, like 'drops of the morning,' bedew them as they fall. She is thinking, alas! of that cherub smile, which no more can inform those faded features with a heavenly light; of the joyous glee that sparkled ever in those dear eyes, whose surpassing lustre even disease itself could not dim; she is thinking of the time when the thin, wasted hands that are now folded upon that quiet bosom, sought a mother's neck; and of the unspeakable love with which she pressed that pale, cold baby to her yearning heart! Thoughts of his lingering illness, his patient suffering, his last dying glance, are seen in her quivering lip, her heaving bosom, her burning tears. Yes:

Thou weep'st, childless mother!  
Ay, weep — 't will ease thine heart:  
He was thy first-born son,  
Thy first, thine only one —  
'T is hard from him to part!

'T is hard to lay thy darling  
Deep in the damp, cold earth —  
His empty crib to see,  
His silent nursery,  
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber  
His small mouth's rosy kiss;  
Then, wakened with a start,  
By thine own throbbing heart,  
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)  
A dull, heart-sinking weight,  
Till mem'ry on thy soul  
Flashes the painful whole,  
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,  
And think the live-long night,  
(Feeding thine own distress  
With accurate greediness)  
Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,  
His pretty playful smiles,  
His joy at sight of thee,  
His tricks, his mimicry,  
And all his little wiles!

Yet Time, the restorer, will enable thee, fond mother! to look back with a 'sweet sorrow' upon this bitter hour; to think without grief of thy babe, as he lay in calm and sinless peace in his little shroud; and of the sad day in which his body

— 'to the grave did go,  
Larded all with flowers;'

while his innocent spirit found repose in the bosom of his Father in Heaven.

'TAILORS AND THE TAILORED.'—We saw not long since, in an English magazine, a paper entitled, if we remember rightly, 'A Quarrel with certain Old Acquaintances,' in which a variety of dusty apothegms, that have been promulgated as law and gospel from generation to generation, were sifted of the errors which they contained, and exposed to the contempt they deserved. There is a wonderful vigor of constitution in a popular absurdity; and many a custom and many a saying is perpetuated, against reason and common sense, and not unfrequently against common propriety and decency. Who can inform us who that 'Dick' was, that had so odd a hat-band?—or that 'BETTY MARTIN,' who is never mentioned without allusion to the speaker's eye? And what, to come at once to our subject, was the origin of the *stir* upon that most respectable body of citizens whom we denominate TAILORS?—and why has it been handed down to this late day? Why is it, that artizans who are 'the making' of one half of the great community of young bucks among us, cannot hear a play, or read a humorous story, without finding their profession held up to ridicule, and their brethren loaded with insulting and disdainful epithets? What sanctions such an outrage, but a hereditary freak of the tyrant Custom? Why is so unjust an amber immortalization permitted, in a country where all are free and equal? Take this profession as a mass, and where will you find a more respectable class of men? Unworthy exceptions there doubtless are, and not a few, it may be; but as a *class*, for intelligence, gentlemanly bearing, and the qualities that go to constitute good men and good citizens, where do you find their superiors? And yet many a smart young 'gentleman' without brains, many a star among the minor fashionables, who lives upon the minimum of gentility, thinks himself entitled to look down, in a social point of view, upon the tailor who *made* him; and we see the unworthy prejudice which actuates him repeated in every form of dullness in print, and varied in every attitude of burlesque on the stage; where this useful, this indispensable tradesman is invariably represented as low in stature, meagre in person, and feeble in intellect? Verily, this is 'a sore evil, and to be punished by the judges.' It is an abuse, especially in a republic, which calls for the whip and the branding-iron. Reader, did you ever encounter that rigid churchman, of goodly presence, and pleasing port, G — x, now retired to the steady land? Did you ever hear him converse?—or read the *Declaration of Independence*?—or speak on a public occasion? No? Then have you missed a rich repast. He has a head in which nonsense could never vegetate, and a heart in which meanness can never abide; and we hardly know of a general reader, for whose literary opinion we should entertain more respect. S —, once in 'the trade' among us, you would have sworn was *born* polite—what the French expressively term *placé*; and yet his was no shallow courtesy: his heart was full of benevolence; he possessed a variety of self-acquired erudition; was always cheerful and in good humor, without noise or uproariousness. There is J — z, too, one of the most popular *artists* in the profession; with the quiet self-possession of good-breeding; a delicate and refined taste; manners modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, and obliging and complaisant without servility: yet such men as these are nightly held up to indiscriminate ridicule, by the '*supes*' of a theatre, who at night 'vend their lavish grins and tricks for gain,' and call for the pay the next morning at the box-office, to buy beer with. We hope this article will meet the eye of the young 'gentleman' who persuades himself that he fills a large space in the public eye, but who is indebted to the incomparable JONES for the graceful 'outer man' which constitutes his only attraction; and that he will not again disturb a whole box at the Park Theatre with prolonged and enthusiastic comments upon the faithfulness of one of the grossest caricatures of a tailor that ever disgraced the stage. And having done battle for the defenceless and the right, we here doff our armor—first acquitting POWELL, the inimitable, of any part or lot in the offensive burlesque to which we refer. His '*Irish Lion*' is *sui generis*, and portrays an individual, and not a class, indiscriminately; or in his own words, 'a distinct *genus* of a different *specie*.'

**PAINTINGS, ETC.** — The gallery of the 'Apollo Association' is open at Clinton Hall : we shall embrace another and more convenient opportunity, to notice it as it deserves. While upon the subject of paintings, we would invite the attention of such amateurs and lovers of art as may be passing near the New Custom House — that beautiful monument to the perseverance and genius of the architect, Mr. FRAZER — to step in at the first door adjoining that edifice on the east, and take a glance at a 'Saint Sebastian' which graces the office of T. N. CAMPBELL, Esq., a gentleman who knows a good picture from an indifferent one, and in whom the Arts have heretofore found something more than a mere 'admiring' friend. The picture in question is of a high order of merit, and needs but to be seen to be appreciated. There are several places in our busy thoroughfares, let us add, 'in this connection,' where the hurrying pedestrian may solace his anxious thoughts for a moment, with glimpses of pictured nature — landscape, 'water-scapes,' or the human face divine; and we pay a deserved tribute of gratitude for much past enjoyment, when we cite Mr. L. P. CLOVER's well-known picture, looking-glass, and picture-frame establishment, in Broadway, near Washington Hall, as a place where great satisfaction in this kind may be gleaned by the passer-by. Nor must we omit here to inform our friends, in town or country, that should they honor our publication-office with a visit — to pay their subscriptions, or to enter the names of their friends — they will find, in a well-designed, soft, and most pleasing picture, from the pencil of Mr. T. B. THORP, an illustration of 'The Golden Age of Manahatta,' so felicitously described by our honored progenitor. 'Such,' says he, 'was the happy reign of WOUTER VAN TWILLER, celebrated in many a forgotten song as the real 'Golden Age.' In that delightful period a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province; and this 'sweet and holy calm' is exquisitely embodied in the picture in question. If our subscribers are faithful to their (or rather our) '*trusts*,' perhaps our readers will find it in the KNICKERBOCKER, beautifully reproduced on steel.

**'MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.'** — This last production of the gifted 'Boz' improves as it advances; and really bids fair to excel, in variety of interest, any thing which has yet appeared from his pen. The description of the grand caravan of wax-figures, and its pompous owner, the kind-hearted but humbugous JARLEY; the sketch of the school-house, which will remind the reader of ICHABOD CRANE's pedagogical realm; the adjuncts of the boasted copy-hand, the vacant seat and hat-peg of the absent pupil, all are drawn to the life: and nothing can exceed the touching picture of the fond and affectionate school-master, reasoning against well-founded hope that his favorite little scholar will recover from a sudden and dangerous illness, and bring joy and delight once more to the melancholy school-room. The poor teacher is so ill at ease on his account, that he gives his pupils a half-holiday, for which he is variously reproached by their parents; and leading our favorite little Nell, he proceeds to the humble dwelling of his aged mother:

"They stopped at a cottage-door; and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without loss of time. They entered a room where a little group of women were gathered about one, older than the rest, who was crying very bitterly, and sat wringing her hands, and rocking herself to and fro.

"'Oh dame!' said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, 'is it so bad as this?'

"'He's going fast,' cried the old woman; 'my grandson's dying. It's all along of you. You should n't see him now, but for his being so earnest on it. This is what his learning has brought him to. Oh, dear, dear, dear, what can I do!'

"'Do not say that I am in fault,' urged the gentle schoolmaster. 'I am not hurt, dame. No, no. You are in great distress of mind, and do not mean what you say. I am sure you don't?'

"'I do,' returned the old woman. 'I mean it all. If he hadn't been poring over his books out of fear of you, he would have been well and merry now, I know he would.'

"The schoolmaster looked round upon the other women, as if to entreat some one among them to say a kind word for him, but they shook their heads, and murmured to each other that they never thought there was much good in learning, and that this convinced them. Without saying a word in

reply, or giving them a look of reproach, he followed the old woman who had summoned him (and who had now rejoined them) into another room, where his infant friend, half-dressed, lay stretched upon a bed.

"He was a very young boy: quite a little child. His hair hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of Heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be. God knows," said the poor schoolmaster."

"Who is that?" said the boy, seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

"The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now — won't you?"

"The boy smiled faintly — so very very faintly — and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

"In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. 'What's that?' said the sick child, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

"He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

"He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle ball that lay with slate and book and other boyish property upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

"She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions — for such they were, though they were man and child — held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall, and fell asleep.

"The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down."

As we perused this affecting picture, 'withal the water stood in our eyes;' and we would wager a trifle, reader, that it glistens in yours at this moment.

BYRON AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — Mention has recently been made, in the English journals, of another probable attempt in Parliament, to adopt means of inducing or compelling the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to admit THORWALDSEN'S statue of LORD BYRON into the Abbey. Surely nothing can be more unreasonable, not to say ridiculous, than the war waged by the narrow-minded and fattened monks of Westminster, upon the memory of the noble poet, whose fame will endure, when themselves, with all their petty malignity, shall be buried in dust and forgetfulness. How touching, and in some sort prophetic, is BYRON'S own allusion to the exclusion of his remains from the great mausoleum! 'If,' says he:

'If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar  
My name from out the temple, where the dead,  
Are honored by the nations, let it be!  
And light the laurels on a loftier head;  
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me,  
'Sparta had many a worthier son than he!'

On the score of 'religious sacrilege,' which has been so strenuously urged by these church-dignitaries, we hold with MOORE, that there are few passages of BYRON'S, taken at hazard, that would not, by some genial touch of sympathy with virtue, some glorious tribute to the bright works of God, or some gush of natural devotion, more affecting than any homily, give him a title to admission into the purest temple of which Charity ever held the guardianship. Twenty years ago an Edinburgh reviewer, in a notice of WALFORD'S Letters, after quoting a description of his visit to Newstead Abbey, thus adverted to associations that time can only strengthen, and that, hallowing the spot where BYRON lived, render of little moment the place where his ashes may repose, or his sculptured



cenotaph arise: 'Walpole saw the seat of the Byrons old, majestic, and venerable; but he saw nothing of that magic beauty which Fame sheds over the habitations of Genius, and which now mantles every turret of Newstead Abbey. He saw it when decay was doing its work on the cloister, the refectory, and the chapel, and all its honors seemed mouldering into oblivion. He could not know that a voice was soon to go forth from those antique cloisters, that should be heard through all future ages, and cry 'Sleep no more, to all the house.' Whatever may be its future fate, Newstead Abbey must henceforth be a memorable abode. Time may shed its wild flowers on the walls, and let the fox in upon the court-yard and the chambers. It may even pass into the hands of unlettered pride, or plebeian opulence. But it has been the mansion of a mighty poet. Its name is associated with glories that cannot perish, and will go down to posterity in one of the proudest pages of our annals.'

'THE MONUMENT.'—God bless the WOMEN! They are the most persevering, the most enthusiastic, the most *effective* promoters of good works; and yet we continually hear of the 'weaker sex,' the 'inferior sex,' and the 'dependent sex!' There was the Bunker Hill Monument, languishing year after year, and not one stone put upon another, toward its completion; when lo! THE LADIES take it in hand; in six weeks, they create a FAIR, the like of which was never before known in America; and in *seven days* they place in the hands of the Monument Committee TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, a sum sufficient to raise the column to its utmost height; where it may 'meet the sun in his coming;' where the 'earliest light of the morning may gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.' We could wish that the accomplished editress of 'The Monument, Mrs. S. J. HALE, had sent us the numbers of her 'Fair' and beautiful journal at an earlier moment; for they are full of capital articles, from eminent native pens, to say nothing of the racy and spirited editorials, upon which we should have been well pleased to trespass. As it is, we cannot resist the inclination to present the following passage from 'A Tale of a Monument,' by S. H. JENKS, Esq., editor of the Nantucket Inquirer. It is a graphic picture of 'Burying Alive' in the tombs of 'Copp's Hill,' and scarcely less vivid than the memorable story from Blackwood. It must be premised that, with child-like curiosity, a boy has crept down the damp and mouldy steps of a vault, which has been opened for a new tenant:

"At first, nothing was discernible; but as the eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, there were visible on three sides of this 'narrow home of man,' ranges of coffins, in all progressive conditions of decay. With cautious awe I approached, and with some perplexity perused the inscriptions borne upon the breast-plates still dimly glittering on the covers of the upper tier. These memoranda by the aid of my school-plummet—lead pencils were scarcely known in those days—I transferred to my hat lining—my only substitute for tablets more genteel. By degrees my familiarity increased. I ventured to touch the rusted handles upon the coffin sides, noting their varied forms and fashions and material, all marking, no doubt, the gradual progress of *improvement*. At length, becoming still more intently engaged, I detached the corroded hcap at the head of a coffin of rather small dimensions, and incontinently raised the lid. The body within, according to the brief biography on the exterior, was that of a lad of fifteen, who had died some twenty years previous—being the latest trust confided to this melancholy treasure-house. I beheld with surprise a countenance radiant with loveliness, as of some pale youth reposing in placid slumber—or as the liveliness of some waxen image, moulded by exquisite art into the likeness of innocence, and happiness, and heaven. With childlike wonder, I stood on tiptoe and gazed eagerly upon that sweet vision. Around the temples still clustered profusely the fair hair apparently unchanged since death. Moved by some uncontrollable impulse, I stretched forth my hand with design to re-arrange a ringlet that had seemingly fallen from its place—when, as I touched the brow the whole outlines of that beauteous face suddenly disappeared. A slight crash was heard, as of the crushing of a dried magnolia blossom. A powdery vapor rose slowly from the ruins of that thin integument of dust: and with a sensation of mingled grief and horror, I closed the lid.

"At this moment, or at the termination of a stupid reverie, the duration of which I could never compute—there fell upon my startled ear, a violent and heavy noise, like that of a bursting cannon, and I found myself involved in impenetrable darkness. The conviction that I had become a fellow prisoner with the long immured tenants of this dreary cell, added to my previous excitement, struck me with such astounding effect as to suspend my power of utterance. I groped my way to the cold, clammy steps, which I scented till my head struck the huge flat rock above—and I felt myself indeed a captive. I could distinctly hear the measured footsteps of some one tramping away in the distance, leaving their echoes fainter and fainter. I urged my little strength against

the nether surface of my prison door; but whether from lack of force or of faith, that mountain remained unmoved. Through a narrow crevice at one side fell several rain drops; and a gleam of lightning followed, rendering doubly hideous the obscurity which it pierced. It was now manifest that the sexton had shut the vault against the pending shower; but the terrible idea of being buried alive, was somewhat mitigated by the consideration that at the farthest I should be released within the coming twenty-four hours, since there had been appointed for the ensuing day an *actual* interment. Yet even this reflection seemed to arouse new alarms: for it involved also the prospect of being incarcerated, in such a place, during such a night — starved, half suffocated, and possibly drowned; and with a preternatural effort, regaining my voice, I sent forth such screams as certainly never before ascended out of that abode of silence.

"But there was no response, save from the walls of the Cimmerian cavern which enclosed me. And the day, I could discern, was lapsing apace. Soon the well known funeral chime from the tower of Christ Church gladdened my ear. Yes — that dismal ding-dong that has tolled such multitudes of lifeless mortals to their sepulchres — that has struck so many agonizing blows upon the sinking hearts of surviving relatives — that solemn death-ral, was to me an anthem of joy! For while it rang out the stern and sullen alarm, almost articulating the very words,

'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!  
Mine ears attend the cry!'

It seemed directly to summon the living to my rescue; for I recognized in that awful melody the signal of a funeral in motion, and felt, in consequence, that my deliverance was at hand. And so it proved. As the train advanced towards a newly excavated grave hard by, my supplications were heard and heeded, and I was once more restored to 'this breathing world.'

"To the two men who were sturdily lifting the load that pressed me down, I had given incoherently an explanation of my predicament. But on emerging into air and light, I tarried not, even to offer thanks for my enlargement; but flew from their presence like a 'bird let loose.'"

**PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.** — It has been an entertaining recreation with us, since the transpiring of the infamous persecution of the Jews at Damascus, to note the contradictory reports, and the different tone of foreign journals, in relation to the alleged crimes charged upon them. While the mass of Christendom are denouncing in terms of scorching indignation the cruelties sanctioned by a weak and tyrannical government, such is the force of Christian prejudice that there are not wanting those who are charitable enough to think that the unoffending Israelites were 'served right,' and who are not quite so sure that the Jews do not eat us Christians, since they have had so many nibbles at 'monish'-borrowers. Let the reader turn to 'A Passage of Life,' by JOHN WATERS, elsewhere in this number, and peruse the sketch which he has drawn of a HEBREW. Let him reflect upon the singular history of the 'Ancient Covenant People,' dispersed over the whole world, and yet retaining their attachment to their faith, with a firmness that knows neither diminution nor change. From the time of Claudius, when the Jews were expelled from the capital, 'because they were continually creating a tumult, at the instigation of one CHAIST' — when they were but worms writhing under the heel of the proud Roman — down to the present day, how wonderful have been the uniformity and strength of their faith! — how devoted their religious constancy! The chief rabbi at Damascus, who was requested to sign a confession of the late alleged murder, for imaginary purposes of religious oblation, and who was again remanded to prison for refusing, gives in his reply a picture of the indomitable spirit of which we speak. 'When you smote me,' said he to his tormentors, 'with five hundred stripes over all my body, I would not confess to a lie; when you plunged me into a pool of cold water for three hours on a winter's day, a drawn sword over my head so that I could not raise it, I lied not; and when you inflicted one hundred and seventy stripes on my hand, I still would not utter a falsehood; and when you drove the bones which you placed round my head into my eyes to blind me, I still lied not, and spoke not this falsehood; and now shall I sign to a lie?' Not more full of the moral sublime than this, were the stripes above measure, the prisons frequent, the weariness and painfulness, the cold and nakedness, of the Apostle PAUL: and reader, when you see the HEBREW wending every Saturday morning to the Synagogue of the Jews — the poor, it may be, and humble, threading obscure alleys where himself and his brethren labor in the body, but where his heart rejoices ever in the hope to inherit the promises, do not scorn the poor Israelite, nor condemn; but remember how manfully the despised race have struggled against oppression and cruelty, for the sake of their religion, and the MESSIAH 'whose right it is to reign.'

**DEATH OF CORRESPONDENTS.** — The recent death of Rev. TIMOTHY FLINT, at the age of sixty years, is known to all our readers; nor need we say to them, who have known him as an able editor, and an old correspondent, of this Magazine, that he took rank among the most distinguished writers of our country:

"Of a genius highly imaginative and poetical, he united with a vigorous intellect and discriminating judgment, a quick sensibility and warm affections, a vivid perception and enjoyment, a deep felt and ever grateful recognition of the author of the beautiful, grand and lovely in nature, of the true and good, the elevated and pure, the brilliant and divinely gifted in human endowment and character; and possessed a rare felicity and power of embodying in glowing and appropriate language his impressions of the outward and spiritual world. During the brief period of seven or eight years, in which he exercised his talents as an author, he wrote with a fecundity and frequency of publication scarcely surpassed by the prolific author of the *Waverley* novels. His '*Recollections of Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi*,' the work by which he was first known to the public as an author, possesses all the interest of a romance, joined with the feeling that we are reading a true narrative of the author's actual experience, of what he saw and felt, in the adventures and fortunes therein recorded, containing the most graphic and faithful paintings of the scenery and physical aspect of the regions he describes. His '*Geography and History of the Mississippi Valley*,' is a work of great value, containing the best general account of that vast and fertile country, that has yet been given to the public; while his novels contain scenes and descriptions of surpassing beauty and interest."

Mr. FLINT was a warm friend, and upright, independent, and honorable man, and a true Christian. . . . We have already announced the death of an esteemed correspondent, and estimable man, B. B. THATCHER, Esq.; and we have now the melancholy duty to record the recent demise of another contributor, Dr. CALEB TICHNOR, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. As a man, the deceased was pure and gentle — benevolent and kind; as a physician, skilful and attentive; and as an author, although not what would be termed an elegant writer, he was sensible and striking; and in all his written efforts, he aimed to increase the amount of human happiness. His '*Philosophy of Living*' brought him favorably before the public; and his '*Medical Philosophy*,' and a work on '*Quackery*,' both of which were republished in England, added much to his reputation. Beside these, he was the author of several pamphlets, and articles for medical and other journals, which have attracted, at different times, much of the public attention. At the time of his last sickness, we are informed, he was engaged upon a work, which may hereafter be given to the public.

'**BORDER BEAGLES.**' — 'Who is the author of *Richard Hurdie*?' is a question that has been frequently asked in novel-reading and literary circles, but one which has never yet been satisfactorily answered. It has been ascribed to a Mr. MEEKS, of Alabama, whose name we do not remember to have heard mentioned, except in reference to this work. A score of other writers have also been 'guessed at,' and among them, the popular novelist and poet, SIMMS, of South Carolina. We should scarcely think that an author of Mr. SIMMS's reputation would be willing to publish anonymously, and thus lose the advantage, in a pecuniary point of view, if no other, of his name. Beside, the internal evidences are by no means conclusive on that point; although here and there we may trace a faint resemblance to his style. But, whoever may be the author, he has earned no mean repute by his two novels. '*The Border Beagles*' we have read with much pleasure. It is evidently the work of a correct thinker, a close observer, and a practised writer. There are scenes in it of unusual power and beauty, and incidents of great interest, that win a close attention. It lacks, however, the directness, the impetuosity of narrative, that leads without interruption to the dénouement, which was one great merit in '*Richard Hurdie*;' but it possesses more depth of thought, more variety of character, and greater skill in delineation. It is not our purpose, however, to write a critique, but rather to express an opinion. We have neither the time nor the room to analyze the plot; our object is simply to advise our readers of the appearance of a novel, the perusal of which will well repay the time it may occupy. To the author, 'whoever he may be, or not,' we briefly say, 'Welcome to the field of letters! It is in yourself, by well directed efforts, to reap a rich harvest of renown.' Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

## THE DRAMA.

**PARK THEATRE.**—The second month of the new season is passing away at this house, with encouraging proofs of the revival of its usual flourishing career. After that bird y'clept of paradise—the exquisite, the never-to-be-sufficiently-admired, and seldom-sufficiently-paid—*FANNY*, had shaken her wings, displayed her plumage, and indefinitely twinkled her toes, at which *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, and *Euphrosyne*, gazed with a rapture they never knew in *Helicon*, she flew away for a time. Then came *BUCKSTONE*, of whom a word or two hereafter, and then *POWER*! *Power*!—the prince of the Powers of *Pat-Land*! Now what shall be said of him, which has not been written over and again? 'Lives there a man with soul so dead,' in these days of stupefaction, who has not felt the titillating effects of his jocose genius? Is there a hypochondriac yet cursing the sun, moon, and seven stars, to say nothing of that insignificant planet which mortals call the earth, now wandering upon this sphere? There is! Then, *ecce homo*!—he is the man whose visual and auricular organs have not yet had cognizance of that cacchinnatory, anti-blue-devilish influence, which lurks in every tone of voice, every twinkle of the eye, and each single and individual gesture of the body, of the inimitable *TYRONNE*! Many new pieces have been added to the budget of fun presented during his engagement, all of them possessing the genuine spirit which mortal grins are made of.

The additions which have been made to the 'stock' of the Park, are not by any means equal to the subtractions. *PETER RICHINGS*, the handsome Peter; the smiling, amiable, gentlemanly Peter; the exquisite fop, the picturesque bandit, the dignified noble, the slouching ruffian—Peter the Great, in more senses than one, is lost to us—for the present. *CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN*, also, has been won away; and the promise which the Park audiences had nourished, in the hope of seeing it grow to full perfection before them, has been transplanted to bloom, for a brief season, doubtless, in another soil. *Mrs. WHEATLEY* and *Mrs. VERNON*, each a host, it is true, are still left to us; but for fear that they too should be deluded away, we hereby issue this our solemn protest, by way of proclamation: 'To each and every Manager, Conductor, Director, or Proprietor of any one Theatre or Theatres in these Republican States of North America, Know YE, that by these presents we forbid you, on pain of our high displeasure, openly, as by bribes of imaginary gold, or promised fame, or covertly, as by abductions, conjurations, or secret magic, to draw away from us, the liege friends of the Park Theatre, these our two before-mentioned most especial favorites! A vermillion edict! Tremble fearfully heret! Decidedly these are the orders!

By the time that this paper is before its readers, *Mrs. Wonn* will, it is hoped, have made her third courtesy before an American audience. Her friends are more anxious than ever to see and welcome her back to these shores, which, since her departure, have felt no influence like that which she has exercised. Yes! we shall again have the pleasure of hearing, in undisturbed delight, the tones of that voice, which enthralled the hearts of all who listen to it; and opera, English opera, without the fopperies and affectations of the Italian school, will again bear rule, with its own refined and intellectual influence. c.

**THE CHATHAM** has won gradually, but surely, upon the favor of the town, and has at last become extremely popular. Among the later engagements, was that of '*Yankee HILL*,' which crowded the establishment nightly. Speaking of *Mr. HILL*, reminds us to say, that he is about opening the old '*Franklin Theatre*' for vaudevilles and other entertaining light pieces. The house, which is to be called '*HILL's THEATRE*,' has been thoroughly renovated, re-embellished, and several important improvements adopted.

**THE BOWERY.**—*Mr. FORREST*, at the Bowery, has been the most prominent attraction of the month. To say that he sustained his personations with his accustomed excellence and ability, is saying all that it is necessary to repeat to our readers in his praise. As a man, a gentleman, and a dramatic artist, *Mr. FORREST* is too well known, to require our poor tribute of praise, how cordially soever we may tender it.

**THE OLYMPIC** has opened with its old corps of performers, including many new ones, and three capital comedians, *MITCHELL*, *BROWNE*, and *WILLIAMS*. The first two would make the fortune of any cheap minor theatre, where people go to laugh and make merry.

**THE NEW NATIONAL** is soon to open. Opera and Ballet are to be the reigning features. The house is said to be admirably arranged and embellished; and reports are rife of new operas, eminent engagements, &c. *Nous verrons!*

THE 'NEW-YORK MIRROR.' — We cannot often find space, although we do not lack the will, to notice contemporary journals, which come frequently before the public; but in these days of new literary enterprises, some good, and many indifferent, we must not forget that 'old-established periodical,' the 'NEW-YORK MIRROR,' whose weekly goings-forth extend back to the time of the 'oldest inhabitant' — that indefinite personage, who never saw any thing remarkable. We need say no more of its literary attractions, than that it retains its old, and has gained many new, contributors. Its typographical execution is what it always has been, beautiful; and the admirable portrait of Miss VANDENHOFF, as the Countess, in KNOWLES' play of 'Love,' in a late number, engraved by SADD, from a painting by INGHAM — the best engraving we have ever seen in this journal — evinces that there is to be no flagging in the pictorial department. Apropos of the 'Mirror:' we are glad to introduce here certain 'Early Associations' of the editor, written after Mr. SIMPSON's benefit, a fragment which has been sometime in type, and which struck us, on a first perusal, as a felicitous retrospect, half-pathetic, half-joyous, which would find an echo in the hearts of many an old Park theatre-goer.

"The performance of Mr. Simpson, on the night of his benefit, vividly brought to mind the pleasant scenes of 'long time ago,' when he was the brilliant Ranger of the stage, and we were a little black-eyed, curly-headed lad in the pit. He played Mr. Belmour then, something after the manner he did it the other evening; but, of course, with more of the dash and sparkle of youth; for Simpson and I, as Halleck says of the Recorder and himself, are 'alike in one thing — growing old.' He played it then before many whose familiar faces graced the occasion of his last benefit; but, by our lady, they were somewhat changed also; though not for the worse, for we begin to have a reverence for gray hairs. Our own are not so glossy as they were. But this, by way of parenthesis, might as well be erased — yet, since it is upon the paper, we let it pass. The Park was then what we hope to see it soon again, the resort of the elegant, the refined, and the beautiful; and, besides, of all the wits of the town. Talk of the wit of the present time! There is no such thing now. Coarseness and vulgarity have usurped its place. There are no good things either said or done now-a-days. The race of true wags passed away with Fairley, Morton, Drake, Jarvis, and the rest. It is true, we have much still to be thankful for in Irving, Paulding, Halleck, Major Noah, and several other kindred spirits; but, as far as the theatre is concerned, they are *non est inventus*, and, 'the places that knew them once, know them now no more.' During the brief period that the manager was before us the other evening, we were a boy again; and, when he approached the foot-lights, and, in his own peculiar, well-remembered manner addressed the audience, there were many moist eyes in the boxes at the recollections of 'the light of other days,' which it is nonsense to say, as the song does, 'the heart alone knows no reawakening.' We have seen many actors in Simpson's characters — we say Simpson's, for they were *his*, when we first saw them represented — but we have never seen any with the same relish. So much for first impressions, which are always the most enduring, if not the most authentic. We wish the manager would engage the actor — a-la-Wallack — for a few nights — that old association, which we like better than old wine, might be rekindled before the stars of memory have set for ever. It would, to us, at least, be a treat to see Simpson and Burnes in old and young Rapid once again. Should such a thing take place, for heaven's sake let Richings sing 'Ye sons of freedom, awake to Glory!' Divine Peter! He used to be magnificent in that song."

DISCOVERIES IN STEAM. — Though we do not regard it as our especial province to record the advances in the arts, sciences, and inventions of this ingenious and enterprising age, yet we cannot withhold allusion to a highly important improvement in the generation of steam, which has created no small sensation within the last few weeks in this city. The improvement is chiefly in the boiler, which is so constructed as to economize fuel, in a wonderful degree; making, indeed, a saving of at least four-fifths. The boiler, and an engine adapted to it, have been put into a beautiful boat, called the ΕΥΡΕΚΑ, from the Greek word Εύρεκα, used, it will be remembered, by Archimedes, in his exclamation of joy on solving a problem, and signifying, 'I have found it!' This boat is now performing trips to Albany with four and a half cords of wood, in the usual time. Considering that this is the first boiler ever constructed on this new principle, its success is unparalleled in the history of inventions, and can scarcely fail, with such improvements as experience and skill will naturally suggest, to revolutionize the application of the great physical agent of modern times. The inventor is PHINEAS BENNETT, a name destined to be hereafter associated with that of FULTON, among the benefactors of mankind.

## RECORD OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

**HAVELL'S PANORAMA OF NEW-YORK.**—There have been several 'Views of New-York' given to the public, but none that can compare, in faithfulness and finish, with the colored 'panoramic view' of the city, bay, and environs, recently published by Mr. HAVELL, Fulton-street. There is the dense mass of human habitations, beyond the line of the river front; the entire metropolis, with its steeples and turrets, its domes and cupolas, rising through the smokes of ten thousand chimneys; the broad bay, with the tall ships setting in from the sea; the steamers and water-craft of every description, hurrying to and from either shore, moving up the lordly Hudson, or departing for another land; and all basking in the light of a cloudless summer morning. The 'View' is drawn and painted with evident care, neatly engraved, and naturally colored. We commend it, unhesitatingly, to strangers and citizens, as one of the best representations of New-York and its immediate environs that has yet been issued.

**THE SUNDAY MERCURY**, published weekly in this city by Messrs. PAIGE AND NICHOLS, deserves a word of commendation at our hands. In its externals, it is neat, modest, and tasteful; and in its internal attractions, second to none of its contemporaries. Independence, good sense, and abundant variety, are its prominent characteristics; and it is conducted with a proper regard to the proprieties of society. There is, agreeably interspersed with graver matters, a great amount of light, humorous reading. In this arrangement, the editors, we think, have well judged. Seriousness and merriment are near neighbors, and always live together like friends, if sullen, moody spirits do n't set them at variance. In our poor judgment, a hearty laugh is worth a hundred groans, in any state of the market. With the talents of Mr. NICHOLS, the junior editor of the 'Mercury,' we may add, our readers are not unacquainted. We observe that his 'Waterloo Album,' written for the KNICKERBOCKER, has been transferred to the London 'Court Magazine,' and is now travelling the rounds of the American press, credited to that journal. As usual!

**ILLUSTRATIONS OF BRYANT AND DRAKE.**—In awarding our meed of praise, in the last number, to the paintings of 'The Phrenologist' and 'The Idle Servant,' by a young and clever artist, Mr. CLOVER, Jr., we were not aware that he was skilled in the use of the graver as well as the pencil; but a friend has shown us two small engravings, executed for a very handsome literary and pictorial work, soon to be published by Messrs. LINNEN AND FENNEL, which will certainly not derogate from our artist's growing reputation. The one is a soft and quiet landscape, and is intended to illustrate BRYANT's 'Lines to a Waterfowl,' and the other is a *soft* scene, likewise, being the representation of a most audacious attempt at love-making, in broad day-light, under a venerable oak, as described by DRAKE. Both pictures, but especially the first, are well executed.

**'BACCHUS.'**—This is the rather singular title of a large and well-printed volume, from the press of the Messrs. LANGLEY, in Chatham-street, containing an *Essay on the Nature, Causes, Effects, and Cure of Intemperance*, by RALPH BARNES GRINDROD; edited from the third London edition, by CHARLES A. LEE, M. D. We may say with a contemporary, that it is the most comprehensive treatise that we have ever seen. Among the aids which the author brings to his argument, are curious extracts from parish registers, and from early accounts of the usages of intoxicating liquors. He seems to have exerted himself to bring into one view the principal argument in favor of temperance, and against the use of intoxicating drinks; and he neglects none of those means which the skilful advocate usually presses into his service. Keen satire, grave argument, warm expostulation, and withering ridicule, give force to facts, and are calculated to insure the object of the writer.

*A Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.* — We shall find space, in our next number, for the paper upon the history of wine-making, the cultivation of the grape, etc., from the earliest period down to the present time, from the pen of Mr. Davis, to which we have before alluded. Prince Gilbert is a thorough master of his subject; and brings forward precedents and facts, that the author of 'Beccus,' a work elsewhere noticed, seems not to have thought of. Mr. Davis does not defend the use of bad wines; for he has 'no experience in the article;' but he believes with the eminent Dr. Sigmond, that 'good wine is a cordial, a good cordial, a fine stomachic; and taken at its proper season, invigorates mind and body.' But he shall speak for himself anon. . . . The letter of the author of 'Paries in this Country,' in relation to our passing remark upon his communication, is unworthy of him; and we doubt not he himself thinks so at this moment. His 'additional argument' is but a reiteration. He has forgotten *the press*, in his estimate of 'danger to the republic.' Let him 'try and reflect,' as High Commissioner Lin would say, that there are such things as newspapers in the land. 'Give them,' said Sheridan, speaking of his opponents in the British Parliament, a 'corrupt House of Lords; give them a tyrannical Prince; give them a trucking court; and let me have but an *unfettered press*, and I will defy them to encroach one hair's breadth upon the liberties of the English people.' And what Sheridan said of his country, we say of ours. . . . We would gladly accept the pleasant hunting story of 'Tim Rackless,' but for the contingency — a wood-cut, in illustration; this would be inconvenient, and with so many figures, expensive. The crayon drawing is a very clever one. The sketch itself reminds us of an anecdote of a Russian courtier, which we have somewhere seen, who, to please the empress, was to pass an evening at his country residence, by way of surprise, collected skins of all the ferocious beasts of the forest, and by placing either man or children inside, according to their size, gave them the appearance of life, and they were frisking about his grounds to the astonishment of the empress, when she arrived. By way of farther surprise, and honor to his sovereign mistress, he caused an extraordinary display of fire-works and rockets to be let off, when she came in front of the house. Unfortunately, however, not having appraised the supposed animals of the terrible explosion which was to take place, they were most dreadfully alarmed; and, instead of continuing to play their parts as quadrupeds, they attempted to seek flight as bipeds, by which they rendered the scene ridiculous enough! . . . 'One who has been Dead,' a singular correspondent, if literally understood, writes us in confirmation of Rev. Mr. Dewey's views of the physical sensations attending dissolution. He affirms, 'from his own experience,' that the approach of natural death produces a sensation similar to that of falling asleep, and that the only wish is a longing for absolute rest. He says, that on one occasion, after a long illness, his physician roused him from a syncope into which he had relapsed, as into the sweetest slumber. 'You were nearly gone!' said the doctor; to which I replied, with a feeling, I am sure, of the deepest regret, 'Oh why did you wake me!' He closes his communication with the admirable passage quoted by Dr. Johnson from a contemporary author, and commended for its truth and beauty, in his most vigorous and earnest manner: 'Death the last and most dreadful of all evils,' is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all others:

To die, is landing on some silent shore,  
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar,  
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.

For, abstracted from the sickness and sufferings usually attending it, it is no more than the expiration of that term of life God was pleased to bestow on us, without any claim or merit on our part. But was it an evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is by living for ever; by which means our wickedness, unrestrained by the prospect of a future state, would grow so insupportable, our sufferings so intolerable by perseverance, and our pleasures so tiresome by repetition, that no being in the universe could be so completely miserable as a species of immortal men. We have no reason, therefore, to look upon death as an evil, or to fear it as a punishment, even without any supposition of a future life; but if we consider it as a passage to a more perfect state, or a remove only in an eternal succession of still-improving states, (for which we have the strongest reasons) it will then appear a new favor from the divine munificence; and a man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be, who proposed to himself a delightful tour through various unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his residence at the first dirty inn which he baits at on the road. The instability of human life, or of the changes of its successive periods, of which we so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to this necessary conclusion; and are so far from being evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures, as they are the source of all novelty, from which our greatest pleasures are ever derived. The continual succession of seasons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable, and like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance. In the spring of life, the gilding of the sun-shine, the verdure of the fields, and the variegated paintings of the sky, are so exquisite in the eyes of infants at their first looking abroad into a new world, as nothing perhaps afterward can equal. The heat and vigor of the succeeding summer of youth ripens for us new pleasures, the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the jovial chase: the serene autumn of complete manhood feasts us with the golden harvests of our worldly pursuits: nor is the hoary winter of old age destitute of its peculiar comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and relation of those past are perhaps none of the least; and at last death opens to us a new prospect, from whence we shall probably look back upon the diversions and occupations of this world with the same contempt we do now on our toys and hobby-horses, and with the same surprise that they could ever so much entertain or engage us. . . . 'Democris,' we are sure, would not be taken at his word, his well-written 'Complaint' to the contrary notwithstanding. 'An inch of mirth is worth an ell of morn.' Our lugubrious correspondent reminds us of the cynic who begged his friends on his death-bed that they would bury him with his face downward; and when asked his reasons for so singular a request, replied, that he wanted to turn his back on this contemptible world! We have always found this mundane sphere a very good sort of a world, and its people, in the main, rather respectable than otherwise. The following new communications await the consideration which we have not as yet found leisure to award them: 'How much may Hang upon a Hat;' 'Translations from Anacreon;' 'A Letter from Laurie Todd;' 'The Tradesman Down East;' 'Daquerretotype Views of the Lakes, Prairies, and Rivers of the West;' 'The Loves of the Driver,' by the author of 'Gny Rivers,' 'the Yemassee,' etc.; 'The Student's First Party;' 'Eginhard and Imma,' by Miss M. E. Lee; 'Loves of the Lakes;' 'Lines on the Death of an Infant;' 'Spirit of the Hun;' 'Recollections of the Battle of Lundy's Lane;' 'Carlyle and his German-tams;' 'Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and their Re-appearance,' etc.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## A SKETCH OF OLD AMSTERDAM.

BY CALER CUSHING.

IN going from Harlem to Leyden by the canal, which, although it passes of course through a similar country, does not precisely follow the post-road, the company in the *roef* of the *trekschuyt* consisted of persons of more than ordinary intelligence, who, although they belonged to different nations, yet held intercourse by means of the French language, the common medium of communication among educated men in all parts of Europe. Lively conversation, united with the beauty of the country, made the four hours passed in the boat to glide away pleasantly and rapidly, notwithstanding a violent thunder shower, which came on before we reached Leyden. Among the passengers was a well-informed Swede, whose views and opinions in regard to the United States were such as a candid foreigner might well entertain, who read our newspapers without possessing any local knowledge of men and things in this country. Nothing is more painful to an American abroad, and yet nothing is more continually necessary, than to correct the most absurd falsehoods every where current against our public men. The multitude of persons, who from interest, accident, or principle, are opposed to a republican form of government, find ample grounds for their hostility from the exaggeration of party spirit, which fills our public journals with abandoned misrepresentations of every conspicuous individual. Europeans think, or choose to think, when one president is charged with procuring and seeking to retain his office by corruption, bribery, and bargain; and another with being an ambitious military leader, animated with a deliberate purpose to overturn the constitution for objects of self-aggrandizement; when gross incompetency, public profligacy, and private vices of the basest kind, are freely imputed on one side or the other, to all of either party who possess a distinguished name; they think, or choose to think, that when every person concerned in the administration of the government is so corrupt, the system of government itself must also be corrupt, which places such men in power. The only way to escape from the charge, is to



confess the humiliating fact of the tone of exaggerated personality too frequently indulged by our daily press. They reply, of course, that such a condition of the public press is evidence in itself of a bad state of things; that possessing, as our journals do, great influence, such a spirit of personality must prove injurious to the good taste and morals of the community; that the practice of each party in denouncing the public men of the other in such unmeasured terms, must tend to confound all distinctions of right and wrong, and thus produce the very profligacy it imputes, by rendering all public men callous to the censure of their adversaries, or drive the more sensitive and delicate-minded from public life; and that ruin to our free constitution may be the final result. It is easy to reply to this, by general praises of the elastic quality of republican institutions, and the redeeming spirit of public opinion; but this reply, even when it is sincerely urged, seldom carries with it full conviction. No American, who travels either in England or on the continent, fails to see how much his country suffers in Europe from this cause.

From Leyden to Amsterdam, by the *trekschuyt*, I passed through Alphen, the Albiniana Castra of the Romans, with its charming environs, and through the pretty villages of Vithoorn and Oudenkerk, and so by the river Amstel, to Amsterdam. As the wealth, population, and commerce of this city render it the most important in Holland, it requires and deserves an examination suited to its rank. Its origin is equally humble with that of Rotterdam. History carries us back to the time when a few fishermen built a dam near the mouth of the small river Amstel, in the twelfth century, to direct the course of its waters into the Y, a small inlet or bay extending in from the Zuyder-Zee. It is prosperity, in the earlier periods of its growth, arose out of those well known changes in the course of trade, which belong to the general history of Holland, but received its great impulse during the war of independence, when the Northern Provinces, which had long been flourishing at the expense of those of the South, shot up with wonderful rapidity into wealth and greatness, in proportion as Brabant and Flanders declined. Commerce, driven from Antwerp by the disasters of war, took refuge in the marshes of Amsterdam, and thus enabled the city to assume the form and extension which we now see. In accomplishing this, art has done all, and nature nothing; for it is difficult to conceive of a more unpromising site for a great and populous city; and most of its advantages as a port are the result of the untiring exertions of its inhabitants.

Amsterdam is in the shape of a crescent resting upon the Y. Of the fortifications which formerly surrounded it on the land side, nothing remains but the broad and deep fossé, and twenty-six bastions, each containing a grist-mill. As the Amstel passes through the city, a multitude of canals branch off from it in various directions, so as to form ninety islands, of a soft marshy soil, on which the buildings are constructed by means of piles. The stagnant and shallow water of so many canals produces exhalations, which in the summer cannot fail to be prejudicial to health, notwithstanding the efforts made to give the water some circulation by artificial means. Numerous bridges unite the streets each side of the canals, and rows of trees adorn them, as elsewhere in Holland. Along the Y the city is pro-

tected by sluices, and the works of the harbor. Hence it will be seen that the mode in which it is built, its canals, and the dykes next the Y, are among the great peculiarities of Amsterdam, and present interesting topics of remark.

In fact, the whole city stands on large masts or piles driven into the mud. In commencing any building, the first thing done is to dig into the earth six or eight feet, when water is found, which is pumped out, as far as may be practicable, after which the piles are driven in, to the depth of from forty to sixty feet, according to the intended size of the building. Their number varies also according to the magnitude of the building, about one hundred being required for an ordinary dwelling-house. For large public edifices, of course, a much greater number is needed. Thus under the Oudemannenhuis are fourteen hundred and thirty-two piles; and thirteen thousand six hundred and ninety-five were necessary to support the vast weight of the Stadhuis. When the piles are properly driven, they are levelled off at the top and plumbed over, to form the foundation upon which to place the masonry of the new edifice. When Erasmus first visited Amsterdam, he observed, in allusion to this circumstance, that he had now reached a place whose inhabitants lived like crows on the tops of trees. And for the same reason it is, that carriages are very sparingly used in this city, an apprehension being entertained that the jarring may prove injurious to the buildings erected upon such a precarious foundation. To obviate this difficulty, merchandise and even persons are drawn upon a kind of sledge, which easily glides along the pavement, by the aid of a barrel of water placed upon it to wet the stones.

It is plain that in such a soil there can be no wells for the supply of pure water, And as the waters of the Zuyder-Zee enter the canals, which are also the common reservoir of all the filth of the city, and are nearly stagnant, it is impossible to drink from their corrupt and brackish channels. Aqueducts, of course, are out of the question, where there are no inequalities of ground, and of course no reservoirs of pure water from which to conduct a supply to the city in the ordinary mode. As a substitute for wells and fountains, the inhabitants are compelled to collect in cisterns all the rain water which falls on their houses. In addition to this resource, water is procured by means of water-boats from the small town of Weesp, situated on the river Vecht, about two leagues distant from Amsterdam. It is inevitable, however, that in a flat marshy country like Holland, there should be a deficiency of good water; and the circumstance is too often alleged in justification of the common use of spirituous liquors by the people. Indeed, excuses of this kind are not wanting in Holland, because the extreme dampness of the air tends greatly to encourage the same indulgence.

Amsterdam is not remarkable for its public squares, but it contains many fine streets, which, with its quays, on the Amstel and the Y, and its bridges, impart a sightly and city-like air to its principal quarters. Of the bridges, that on the Amstel called Amstelbrug, and sometimes the Lover's Bridge, is the most remarkable, because its length is considerable, and its height enables one to take an extensive view of the Amstel, including the quays and buildings of the city on the one hand, and on the other the windings of the river beyond the

ramparts. The handsomest streets are the Heerengracht and the Keizersgracht, each of which consists of a spacious avenue, running between lofty houses, with a broad canal in the centre of the street, and rows of trees on each side. Indeed, the ornament of trees along the canals in the city is not less cherished in Amsterdam than in Rotterdam; and here also we find a Plantaadje, consisting of a large space covered with trees planted in rows, intersecting one another at right angles, and affording at all times a shady and verdant promenade.

Of the buildings of Amsterdam, the most important and celebrated is situated on the only great square in the city, called to this day the Dam, and having originally served as a kind of nucleus for the infant city. The Dam is not regular, nor particularly beautiful as a square; but the palace, which stands insulated in the midst of it, is perhaps the most celebrated edifice in Holland. It was constructed in 1648, and served as the Stadhuis of the city until 1808, when it was converted into a royal residence by Louis Bonaparte, and has retained the same destination under the new dynasty. It is a building magnificent in itself, and imposing from its position and structure, in the form of a parallelogram, two hundred and eighty-two feet in length, by two hundred and twenty-two in depth. Along the front are seven porticos, or arched gates, in honor of the seven United Provinces; and around the whole edifice run two rows of columns, ninety in each row, the lower being of the composite, and the upper of the Corinthian, order. The pediments are adorned with bas reliefs, as the roof is with statues. On the main front are seen the city of Amsterdam, represented under the figure of a female, wearing the imperial crown, holding in her right hand an olive branch, seated in a car drawn by lions, accompanied by Neptune and his tritons. Above are Peace, Prudence, and Justice, with their respective emblems. In the other pediment is Commerce, with her feet resting on a globe, while the gods of the Y and the Amstel do her homage, and the nations bring to her their tribute from the four quarters of the world. Atlas, supported on the right hand and the left by Temperance and Vigilance, surmounts the whole. From the centre of the roof rises a cupola, with a steeple, which commands, of course, a fine view of the city and its environs. Gilt eagles at the angles of the roof, bas reliefs, and various minor decorations, add to the splendid *tout ensemble* of the exterior of this noble Stadhuis.

How changed is the interior, from what it was in the days of the republican glory of Holland! Liveried menials have taken the place of the ancient burgomasters, *wethouders*, and counsellors, the free magistrates of a free people, who are now banished to the old Admiralty-House; the insignia of civic splendor have yielded to the presence of the gaudy furniture and idle luxuries of a king; and while the vast treasures of the Bank of Amsterdam, which formerly rested in the subterranean vaults of the Stadhuis, and served to invigorate the commerce of all Europe, have disappeared, William of Nassau occupies its noble halls: the creature of foreign powers, holding with unsteady hand the sceptre of intruded authority over a discontented people, who cannot but mourn the departed splendors of liberty, the place of which is so meanly supplied by the poor

pageants of monarchy.\* I confess that the influence of these reflections on my mind greatly diminished the pleasure which many objects of interest in the various apartments are calculated to impart, especially several paintings, the productions of eminent Dutch artists. The celebrated master-pieces of Rembrandt, Vander Helst, and others, formerly preserved here, have been transferred to the Royal Museum. In the course of successive changes which the apartments have undergone, the *Salle des Pas Perdus*, or great hall of the *Stadhuis*, which corresponded in its uses to Westminster Hall, has been converted into the *Salle du Trone*, or royal drawing-room, and is justly admired for its prodigious height and general magnificence. It still speaks, however, of better days; for at the entrance are colossal statues of Peace and of Atlas, adorned with captured standards, and other trophies of the military prowess of Holland.

Very near to the *Stadhuis*, built on five arcades over the end of that part of the *Amstel* which is called the *Rokin*, is the Exchange of Amsterdam. As an edifice it is nowise remarkable, consisting of an oblong square, surrounded by a gallery supported on forty-six columns, which are numbered so as to afford separate stations to the different nations and trades. There is a singular usage in regard to this great place of resort for the commercial classes. At half past two the opening of the Exchange is announced by the ringing of a bell, which ceases at three, when the gates are shut, and no person is afterward admitted without paying a piece of silver to the porter, for the benefit of the poor. The halls above the Exchange are occupied by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, where gratuitous instruction is given in painting, engraving, sculpture, and architecture, and where public exhibitions are made, at stated periods, of the works of contemporary native artists.

Amsterdam possesses a considerable number of buildings devoted to the purposes of religion, several of which deserve particular notice, especially the old and new churches so called, the *Westerkerk*, and the synagogue of Portuguese Jews. Of these, the *Westerkerk* is famous for the extraordinary height of its steeple, which towers above the other buildings of the city; and the synagogue for the four massive stone pillars, two on each side, which sustain its galleries. The Old Church and the New are thus designated only in reference to each other; for the latter dates back to the year 1408 for its foundation, and they are both ungainly masses of brick, in the fashion of the old Dutch churches of Rotterdam, Delft, and Harlem. Each of them, however, contains objects interesting to the traveller.

In the Old Church, formerly dedicated to Saint Nicholas, are the monuments of the admirals Van Heemskerk, Sweers, Van der Zaan, Cornelius Jansz, and Van der Hulst. Here also the guide shows you where a secret closet was constructed in the solid masonry of the wall, for the preservation of the ancient privileges and archives of the city, and covered over with mortar, so as to conceal the spot from observation, in those times when nothing was safe from

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\* This was written before the dismemberment of the then kingdom of the Netherlands by the revolt of Belgium.

the hand of violence or fraud. But the most curious object here, is the beautiful painted glass of some of the windows. Most of them are of various scripture subjects, and were the donation of a rich merchant named Van Hoppen, of whom the following legend is related. Van Hoppen had fallen under the censure of the church for a supposed leaning to the doctrines of the reformation, and was subjected to the necessity of a pilgrimage to Rome to purify himself from the taint of heresy. He obtained absolution on condition of decorating the great windows of the church of Saint Nicholas, and of drinking only pure water for the space of a year. His wealth rendered the first part of the sentence easy of execution, but nothing could reconcile him to the use of water as his only beverage. Accordingly he returned to the pope, and besought permission to temper the unwholesome water of his native country with an infusion of corn, which his Holiness, ignorant of the manufacture and properties of gin, inadvertently granted. Such is the tradition, which accounts for the origin of the large pictures of the Annunciation, and of the Visitation. The history of a still finer painting, the Death of the Virgin, is unknown.

The New Church, situated on the Dam, contains a curious pulpit of carved mahogany, the master-piece of the sculptor Vinkenbrinck, adorned with figures of the Evangelists, and a variety of allegorical sculptures. Its organ is also celebrated for the strength and melody of its notes, and particularly for the perfection of the *vox humana* stop. And in the choir of this church stands the sumptuous sepulchre of Admiral De Ruyter. His body is seen reposing upon a sarcophagus, his head being supported by a cannon, with bas-reliefs representing a naval combat, while genii and other allegorical figures, among which Prudence and Constancy are conspicuous, enter into the composition of the monument. In the same church are interred the Admirals Van Kinsbergen and Bentinck, with other captains of less note; for it is remarkable how sedulously the Dutch do honor to their naval heroes, whose mausoleums are the most distinguished ornaments of the great churches of Holland. Near the entrance of the building is the neat and unassuming monument of the poet Vondel, consisting of a simple urn of white marble, inscribed with his name in letters of gold.

From the foregoing account, it will be seen that the number of public edifices in Amsterdam, which are particularly interesting as such, is rather small; but some others are visited by the stranger for other considerations. Such is the Trippenhuis, partly devoted to the purpose of exhibiting the pictures of a large public collection called the Royal Museum. This gallery owes its origin to a collection begun by the Batavian government in 1798, and placed in the House in the Wood near the Hague. In 1808 these pictures were transferred to Amsterdam at the solicitation of the magistrates, who engaged to contribute all the pictures belonging to the city for the formation of a Museum. In that and the following year the government purchased two valuable private collections with the same view; from all which sources the existing Museum is derived. The pictures which it contains are chiefly of the Dutch school, but are among the most highly esteemed specimens of that school. Of this class are the capital

pieces of Rembrandt and of Van Dyk, of Gerard Dow, Van der Helst, and Van de Velde; of Paul Potter, Cuyp, Van Mieris, Van Ostade, Weenix, Wouverman, and Teniers; and many others in this collection of rare merit and great celebrity.

I have already remarked that a taste for theatrical amusements does not prevail among the Dutch to the same degree that it does in other countries. Amsterdam, with a population of 200,000 souls, possesses only three theatres, and two of these are devoted to the exhibition of pieces in foreign languages. Neither of them is remarkable as an edifice; and the largest is built of wood.

Various societies or institutions are found at Amsterdam, devoted to purposes of public utility, and of a liberal character, whose collections and apartments are open to the inspection of the stranger. The Royal Academy has been already mentioned. The society called *Felix Meritis*, intended for the cultivation of the sciences and fine arts, occupies a very sumptuous building in the *Keizersgracht*, and is the most distinguished of these associations. It is not my purpose, however, to enter into details here, concerning the literary and scientific societies of Amsterdam, nor as to the charitable establishments which abound in the city, or the institutions connected with education. I shall merely observe that hospitals, and other foundations of the nature of those described in Rotterdam, likewise exist in Amsterdam. However, the Institute for the Blind, founded in 1806, is so important in its nature, and under the direction of the chief instructor, Mr. Verboom, has been so useful, and has acquired so much reputation, that it deserves to be singled out for particular notice. So also does the establishment called *Athenæum Illustre*, which is devoted to public instruction by means of lectures, and which, having been commenced under the auspices of a Vossius, has been honored in later times by the labors of a Burman and a Schultens.

Industry is so universally characteristic of the Dutch, that their places of confinement for criminals and the poor naturally assume the form and arrangements peculiar to modern penitentiaries. Of course, the *Rasphuis* and the *Werkhuis* of Amsterdam are visited by intelligent strangers, who might otherwise feel an interest in such establishments. Formerly the inmates of the *Rasphuis* were employed in sawing and rasping dye-wood. It is now called the House of Detention, (*Huis van Arrest en Justitie*.) The prisoners are employed in making shoes and coarse garments, as in the great *Milbank Penitentiary* at London. Strangers are not readily introduced within this prison; but they need pass through no formalities to gain admittance into the *Werkhuis*, which is situated on the *Weesperveld*. This was originally intended and used as a permanent place of succor for beggars and persons of necessitous condition guilty of slight offences; but they now remain here only temporarily; being transferred from time to time to the great colony of paupers called *Fredericks-oord*, recently established by the Dutch near *Steenwyk*, in the province of *Drenthe*. The buildings are to all appearance remarkably well constructed and convenient; and every thing within seems to be conducted with great neatness, order, and propriety.

At the north-eastern extremity of Amsterdam are grouped various buildings and works connected with the military and naval service of

the country, which are constructed on a scale of great magnificence. The Kattenburg, an island which terminates the city in that direction, contains a noble arsenal, erected in 1655, dependant on which are the public dock-yards and various magazines for the service of the state in time of war ; all which impart to this quarter a military air and aspect unlike the appearance of things in other parts of Amsterdam. Near the same spot, also, at the Muiderpoort, are the extensive barracks of Orange-Nassau, built in 1811, by Marshal Oudinot, and originally called S'Charles, after the Duke of Reggio's baptismal name. This building is eight hundred and ninety feet in length, and in its position and plan, as well as its magnitude, is in keeping with the grandeur of purpose stamped upon all the undertakings of Napoleon. In connection with these establishments I should mention the Zeemanshoop. In passing along the Vgracht, you are struck by the singular spectacle of a ship, which seems to be enclosed in the court of a large edifice, constructed with neatness and simplicity, and adorned in front with a colossal statue representing Navigation. It is a school, founded in 1781, for the scientific and practical formation of young mariners, which is exceedingly well administered, and enjoys the most perfect prosperity. One of the apartments is ornamented with portraits of celebrated Dutch admirals, and two fine paintings by Schellinx, representing the attack so boldly and successfully executed by the Dutch in 1667, on the English fleet lying at Chatham.

Amsterdam owes all its wealth and eminence, as a city, to its maritime commerce, and the proofs of the extended enterprise of its people are to be seen in those particulars which have reference to the advantage and facility of navigation. All its conveniences as a port, even the means of safe access to it enjoyed by the multitude of ships which deposite there such vast quantities of merchandise from every clime on earth, are solely and entirely the work of man. The city itself, as we have seen, is built up from the waters by human industry. The harbor is shallow, and the canals are liable to be choked up with mud and sand ; to remedy which, a kind of dredging machine or mud-mill is in constant requisition. Large sand-banks are scattered over the bed of the Zuyder-Zee, and even block up the entrance of the Y, so as to render the approach to Amsterdam by sea always difficult, and often dangerous, nay impracticable to vessels of large burthen. In the days of the unrivalled commercial prosperity of Holland, the city contended successfully with these disadvantages, and grew up in spite of them to its present elevation. But the change in the relative situation of Antwerp, since the peace of 1815, and the free competition of all the world, have taught the Dutch that something more is necessary to maintain the greatness of Amsterdam. Hence, the stupendous efforts which have recently been made, to remedy the natural disadvantages of its position. A ship canal begun in 1819, and completed in 1825, extends from Amsterdam to the Helder, which removes at once all necessity for navigating the Zuyder-Zee. This canal is fifty miles in length, twenty feet deep, and one hundred and twenty-four feet broad at the surface, so as to admit of the passage of two frigates side by side. Finally, within the last three years a new set of dykes has been constructed on the side of the Y, with immense docks, on the noblest scale, which

afford perfect security to ships of whatever size, and form a vast artificial harbor, possessing every possible convenience of commerce. In its public edifices, and other similar objects of attraction to the stranger, Amsterdam is far surpassed by many other cities ; but there are very few which can rival the magnificence of its various works for aiding and promoting navigation.

TO IANTHE OF LOUISIANA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW,' 'HOWARD PINCKNEY,' ETC.

LADY! though we have seldom met,  
And though we ne'er may meet again,  
Our parting hour I shall regret,  
When gone is many an after pain.

I'll think when erring passions wild  
Are dead, and manhood's thirst for fame,  
Of the bright eye that on me smiled,  
And the red lip that would not blame.

For what were all the world to me,  
Its paradise of praise and power,  
If in that Eden there should be  
No loving one, no trysting hour?

No passion-flower, that I might place  
Within my breast and call mine own ;  
Blooming, though man's averted face,  
Should make the crowded city lone ?

Gay fashion's throng I sometimes seek —  
It suits the restlessness I feel ;  
But I have no soft words to speak,  
Nor much of friendship to reveal.

From physical, not moral ill,  
I must play *Lara* at the ball,  
And thus I've learned to curb my will,  
And mark the wayward will of all.

But thou! when thy dark eye I met,  
Indifference at once gave way ;  
Then came the sting of the regret,  
That I could only *Lara* play !

The image liveth in the wave,  
But when the sky above is bright ;  
But thou, and all thy promise gave,  
Is here in an unclouded light.

Here, in a not untested heart,  
Which now no flood or fall can know,  
Except to weep that we did part,  
And wildly thus to overflow.

*Ohio River, March 15.*

To overflow like this broad wave,  
(Upon whose winding way I wend,)  
As if it loved its banks to lave,  
And darkly wept to leave a friend.

And, lady! as this restless river  
Grows bright beneath the morning's ray  
Didst thou, of more than joy the giver,  
Throw passion's sun-burst on my way.

When last I left Ohio's side,  
The lingering winter chilled the air,  
And darkly flowed the onward tide  
Thro' banks all brown, by trees all bare,

But, as I sought the southern skies,  
Green grew the banks, and green the  
And birds gave out their melodies, [tree,  
As nearer still I drew to thee.

I left thee, and the turbid tide  
Rolls angrily against our prow,  
And no more Nature in her pride  
Looks bright and beautiful as thou !

Here not a bird has warbled yet,  
There's nothing gay on bank or tree ;  
And the wild waters foam and fret,  
As if they sought the South and thee.

And they do seek the South and thee,  
Where I have left my only vow,  
And where my thoughts must ever be  
Wandering, like these wild waves now.

How this drear scene is like my breast!  
O, when for it shall Summer beam ?  
Never, until my heart's unrest  
Hath realized in thee its dream !

Then, when I clasp thy hand once more,  
Beneath thy clime's perpetual spring,  
My spirit shall have found the shore,  
Where dove-like it may fold its wing.



## THE TALES MAN, 'DOWN EAST.'

'ONCE in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man: and who was HE?'

MONTGOMERY.

'He was a man  
Of unbounded stomach, and obstinate  
Withal.'

SHAKESPEARE.

NOT many years ago, in an eastern county of one of the New-England states, a cause was tried in one of the superior courts, which was of peculiar interest to a large community. It was not the novelty or the intricacy of the cause, so much, that enlisted the feelings of the people, as the parties to it. The plaintiff was a wealthy man, rough in his manners, and unpopular beyond the pale of his immediate acquaintance. The defendant was a widow of much personal beauty, accomplished, and the mother of a family of interesting children.

In order that the reader may properly understand the nature of the cause, it will be necessary, after the fashion of lawyers, to open it to his comprehension. A brother-in-law of the defendant, whose name was Marshall, and for whom she was house-keeper, on one occasion borrowed of the plaintiff, Mr. Morse, two thousand dollars. These men were neighbors, both engaged in trade; and it was customary for them, when they could spare it for a short time, each to lend the other money, considering it as much under his control, when he should want it, as if it were in his possession. They had unbounded confidence in each other, and although Marshall was not a man of property, his close business habits and strict integrity were to Morse sufficient sureties for the performance of his engagements. A few days after the loan above-mentioned, Morse informed Marshall that he had been unexpectedly called upon to meet a draft the next day, which he had supposed would have been otherwise paid, and that he should want the money he had loaned him, for the purpose. Marshall fortunately had received the money on that day, and had placed it in his trunk, which was then at his house, labelled and ready to be returned. Being satisfied that he could have it in season to meet his paper, Morse concluded to call for it the next day, and troubled himself no more about it. But alas! who can tell what a day may bring forth! Upon calling for his money the next morning, what was the astonishment of Morse on being informed that his friend was dead! and farther, that such being the case, Mrs. Marshall did not feel at liberty to deliver the money! As soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise, he requested to see Mrs. Marshall, but was denied all access to her. In vain did he urge his necessity; in vain did he offer to satisfy her, by evidence, that Mr. Marshall had said to him that he could have the money at any time, as it was ready for him in his trunk: he could neither obtain his money, nor see Mrs. Marshall. Suspicions flashed across his mind, but of such a nature that he endeavored to banish them at once.

Mr. Morse left the house in no very pleasant mood. He grieved for the loss of his friend, was disappointed on account of the deten-

tion of his money, and enraged at the conduct of Mrs. Marshall. It was too late to borrow money to meet his paper, and it was protested for non-payment. The rumor of his failure was spread somewhat by busy-bodies, but he succeeded in explaining it so that it was of no lasting inconvenience to him; but the vexation it occasioned him, to say nothing of the actual loss of the money, rendered him a very disagreeable companion for several weeks.

Some time after the death of his friend, Mr. Morse became satisfied that Mrs. Marshall had appropriated his money to her own use, and determined to secure it, if possible, by resorting to the law: he therefore commenced the suit above alluded to, and caused certain property, which it was supposed was all Mrs. Marshall possessed, to be attached. This course drew down upon him the indignation of her friends and of the community generally. A few, and but a few, who knew the character of Morse, and the merits of his case, upheld him.

When the cause came on for trial, the court-house was thronged, so great was the interest respecting it. The defendant and two of her three daughters were present, and were placed by her counsel, with a tact familiar to lawyers, in a conspicuous situation, so that nothing might be lost of the sympathy of either the jury or the spectators. After all the preparations were made, the clerk proceeded to call the names of the jurors; but eleven only were found in their places. 'Will you go to the eleven?' inquired the judge. The plaintiff's counsel assented, but the defendant's replied:

'No, your honor; this suit is so outrageous, so destitute of any foundation, that we want a full jury.'

'The sheriff will then select a talesman,' said the judge. The defendant's counsel cast his eyes around the room, and at length fixed them upon a corpulent personage, in whose countenance the quality of obstinacy seemed to predominate, and directed the attention of the sheriff toward him. He was accordingly called and sworn, when he took his seat with the other jurors.

The case was then opened to the jury by the counsel for the plaintiff, who, with all the fairness which an attorney, satisfied of the justice of his cause, could, stated what he intended to prove. He then introduced his testimony, which, after the exertions of the opposing counsel to suppress it, or to torture it into unmeaning nonsense, amounted to this: that the plaintiff had lent Mr. Marshall two thousand dollars; that he had called upon him at his counting-room for it the evening before he died; that Marshall said that the money was in his trunk at his house, done up in a package by itself, and labelled 'J. Morse: two-thousand dollars;' and that he offered to go and get it, but did not, as Morse told him he would call for it in the morning; that he said he should want it then to pay a draft that fell due the next day, which he had unexpectedly been called upon to pay; that Marshall died suddenly that night; that Morse called in the morning for the money, when he was informed for the first time that Marshall was dead, and that the defendant sent word to him that she could not deliver the money, and gave her brother's death as the reason. That on Morse's again calling with a witness to prove to Mrs. Marshall that he had money in Mr. Marshall's trunk, according to his statement to

him, she looked into the trunk, and found a package of money marked 'J. Morse: two thousand dollars;' but expressed doubts as to the propriety of her giving it up, and that she expressly declined to see Morse; and finally, that Mrs. Marshall had lived in a style of extravagance which the means she was known to possess could not justify, since the decease of her brother-in-law. The defendant's counsel, after finding that this was all the evidence that the plaintiff had to introduce, offered a little unimportant testimony, and then proceeded to harangue the jury in a very passionate manner. He battered down the plaintiff's evidence in the outset, with the bold assertion that it amounted to nothing, inasmuch as it did not show that the defendant ever made use of the money, or ever even had it in her possession: this he accompanied with a violent knock-down gesture, which of itself seemed sufficient to annihilate any thing of so *intangible* a nature as testimony. He then attempted an appeal to the feelings of the jury; and his allusion to the manner in which his fair client was dragged before them, to be stripped of the little property she possessed, to gratify the feelings of one of that class of miserly vampires who have no regard to the distresses of the widow and the fatherless, if he could draw from them their last cent to add to his already useless wealth, was not without its effect. An occasional tear from a soft-hearted jurymen was evidence of this, as he supposed; and he sat down, full of confidence that the cause was his. The argument of his opponent, however, was so sensible, that it was really a matter of doubt with some disinterested persons whether, if the defendant and her daughters had not been present, the jury would not have been very much inclined to favor the plaintiff.

After the charge of the judge, the jury retired. It was evident that a large majority of the spectators, from their lingering in the court-room, and watching every motion of the officer who had charge of the jury, expected an immediate verdict in favor of the defendant. As the time passed away, there was much uneasiness expressed by them; and at length they dropped off, one after another, until the room was vacated by all except those persons connected with the court. And the alteration in the air of the defendant's counsel, showed that he was not without some misgivings, when the court adjourned with the jury still out.

The next morning, upon the opening of the court, the jury were found in their seats; and what was the surprise of the friends of the defendant, when they heard the foreman say, in reply to the question of the clerk if they had agreed upon a verdict, 'We have not.' As the court were satisfied, on inquiry, that there was no possibility that the jury would agree, they discharged them from the farther consideration of the case, and continued it to the next term of the court.

'What was the cause of your not being able to agree?' inquired the defendant's attorney, privately, of a punning jurymen.

'The *talesman*,' he replied.

'Indeed! Why was he the cause?'

'Because there is nothing agree-able in his composition. He is really the most dis-agreeable man I ever met with. He is made up entirely of obstinacy and self-conceit. Upon going into the jury-

room, we *ballotted, as usual*, and found eleven votes in your favor; but he would not vote. When asked the reason, he said he was sworn to return a verdict 'according to the law and the evidence,' but he had not been able to get a knowledge of either. It was his opinion that the law was in favor of one party, and the evidence in favor of the other; and as he could not get these to agree, he could not agree with us. As to the parties themselves, it appeared to him that one must lose the two thousand dollars in the end, and it was immaterial to him who lost it, if justice was done, and he had heard no evidence showing on which side the justice of the case was. Having thus unburdened himself, he stretched himself upon a bench, and fell a-snoring, in order as I supposed, to give us time to consult on the best plan to make him agree. But we could agree upon nothing farther, except that he was the most unreasonable talesman we ever saw, and to give him a punch now and then, and ask the question whether he would n't 'agree now?' — thinking thereby to tire him into a somewhat more agreeable state of mind. But the operation of this was only to give additional zest to his sleep; for without waking, he invariably gave the answer, '*No, I won't!*' Finding that he could live on sleep better than we could without food, we concluded to inform the court that there was no possibility of our agreeing.'

'Strange! strange!' ejaculated the counsellor, as he turned away, much chagrined that his wilfulness in insisting upon a talesman had been the only cause of his defeat.

At the next term of the court, the cause again came on for trial. After the same testimony had been introduced as at the former trial, the plaintiff's counsel informed the court he had another witness to examine, who had just come in. He then called:

'Mary Marshall!'

The call operated upon the defendant like an electric shock. Mary was the youngest of her daughters, and had not been in the court before. From certain circumstances, the plaintiff had reason to believe that her testimony would insure him the case, if it could be obtained, and he left no means untried to obtain it. At last he succeeded in getting her from a distant part of the state, whither her mother had sent her, as Morse supposed, to prevent her being made a witness in this trial, in season to have the benefit of her testimony. Its exact character he could not ascertain, for she would reveal it to no one; but he chose to put her on the stand, correctly supposing that it would be favorable to him. When she took the witnesses' stand, Mary appeared to be much agitated, but her beauty and the simplicity of her manners enlisted the whole assembly in her behalf.

'Miss Marshall,' inquired the counsel for the plaintiff, 'were you present when your uncle died?'

'I was,' she replied.

'Did you hear any conversation between him and your mother, respecting some money Mr. Morse had loaned him?'

'I did.'

'Will you state what it was?'

'When he was told by the physician that he could not live, he called my mother to the bed-side, and said to her that there was a package of money in his trunk, belonging to Mr. Morse, with his

name on it, and he wished her to hand it to him when he called for it. He said something more, but in so inaudible a tone, that I could not hear what it was.'

'Did you see this money the next day? — if so, where did you see it, and what became of it?'

There appeared to be a struggle going on in the bosom of Mary, when this question was asked. She glanced at her mother, and the blood rushed suddenly into her face, then as suddenly deserted it; her head fell a little forward, and she continued silent.

'Miss Marshall,' said the counsel, 'I do not wish to give you unnecessary pain, but justice requires that you should answer the question, and your duty will compel you to do so, however your inclination may be to the contrary.'

'I am aware of it, Sir; and in answer to your question, must say, that the next day I saw my mother take it from my uncle's trunk, and put it into her desk.'

'Did you see any writing on the back of the package, and what was it?'

'It was marked 'J. Morse: \$2000,' in figures.'

'Had your mother any other money than this, to your knowledge?'

'She told me she had but twenty-five dollars.'

'Where did she obtain this?'

'Of my uncle.'

'Did she not obtain all the money she had of him?'

'She said, when he died, that she did not know how she could support her family, for all her means were now gone. From this I inferred that he supported the family wholly, and I did not know of any other means she had, than through him.'

This testimony gave the case altogether a different aspect; and although the defendant's counsel exerted all his skill in the cross-examination of the witness, to impair her testimony, and in his argument to change its bearing, he could not do away the conviction from the minds of the jury that Mrs. Marshall had appropriated the money to her own use; neither could he persuade them that the plaintiff should have resorted to the estate of Mr. Marshall, instead of the defendant, for his remedy. Their verdict was, that Morse should recover the amount of his claim.

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Not many months after this trial, Mr. Morse, as was his custom in the evening, was reading his 'daily,' when his eye accidentally fell upon the marriage of Mary Marshall. No sooner had he read it, than the fair form of his gentle witness, and her whole demeanor in court, were present in his imagination; and a resolution he had once made, occurred to him, which was, that if an opportunity ever offered, the money he had recovered of the mother should be appropriated to the benefit of her family. Upon inquiry he found that Mary had married a man of industrious habits, and otherwise exemplary character, but poor; and being satisfied that his money would be properly appropriated, he called upon him and insisted upon loaning him, until he should call for it, the sum of two thousand dollars, without interest. The young man offered him security; but this he re-

fused, saying that he had no fear that it would not be paid when it was required. And he left him, gratified that he had had it in his power to benefit the family of his lamented friend, by assisting the husband of his niece, who, gentle reader, was no less a personage than the son of *THE TALESMAN*.  
G.

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D E A T H .

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

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I.

Oh Thou, who, in life's twilight hour,  
O'er the green earth dost roam,  
To pluck each golden fruit and flower,  
Which God for thee hath sown;  
Sooth'd by a mother's song and eye,  
Whate'er with youth and beauty rife,  
Reposes on the breast of life,  
Is thine, O Death! — we ALL must die!

II.

I pray not for those sons of earth  
Whose life like tempest flies;  
Whose songs of revelry and mirth  
From halls of feasting rise;  
Yet spare the poet in his dreams,  
Whose holy sunset's golden glance  
Mingles soft in a graceful dance,  
With the young Moon's silvery beams.

III.

Here in thy misty car-cloud ride,  
When evening's star appears;  
An old man weeps her grave beside,  
The wife of youthful years;  
Whisper softly her name to him,  
Then bear him to her breast on high,  
Where the glad brightness of the eye  
No parting tear shall ever dim!

IV.

The youthful lover, whom the fire  
Of early passion warms;  
Whose eye rests, eager with desire,  
On every thing that charms  
In life's green spring-time, when each star,  
And flower, and breeze, discourses love;  
In that blest moment, far above  
Yon blue vault, bear him in thy car!

V.

There dwells the bridal-song, and sheen,  
And love's perpetual smile;  
And Happiness! (on earth a dream,  
A phantom to beguile:)  
There new life to the soul is given;  
And mid perennial bowers we'll sing,  
Where birds of Eden wave the wing,  
We'll spend eternal youth in Heaven!

## THE HISTORY OF DRUSILLA DARRACOTT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HARRY FRANCO.

DRUSILLA DARRACOTT was born in one of those thriving wooden villages on the sea-coast of Massachusetts, where the poverty of the soil compels its inhabitants to seek for wealth on the ocean, or in distant lands, where the earth yields a generous increase of the seed of the planter, and the enervated inhabitants lack energy to avail themselves of the rich bounties of heaven. But her father was one of the few whom the wants of the little community in which he lived could enable to remain at home. Happy man ! he could hope to lie by the side of his fathers, when he died ; and the last looks that should gaze upon him here, would resemble those that should first greet him hereafter. He was a lawyer ; and Drusilla being an only child, he educated her mainly himself : and being a young lady of quick perceptions and generous, she gained an amount of bookish learning before she reached her eighteenth year, which rarely falls to the lot of one of her sex and condition.

But there are disadvantages as well as advantages in being elevated by education above those with whom it is our destiny to mingle, and Drusilla experienced them in no small degree. Her mother had died when she was an infant, and her father's occupation often called him away from home, so that she was left with no other companions than her books and her flowers ; and these are but cheerless companions for the young and tender-hearted. Objects of charity there were none in the village, and hence she was denied that noble employment, so grateful to benevolent and active minds, of visiting the distressed, and ministering to their necessities. Although Drusilla could take no pleasure in the society of the young women of her own age in the village, yet she could not but envy them ; for their education was just suited to the sphere in which they were appointed to move ; and even their jealousies and disappointments, their rivalries and heart-burnings, were all sources of pleasure to them. All these things were denied to Drusilla, and she was unhappy because there were none to sympathize with her hopes and her fears.

Young ladies, and particularly those whose opportunities enable them to read romances and poems, have a painful lesson to learn as they advance in years, and all the gay colors in which their views of life were painted, fade away, and leave nothing but a dull, cold outline of sober gray behind. But it must be so. The bright and beautiful iris which hangs suspended over our heads, although a bow of glorious promise, is nothing in itself but gilded mist, the most unreal yet enchanting of all the objects that cheat our senses in this world of delusions. So with the bright visions of youth and innocence ; although giving assurance that there must be a world of purity and love, for there can be no shadow without a substance, yet they are the falsest but most enticing of all the unrealities which perplex the human soul. The dreams of ambition may be realized ; the artist's wild wish for fame may be granted, and the miser's base efforts to ac-

cumulate wealth, may be crowned with success : even the longings of love may be gratified ; but the visions of the pure in heart can never be realized in this world. Disappointment is the common lot of all who hope to find in this life the realization of those dreams of loveliness and perfection which first enchanted them in the morning of their existence.

In the office of Drusilla's father was a student, the native of a neighboring town, whose name was Grenill : he was just of age, of an active mind, industrious in his habits, and of an understanding perhaps a little superior to the common mass. But a certain fondness for criticism, and an unscrupulous harshness of expression, gained him a reputation for talents, which his real merits did not entitle him to. He was dwarfish and deformed in his person, and in his heart he hated every well-formed man of his acquaintance, although he knew the world too well to let his real feelings be known ; but he never allowed an opportunity to pass him for inflicting pain on any one to whom heaven had granted a healthy frame and straight limbs. As not unfrequently happens with men of moderate abilities and feeble bodies, he thought himself endowed with unusual talents as a recompense for his being curtailed of his physical proportions ; and the forbearance that was shown to his imbecility, he construed into homage for his genius. He had frequent opportunities of conversing with Drusilla, and her gentle nature pitied his infirmities, and caused her to yield him an attentive ear, even while she inwardly shuddered at his presence. He loved her ; and it was not strange that he should, for she was exceedingly beautiful in her person, and a certain plaintive sweetness in her voice would alone have awakened tender feelings, even if she had been wanting in outward loveliness. But the first time she discovered the nature of his feelings toward her, she gave him to understand, in as gentle a manner as she could, that the very sight of him was disagreeable to her. It was enough. He hated her with the hatred of hell ; and he swore that her happy days should thenceforth be few.

Time passed on : in a few months Grenill left Mr. Darracott's office, and having been admitted to the bar, he opened one on his own account. He frequently met Drusilla, and always behaved toward her with great respect, but not coldly. The circle of her acquaintances had not increased, and she felt more and more the want of a sympathetic friend, and began to think that the dwarf was not so hideous as he had once appeared to her : his conversation was at times interesting, and his remarks were often amusing from their unlooked for severity ; for people can be amused at severe remarks, when they do not happen to be the object of them themselves. But her thoughts were soon directed toward another object, and he appeared to her as disagreeable as ever. During her father's absence on his circuit, she received a letter by mail from one of the neighboring towns. The superscription was in a strange hand, and at first she hesitated to open it. She examined the writing, she held it up to the light, and then tried to find out the nature of its contents without breaking the seal. It was evidently a man's writing, but she could not call to mind a single acquaintance, or relation of the most distant degree, in the town where it was mailed. She locked it up in the



drawer of her work-table, and put the key very resolutely in her reticule, and sat down to think where it could possibly have come from, and from whom. And then she unlocked her drawer again and again, took out the letter and examined it over and over, but she could discover nothing about it to afford her the least clue as to the nature of its contents. Perhaps it was an inuete feminine delicacy that forbade her receiving a letter from a stranger, in the absence of her father, that caused her to act thus ; or it might have been a feeling akin to a cat's, when she suffers a mouse to almost escape from her clutches, while she knows it is entirely in her power ; or of a hungry gormandizer, when he deliberately tucks a napkin under his chin, and performs the idle ceremony of trifling with a few spoonfuls of greasy water, which his host calls soup, before commencing operations upon the fish and turkeys before him. But let the feeling have been what it might, she at last yielded to the great law of nature, and broke open the letter, and read as follows :

'MISS DARRACOTT : Although you will be surprised at the nature of the few lines which this letter contains, yet you alone would be, for you alone can be ignorant of the singular worth which has caused them to be written. I will not offend your delicacy by naming the feeling that has given me boldness to address you in this manner, nor particularize with fond minuteness the time and the manner in which you first became known to me. Let it satisfy you for the present, that I am not ignorant of your exceeding worth ; and to know you and not to ——— But I must write no farther. The distance that we live apart, and my occupations, preclude the possibility of my meeting you ; and the object of my writing you now, is to solicit the privilege of writing you again. If you grant this favor, I shall be the proudest, the happiest, the most supremely blessed, of living men. If you refuse, why I shall only be sadder, perhaps, than I now am, and you will be still lovely, still charming, and I sincerely hope, happy ; and some one else will rejoice in the sunshine of your smiles. If I thought that these lines would give you one uneasy thought, my right hand should lose its cunning, and my heart should break, before I would pen a word. But I trust in your generous nature : if you wish that it should be so, you have but to signify it by any method you choose to adopt, and this will be the last time that you will ever hear from one who would consider himself the most fortunate of men to be allowed the privilege of subscribing himself

'Your Slave,

'JAMES INGLISTON.'

The first impulse with Drusilla, after her astonishment had subsided, was to show the letter to her father, as she was undoubtedly in duty bound to do ; and had he been near her at the time she would no doubt have done so ; but it was some weeks before he returned, and as she did not show it to him immediately, she began to persuade herself that it would be best to say nothing at all about it, and forget it herself. The probability of her forgetting it was not very great, as she read it five or six times every day ; but every time she determined should be the last, and once or twice she had even made an attempt to throw it into the fire. As for the writer of it, although she had never seen him, her contempt for him was unbounded, and she only wanted an opportunity, to let him know, by her cold reserve, how much she disapproved of his unwarrantable boldness. Perhaps if the entire truth was made known, it would appear that Drusilla had indulged herself in drawing fancy portraits of Mr. Ingliston, and that she had once or twice dreamed of him ; but as she made no confessions to that effect, it might be an unfair inference. But one thing can be confidently asserted, as it was related by her father to a near friend ; on every mail day, which came twice a week, she was

very thoughtful, and manifested a strange mixture of seriousness and levity in her behaviour.

In the course of a few months, it so happened that her father was again called away upon business, and the very first mail that arrived after his departure, another letter was brought to her, directed by the same hand that had written the first. She was fully sensible of the impropriety of receiving it, without her father's knowledge, and she made up her mind without hesitation not to open it until his return, and then not without his permission. But it occurred to her that she would very justly deserve his censures for not showing him the first one; and fear of his displeasure, which she had never yet incurred, led her to determine that it would be best to destroy the letter, and say nothing to him about it; and as she was fully determined to do so, there could be no possible harm in first reading it, merely to see what excuse the man's ingenuity could suggest for his conduct. And so with a bright blush upon her cheek, and a strange beating of her heart, she opened the second letter, and read as follows:

'MY DEAR MISS DARRACOTT — for you are very dear to me, and why should I not so express myself? — I knew that the rules of society, your sense of propriety, and even my own passionless judgment, alike forbid this freedom in a stranger, yet I cannot do otherwise than address you in this manner. You have not forbid my writing you again, and I know not whether you would have me do so or not, but if my letter shall prove disagreeable to you, you have but to burn it and forget me. Would you know the reason of my writing to you? It is easily told: I have seen you and am separated from you; would you know why I love you? I have heard the gentle tones of your voice, and I have heard no music since. I must love you, even though you hate me. Do we love the sun less when its light is obscured by a cloud? No, but we long the more for its cheering beams. I cannot hope for your love, and yet not to hope is to perish. Perhaps your kind nature will allow what your heart may deny, and I may be blessed with one kind word from your own dear hand, granting me only the privilege of addressing you a few lines, to ease my overburdened heart.

'I will not offend you by writing more: I already tremble lest what I have written may give you pain; and yet so joy-giving is the employment, that I can scarcely summon courage to subscribe myself

'Entirely Yours,

'JAMES INGLISTON.'

It would be doing great injustice to Drusilla, if we did not assure the reader, that while she perused this passionate letter, her cheeks, and indeed her neck, and all that was visible of her bosom, were as red as flesh could be. Her eyes sparkled, and her whole frame was in a tremor. Perhaps it will be expected that she destroyed the letter, and dismissed the writer of it from her thoughts; and indeed, we should be glad if we could assure the discreet reader that such was the fact; but truth compels us to make record, that instead of so doing, she folded the letter very carefully, and deposited it in her bosom, from whence she drew it twice before she retired at night, and read it each time as carefully as though she had never read it before.

Do not censure her, gentle lady: remember that she had no companion but her father, and he was absent at the time; remember that her mother died when she was but an infant; that this was the first time that the poison of flattery had ever been poured into her ear; remember that she was but eighteen, but above and beyond all, try to bear in mind how you would have acted yourself, under similar circumstances.

It is by no means certain that Drusilla would ever have enter-

tained the thought of making a reply to her unknown admirer ; but she chanced one day to hear a visiter of her father's speak in very disrespectful terms of his character, and instead of its awakening suspicion and disgust in her mind, it had the contrary effect of arousing her sympathies in his behalf, and she felt herself bound in honor to espouse the cause of one who had shown himself so warm an admirer of herself. She did not speak out her feelings, but she retired to her chamber and read over again the letters of her slandered admirer ; and she was not long in drawing the conclusion that he had been wronged and abused. A few days after, another letter, more passionate and more explicit than either of the others, was brought to her, and after that another. And then she ventured to reply, in as cold, cautious, and discouraging a tone as she could assume. She barely expressed her surprise at the writer's assurance in addressing her, and begged him to desist from persecuting her with his letters, and threatened to expose him to her father, if he should continue to do so. But to this forbidding letter Mr. James Ingliston returned an answer filled with the most extravagant thanks for the great favor conferred upon him, and begging to be repulsed again, even in more decided and haughty terms ; he wished himself a worm, that she might tread upon him ; and vowed that to be the object of her displeasure, was a greater happiness to him than to be beloved by all the world beside.

It might be entertaining to the gossiping reader to be made acquainted with the contents of all the letters that passed between Drusilla and her admirer, and to trace from its beginning the warm passion which sprung up in her breast, and finally overwhelmed and destroyed her : but the purpose we had in view in writing this little history, will be accomplished by arriving at its catastrophe in a more summary manner.

At first the replies that Drusilla made to the letters of her correspondent were timid, short, and but little encouraging ; but by degrees they grew warmer, longer, and more unreserved, till at last they equalled her admirer's in their passionate expressions. But all this time she kept her secret locked up in her own breast ; and although her father noticed a change in her behaviour, he never even suspected the cause. Drusilla had never once seen her lover, and her imagination had invested him with all the graces and excellencies that her heart longed for ; and she never once doubted that he possessed them all, beside a thousand which her thoughts could not define ; and yet she dreaded, as much as she wished for, the interview which was to dissipate or confirm her fond imaginings.

At last the hour came. Her father was away from home ; she received a letter from her lover, urging their marriage, and appointing the next evening for its accomplishment. She was terrified at the proposal, and begged that her father might be advised with first. But her lover would take no denial, and he made it a test of the sincerity of her affection, whether she would yield to his request, or prefer to wait for her father's approval of her choice. The time had passed when she could deliberate or hesitate ; there was not even time for a reply to the last letter of her lover. What could she do ? She could only sit and weep, and wish that the last year was to be lived over ; and

while she reproached herself for not making a confidant of her father in the beginning of her correspondence with her lover, she was every moment yielding to his last request, which would place her for ever beyond the reach of repentance.

While she sat in her chamber, half distracted by her contending inclinations, she heard a carriage stop near the house, and then a smart rap at the door. The maid-servant announced to the trembling Drusilla that a gentleman wished to see her in the parlour. It was nearly dark, and as Drusilla entered with a faltering step, a man rose from the sofa, and taking her hand, pressed it to his lips, and then leading her to a chair, fell upon his knees, and avowed himself her lover. He begged her to accompany him out of the boundary of the state, where they could be married without observing the tedious and formal delays which their own laws required. She hesitated, refused, fainted, and at last consented. And yet she was still a stranger to his person, for the evening was dark, and she could scarcely discern the outline of his figure by the dim light in the parlour when she first entered; but she was all confiding, and she knew from his letters what the graces of his mind were, and she believed that those of his person corresponded with them, or perhaps she thought but little of them. She was soon equipped for her journey, for it was to be a short one; and half yielding, half resisting, she suffered herself to be forced into the carriage, and then giving way to her feelings, she fell into the arms of her lover, and fainted.

The next day her dream was at an end. Why could she not have been permitted to slumber a little longer? But it was the blackness of night, and not the bright rays of morning, that broke in upon her sweet visions.

Her husband proposed, immediately after they were married, that they should return to her father's house: but Drusilla refused, until he should be informed by letter of their marriage, and his consent gained to their return: and she asked her husband to write to him. He hesitated, but being pressed, he called for pen and ink, and with evident labor produced the following elegant letter, which he handed to his wife to read:

'ESQUIRE DARRKOTE, Sir: This is to inform you, that I have been getting married to your dorter Drusilly, which we hope will meat with your approbation. We love each other, and hope you will approve the match. I have a good trade, and can suport her handsomly; but for the present it is our wishes to stay in your house until something illdigious turns up in the way of bisness. I am yours to command,

'Is. INGLISTON.'

'O, my love!' said Drusilla; half complainingly, 'how can you trifle with my feelings?' And as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears.

'Why, I did the best I could,' replied Mr. Ingliston; 'but I said at first how 't you 'd better undertake the job yourself.'

'Ah, but my love!' said Drusilla, and she turned very pale as she spoke, 'this writing does not resemble your letters to me.'

'Oh, them was written by 'nough sight smarter fellow than I ever was,' replied her husband: 'Squire Grenill, the hump-backed lawyer, he writ all them for me!'

## S O N G .

THEY fain would have me think that he  
 Is faithless to his vow ;  
 And all the love he breathed for me  
 Is changed to coldness now ;  
 That he will come no more at eve  
 To glad me with his smile :  
 They ne'er can make my heart believe  
 That he could so beguile !

His words of love I may not tell,  
 His looks I could not speak ;  
 But O ! within my heart they well,  
 And burn upon my cheek !  
 His memory which hath ever been  
 A fount of purest thought,  
 Must oft recall each cherished scene,  
 And lesson he has taught.

If false, I banish for his sake  
 My dream of future bliss,  
 And every coming hour will take  
 Its wretchedness from this.  
 Though he should leave me to despair,  
 And turn my fond eye dim,  
 I'll bless him in my morning prayer,  
 And in my evening hymn !

## M A T R I M O N Y .

A FEW REFLECTIONS BY A DISAPPOINTED AND INCORRIGIBLE OLD BACHELOR.

SUCH hath ever been the stupidity of mankind, that they could neverfully appropriate the experience of their predecessors, and learn wisdom from the misfortunes of others ; but they must continually be traversing the circle of the same follies which have caused the wretchedness, and worked the ruin, of generation after generation of others before them, and of their contemporaries around them. Thus Human Nature is still performing the same antics it performed two thousand years ago ; flattered by the same antiquated compliments, seduced by the same ancient devices, and cherishing the same old-fashioned delusions, that have been exposed again and again by the poets, philosophers, historians, and divines, of every successive age. The world does not grow one whit the wiser as it grows older ; and, by the united confession of every constituent part of it, is one of the most incorrigible, stupid old fools that was ever heard or read of.

What is true of the whole, is true of individuals. The boy, despite the best lecturing, will not appropriate the wisdom of the old man, although he would save a great deal of time by it. On the contrary, he must arrive at the same results by the same means ; be first curious, then positive, then wild, then forcible ; by degrees, temperate ; when vice and energy expire together, and he atones for the past follies of his own actual career, by the speculative wisdom which he doles out without stint for the benefit of others. So it is on this sub-

ject of MARRIAGE ; and being so, I do not fear, in all my severity of experienced bachelorship, to animadvert upon it to the consolation of all well-seasoned, right and tight old-bachelor souls, not doubting that however candidly the true state of the case may be exposed, there will still be fools enough in the world to maintain the necessary succession of the species.

The old gentleman with whom I have taken rooms, is one who claims to belong to the fraternity of old bachelors, but without any right or title. I disown and disclaim him. He is a bachelor in external circumstance only, and not at heart ; for instead of maintaining his position like a soldier, and conducting himself toward the fair sex like a gallant, he has a craven spirit, and a sneaking and luxurious tendency toward the domestic atmosphere of the kitchen and the nursery. I have been unable to cure my friend of his unfortunate delusion. It is particularly prevalent and powerful o' Saturday nights, for which period he reserves the miscellaneous mending which the wear and tear of this rude world make periodically necessary. On these occasions, having taken off his coat, and adjusted it, with great formality, on the two back posts of an old-fashioned chair, (an heirloom attached to the mansion we inhabit,) giving a deep sigh, as he brushes a parting stroke on the back, to divest it of what he fancied a slight accumulation of dust, but discovers to be a thread-bare dinginess, he places his shade over his brows, displays his work upon his lap, with his 'house-wife' at his side, and prepares for his task. Before beginning, however, he gives a side-long glance at the grate, to take due and military distance from the fire, deposits his needle temporarily in his left hand, and taking the scissors in his right, prepares to give a proper disposition to his candles, and gently to clip their wicks. This is the moment when my mouth always involuntarily opens to receive his soliloquy. Drawing a sigh far deeper than that which the trace of Time's finger on his once very respectable coat called forth, he begins :

'Oh, how I *do* wish I had a nice little wife to do these things for me !'

It moves me, at once ; for I compassionate the man, and I can never permit his regrets to proceed farther. 'My dear Mr. C — , ' I interpose, 'if you *had* a wife, you would have to designate to her from time to time what you wished to have done ; and then, perhaps, at the very moment you wished to put the garment in requisition, you would find it in an unwearable state. 'Why, my dear,' you would say, 'this is not mended yet !' 'No,' she would doubtless reply, 'I forgot it.' 'But I have reminded you of it, love, three or four times.' 'Well, I have had other things to attend to.' 'I should *think* you might have an eye to these little things for me ; it's but very little that I ask.' 'Well, I will tell you what it is, Mr. C — , ' she adds, growing warm, 'if you married me for nothing else but to attend to your old breeches, and mending of shirts, and sewing on of buttons, I can tell you what it is, you are very much mistaken : you think I have nothing else to take care of but your old clothes. You do n't consider how much I have to attend to in — ' And here, unable to contain yourself any longer, you would be very apt to interrupt her by saying : 'Well, my dear, if you wont scold, I'll

do it myself. I would rather do *any* thing than hear you scold.' And so, I add, 'you see, my dear friend, you would find yourself with your clothes to mend, and a wife to provide for, into the bargain. Now, Richard,' pursuing my advantage in a familiar tone, 'what rational object would you propose to yourself in getting a wife?'

'Oh, I should be *so* happy! I should like her *so* well!'

'For all the world the plea of a child begging a bauble of its parents! — and ten to one the child gets whipt for his obstinate solicitations, while you, not a whit the less deserving, and without his youth for your excuse, escape with impunity.'

But to leave our friend: I admit, that if all were perfect, perhaps the most intimately social union we could form, would be the most happy; but, with the ordinary amount of human infirmity about us, it seems much better to 'let well enough alone,' and the part of true practical wisdom, to prefer the known inconveniences of our present condition, which we fully appreciate, yet find very tolerable, to the uncertain annoyances of a domestic revolution. To some, I can well imagine the married state to be desirable. To an old bachelor, with money, but without friends, for example: he may as well purchase friends in this way as any other; and if perchance, as is quite likely, he marries a poor girl, instead of one he may obtain a dozen very eager and sociable friends by the bargain. Indeed, a *young* man, with a fortune that satisfies his wishes, may a great deal better marry than not. He must have some annoyances, imaginary or real. Of the two, I should decidedly prefer the latter; and of the latter, perhaps as agreeable a one as any is — a wife.

But how inconsiderately are unions of this kind usually formed! Not one of the qualities which fit the parties for it, are the determining motives to the contract. A wife's beauty, which is the chief attraction before marriage, like handsome furniture, becomes common by habit: her drawing-room accomplishments are without their use in the domestic apartments; her wit finds no subject but ourselves, or ours, when it becomes downright satire: her music has answered its end, and reposes in the piano-case from its labors. These are what won us. A mild temper is not always found behind the mist with which our imagination has invested the objects of our passions. It is learned for the first time, *after* marriage, but rarely learned, even then, that, whatever may have been the best means of getting a husband, a good dinner, and a neat, comfortable apartment, are the best means of keeping him: that a cleverness at housewifery has infinitely more value than the most brilliant execution of a whole opera of Rossini, and that a thrifty hand is much better than a bright eye, 'to make the pot boil.' In other words, the difference between a useful article of household furniture, and a merely parlor ornament, becomes very clearly discernible, but in a manner not very conducive to our comfort or satisfaction.

To form an alliance in business, no consideration can be too careful, no decision too protracted. Honesty, disposition, ability to discharge the partnership duties, cannot be too rigidly sought for by the calmest and most dispassionate observation, and the most diligent inquiry. This is a *business* copartnership; the parties meet but on a few points, for the transaction — like clerk and principal, or two inde-

pendent citizens — of mere business affairs, with mutual intelligence and skill. It may last, when formed, for one or two years. In the affair of marriage, when the two parties are to be amalgamated into one, their situations in society, and the most essential part of their enjoyments for life, are dependant upon its propriety. How brief, oftentimes, the interviews, how slight the means of information, or acquaintance ! A few bright smiles, a few confidential glances, a few witty speeches ; no part of the ordeal tending to give a calm, dispassionate observer the slightest foundation for a judgment ; and the two parties are one ! They descend from the heaven of their imaginations, and fall to this earth destined for the repentance of mortals.

Of course, with love, that makes such fools of us, and all our boasted powers of discernment, I keep no terms. It is, to my mind, a mere disease of the imagination ; and if I had the nursing of it, I should certainly treat it as I would any other inflammatory distemper. Blood-letting, spare diet, sudorifics, are, depend upon it, all-potent in this business. If any desperate lover doubt it, let him try my remedies ; if he fail, he must be cracked indeed. Yet I do not by any means intend to deny that the lover is himself (so Nature has benevolently provided,) resolutely intent on what is, after all, the very best cure for his passion — possession ; for, let him once marry, and if he be not shortly cured, his disease would baffle Galen and Hippocrates — nay, old *Æsculapius* himself. He has it in his power, with this recipe, to exchange at any time the pains of the heart for those of the head ; and if not wholly to eradicate, at least very effectually to shift the seat of the disease.

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THE FORSAKEN : A FRAGMENT .

ONE evening, sooner than her wont, she sought  
Her solitary chamber. There she sat  
Beside the open window, where the rose,  
With jessamine linked, and woodbine, twined  
Around the casement. The night breeze came  
Freshly and sweetly through the leafy blinds,  
And kissed her burning cheek and faded lip.  
She slumbered — but not long : the evening wind  
Shook from the boughs that through the casement crept  
A shower of rose-leaves : on her ivory neck  
They fell, and waked her from her sleep ; and then  
She raised her head, and saw *HIS* portrait lie  
Beside her : she pressed it to her fevered lips,  
And slept again.

Next morning she was dead !  
The sunlight streaming through the tremulous leaves  
Fell on her neck in quivering light and shade :  
Her face was pillowed on her fair white arms,  
That rested by the lattice : her dark hair,  
Stirred by the morning breeze, was all that moved.  
They called her by her name — she answered not !  
They raised her head — and then they saw her face  
Was deadly pale and chill ! — her marble lips  
Were pressed against the portrait : she had died  
Embracing it !



## THE BLACK BARON.

'And there ben in that contree ful manye tradiciounes of thinges passed out of long tyme fro mennes syght and fro hir myndes, which soudenlye cometh agen with wonderfulle tokene: and this is ful gret marveylle.'

SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.

In a certain province of Germany, north of the Mayn, there formerly dwelt a scion of the house of Osnabruck, known by his serfs and vassals as the Black Baron; a name probably derived from the dark character of their feudal lord, and certainly one which had more meaning than his true title, Baron Von Gliffen.

Some of the old traditions concerning the pedigree of the Baron are still extant; and though all of them concur in making him the offspring of the most beautiful woman conceivable, few seem inclined to allow him a father. Such miraculous occurrences as spontaneous production were too common in those times to excite particular attention: tradition is fraught with instances of the kind; and all will admit, from the following account of his life and character, that Baron Von Gliffen was as substantial flesh and blood as if he had a dozen fathers.

Throughout Germany there was neither lord nor plebeian could cope with the Baron in drinking hock or Heidenmaur, smoking, eating, or in any thing requiring extraordinary alimentary prowess. Among the most distinguished of his table-cronies, were Baron Schwartenberg, a miracle at despatching roast beef and tossing hock; Herr Von Twitter, a prodigy; Corporal Thwack, a sort of hyena; Hyman Der Vheiber, a bottomless pit; Snyder Hans-Globbin, an elastic rum pipe; Herr Cartouchen, a mammoth sponge; but it was sagely hinted that Baron Von Gliffen was someway akin to the Great Receptacle, or Ditch of Mundus, into which the Romans used to throw a little of every thing, not forgetting the necessaries of life.

In his less serious occupations, the Baron was equally famous. None could hunt with greater success; none could bring to battle a nobler array of followers; and none needed partisans more than the Black Baron, for his feuds were universal; his person the terror of the weak, and the scorn of the strong; nor was it in those times considered disgraceful to make depredations on neighboring barons, to kill their cattle, maltreat their vrouws, and occasionally carry off their daughters and take them to wife, in default of a suitable ransom.

In a predatory excursion of this kind, Baron Von Gliffen vanquished the forces of one Weldimar, a nobleman of high degree; and with his followers, entered the castle of the conquered, to take possession of the booty. Whether rumor had bruited abroad something concerning a certain jewel belonging to the Baron Weldimar, or whether led by instinct, it matters little; but while his followers were ransacking every other valuable about the castle, Baron Von Gliffen had found his way to the chamber in which the treasure was concealed, and was paying his devoirs to Cristella, the jewel itself, the diamond of beauty! Cristella refused to fly; the Baron per-

sisted, prayed, threatened — carried her off! As a matter of courtesy, he demanded an immense ransom for her release. Weldimar was unable to pay; the Baron protested he would not 'bate a jot; Weldimar swore his whole estates, castle and all, would not make up the amount; and Cristella became the wife of Baron Von Gliffen.

By this union there sprang an heir to the Osnabruck barony, whom they christened Von Redder, a name contracted from Red-Hair; the most prominent peculiarity about the child. This flaming omen presented fine work for the astrologers, necromancers, and others versed in occult sciences. Herr Twaddle, the greatest metaphysician and most famous necromancer in Germany, being present at the birth of Von Redder, took the child in his arms, described divers hieroglyphics in the air, muttered incantations to the dark spirits, and pronounced with becoming gravity the doom of his subject. Much good was skilfully mixed with the evil: but on the whole the young prodigy was certainly born for deeds of blood, as was evident from the sanguinary color of his hair. Der Fuddle, another sage in necromancy, was called upon to predict the fortunes and misfortunes of the heir. This miracle of profundity commenced exactly opposite to his compeer. He took the child by the heels, and swore, from the lines on the soles of the feet, that nothing was more certain than eternal happiness to the successor of Baron Von Gliffen; a prediction ill-naturedly accounted for by Herr Twaddle, whose prognostications of evil were scantily paid for, and abundantly doubted. A host of others, deeply skilled in these matters, predicted divers destinies, according to the quality of gold upon which their efforts were based; those who obtained nothing, of course read ominous things in the stars; and those who received kicks and cuffs, produced incontestable evidence that the heir was designed for eternal perdition.

Dark and incontinent as was the character of Baron Von Gliffen, his own bade fair, from the cradle upward, to excel him in blackness of heart, thirst for distinction in crime, and in all the wild and reckless exploits of a monster in the age of barbarism: so that when Von Redder had attained his twentieth year, he was as finished a vagabond as his father could wish. Highway depredations were his favorite amusements; feuds and bloodshed his delight; heresy, rape, and schism, things to boast of, and laugh at; midnight carousals his gentler occupations; and open depravity his characteristic trait. This prodigal course of life caused repeated demands on the purse of the old Baron, whose own extravagance had nearly drained it. The hopeful son would take no refusal. The Baron stormed, the heir repeated his demands. Baron Von Gliffen sternly refused to support his extravagance; and for several years this sort of wrangling and contention between them was the topic of the country. Cristella, under the brutal treatment of Von Gliffen, and the unnatural and depraved conduct of her son, pined away, till death released her from their influence. Indifferent as the Baron was, during her life, he deeply felt this stroke; and to drown remorse, doubled his potions, and hunted more than ever. The chase, to be sure, was merely a softened name for predatory excursions and highway robberies; but where custom and the laws of the land countenanced the term, it mattered little about the meaning.

In one of these peregrinations, Baron Von Gliffen, accompanied by his band of stout henchmen, made a descent upon the Castle of Stokenborg, then the strong-hold of a nobleman renowned for his wealth and prowess. The defender of gold made a gallant resistance: the Baron, at the head of a chosen corps, rushed onward; a terrible battle ensued: fortune seemed to declare at one moment in favor of the besieged, at another of the besiegers; when at length the Baron was driven back, and the lord of Stokenborg shouted victory. While this cry still rang in the air, a gigantic follower of the Baron, named Melifleur, made a sudden and desperate rally; one and all the besiegers rushed to battle; and overpowered by skill and force, the noble foe yielded to the conquerors, whose armor, shattered in strife, dripped with the blood of the slain. This victory was gained by the ferocious valor of Melifleur, who, less blood-thirsty than avaricious, claimed the greater part of the booty. Enraged at his insolence, the Baron struck him in the face: Melifleur, writhing with pain and rage, swore he would have a sure and terrible revenge.

Two months passed away, and Baron Von Gliffen suddenly disappeared. As it was doubted by none that he had been murdered, or slain in single combat by the giant henchman, the strictest search was made for his body, but without success. No clue could be discovered to its mysterious disappearance. None was more active in the search, and no one more grievously shocked at the death of the Baron, than Von Redder, to whom the estates and title of the deceased passed without a murmur. Melifleur underwent a rigorous examination. His threats in the presence of the Baron's henchmen, his confusion and perturbation at the charge, and the evidence of certain witnesses adduced by the young Baron, convicted him to the satisfaction of all; and without farther ceremony, he was swung up on one of the castle turrets, where his bones bleached and rattled for many a day, as a warning to the evil-minded in the service of the living Baron.

TWENTY years had been measured from the lawless and criminal career of the heir of Osnabruck, and the death of the Black Baron ceased to be thought of, and even remembered, by many who had acted conspicuous parts in the search and trial. Preparations for an evening of joy and festivity going on in the castle, evinced that the occasion was one of unusual importance, since the gloomy Von Redder seldom indulged in anything so congenial to the taste of his dependants. In fact, the Baron had wooed and won the most beautiful heiress in the province, and this festival was in honor of his marriage. However limited was the number of his sincere friends, he had many who were no wise backward in proffering their company and services on occasions of this sort; and the castle was soon crowded with noble rakes, prodigal sons, ruined barons, ladies of high fame, though not inaccessible virtue, and dependants of every description, from self-styled relatives to henchmen and vassals. In due time the guests were ushered into the largest hall in the castle, in which a banquet-table extended from end to end. At the head presided Baron Von Redder, beside the most exquisite bride imaginable, and ranged in

due order, according to their various rank and degree, sat the merry company.

Immense dishes of lamb, beef, fatted sheep, and other savory solids, disappeared with miraculous celerity; and these seemed but to whet the appetites of those who did such wonderful execution. At length came the wines, to the great satisfaction of others inclined to prowess in toping. The rejoicings were great; the noise and revelry loud. Even the gloomy Von Redder became facetious; he laughed for effect, and uttered some execrable jokes, which of course received universal applause. The fair bride was pensive and happy; for she knew little of the character of her lord, and that little was of his better traits. He was now in the prime of life: his person, though somewhat ruffianly, was fine and commanding; his eye keen for conquest; his smile affable; his countenance manly; his bravery undoubted; and such qualifications were sufficient, in the days of chivalry and romance, to make up for many deficiencies in the moral department. In the fulness of his heart, the Baron pledged his bride, who responded to the toast with admirable grace. The conversation then turned on the excellence of the wine.

'To me,' said the Baron, 'it has a peculiar richness in the flavor: how dost *thou* like it, fair Ismeena?'

'O, 'tis admirable! — so sparkling and pungent!'

'No doubt, my lady, it has many virtues,' chimed in the old seneschal; 'for, according to the best of my recollection, it is this night twenty years old.'

'How! — whence came it!' demanded Von Gliffen.

'From the black hogshead!' replied the seneschal.

'Damnation!' cried the Baron, starting from his seat.

'Yes, my lord; but you turn pale — you tremble — you are ill!'

'Merciful God! what have I done! Nay, I meant nothing. . . . I had a slight pain. . . . It is all over.'

The guests turned pale, and stared. The bride sickened at the thoughts that whirled through her brain; and all became convinced that there was a mystery in the words of the Baron. His brow grew dark as the storm-cloud; his lips quivered; his cheeks blanched to an ashy hue; and he darted a suspicious eye on the guests. In a loud and angry voice he demanded, 'What means this confusion!' None dared to answer; the haughty Von Redder sat down, and mysterious whispers, and shakes of the head, were all they thought proper to display. Annoyed and alarmed at the general commotion, the Baron darted a scowl at the seneschal, and left the room. The ancient retainer quickly acquired the use of his tongue, and entranced the company, in spite of the silent threat of the Baron, with an ominous account of the dark and bloody end of Baron Von Gliffen.

'Twenty years ago,' continued the venerable seneschal, 'a henchman of the Black Baron was hanged for this mysterious murder. I had my own suspicions concerning the matter; but as they were without any certain foundation, I kept them to myself. Immediately after the disappearance of the unfortunate man, the heir, our present Baron, brought me to the wine-vault, where snugly stored was a stock of wine, in which Bacchus himself might rejoice, for you must know the deceased baron was a reputed toper; and assuming a

countenance so dark and lowering that I shall never forget it, he pointed to a black hogshead, in a remote corner of the vault, and said : *'As you value your life, never draw from that hogshead !'* This caution had a great impression on my mind, but I knew too well the determined character of the Baron, to incur any penalty by my curiosity ; and I never touched the forbidden wine until this day. I found myself growing old ; I knew my thread of life would soon be severed ; and this, together with the harassing thought that I was accessory to some mysterious crime, induced me to try an experiment, which would either be my ruin or my salvation. I drew the wine, and managed to place it before the Baron, my master. The effect you have all seen. I solemnly believe there is a doubly-dark deed in the affair ; and as men and Christians, I beseech you to follow me !'

Many of the guests shrank back at the proposal ; but others, more courageous, followed the seneschal, who led the way through passages and dark chambers, to a flight of stairs, leading to the wine-vault. Having procured a torch, they descended the dim and gloomy recess. The walls were black, and covered with slime and moss ; the air dank and chilly ; and the hollow sounds of the vaults caused the stoutest hearts to quail. Passing on through several subterranean chambers, the seneschal led the way to a capacious cell, stored to the ceiling with casks and tuns of wine. In the gloomiest corner stood a black hogshead, exactly as he had described. Beside it lay an axe, with which, after infinite labor, the hogshead was broken open.

A cry of horror burst from the group. In the bloody wine lay the remains of the Black Baron ! His scull was shattered, his limbs frightfully mutilated, his body stabbed and gashed in several places, and the whole bearing evidence of a horrible death. A groan was heard among the by-standers : it was the voice of Baron Von Redder, the bridegroom and the parricide.

'Monster !' cried the guests, 'you have foully wronged the henchman ! You are the murderer. *You have shed, you have drunk, your father's blood !'*

The man of guilt staggered back, stupified with horror.

'Seize him !' shouted the seneschal ; 'seize him !'

Baron Von Redder was secured. The avengers bore him to the top of the castle, where still swung the mouldering skeleton of the henchman. In the summary manner of the time, he was bound to the skeleton, and cast over the turret ; and to and fro swung the dying and the dead. The wind whistled mournfully against the chains ; the clouds seemed to gather at the moment ; and ere the executioner had left the walls, a raven was tearing the flesh from the dead Baron of Osnabruck.

MANY a dark legend is still extant, relative to the fate of the bride. The favorite one is to this effect : when the Baron retired from the banquet, she also left the room, and sought the solitude of her chamber. Night closed in. Weeping and sad, she flung herself on a couch, where sleep soon relieved her of her terrors. At midnight a rustling noise and a clanking of chains awoke her. With a cry of horror, she started from the couch. Before her stood the Baron, his

face blanched and gory, his eyes sunk, his step uneven, and his person wasted to a shadow. In a voice too sepulchral and unearthly for life, he demanded a fulfilment of the marriage rites. The bride, horror-stricken, endeavored to elude his clammy grasp : a curse and a shriek rang throughout the castle ; and when morning dawned, the retainers beheld, still swinging by the skeleton benchman, the corse of the Baron ; and repairing to the bridal chamber, a sight equally horrible met their eyes. On the floor lay the widowed bride, weltering in blood ; full soon to be a thing

'Where cold Oblivion, 'mid the ruins laid,  
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.'

### THE WHITE FISH.

BY H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Or venison GOLDSMITH may wittily sing —  
A very fine haunch is a very fine thing ;  
And BURNS, in his tuneful and exquisite way,  
The charms of a smoking Scotch haggis display ;  
But 'tis often much harder to eat than decant,  
And a poet may praise, what a poet may want :  
Less doubt there shall be 'twixt my muse and my dish,  
While her power I invoke in the praise of WHITE-FISH.

All friends to good living, by tureen and dish,  
Concur in exalting this prince of a fish ;  
So fine in a platter, so tempting a fry,  
So rich on a gridiron, so sweet in a pie,  
That even before it the salmon must fail,  
And that mighty *bonne-bouche* of the land, beaver's-tail.

This fish is a subject so dainty and white,  
To show in a lecture, to eat, or to write,  
That equal's my joy : I declare, on my life,  
To raise up my voice, or to raise up my knife,  
'Tis a morsel alike for the gourmand or faster ;  
White, white as a tablet of pure alabaster !  
Its beauty or flavor no person can doubt,  
When seen in the waters, or tasted without ;  
And all the dispute that opinion e'er makes  
Of this king of lake fishes, this 'deer of the lakes,'\*  
Regards not its choiceness, to ponder or sup,  
But the best mode of dressing and serving it up.

Here rises a point, where good livers may differ,  
As tastes become fixed, or opinions are stiffer ;  
Some men prefer roasted — some doat on a fry,  
Or extol the sweet goût of a 'poisson-blanc' pie ;  
The nice 'petit pâté' this palate excites,  
While that, on a boiled dish and 'bouillon' delights ;  
Some smoked and some salted, some fresh and some dried,  
Prefer to all fish in our waters beside ;  
And 'tis thought the main question, if epicures look,  
Respects not the method, so much as the cook :

\* A translation of AD-DIK-KEEM-MAIG, the Indian name for this fish.

For, like some moral dishes, that furnish a zest,  
Whate'er 's best served up, is still thought the best.

There are in gastronomy sages who think  
'T is not only the prime of good victuals, but drink ;  
That all sauces spoil it, the richer the quicker,  
And make it insipid, except its own liquor ;  
These roll in a wild epigastric mirage,  
Preferring the dish à la mode de sauvage ;  
By which it quells hunger and thirstiness both —  
First eating the fish, and then drinking the broth :  
We leave this unsettled, for palates or pens,  
Who glean out of hundreds their critical tens,  
While drawn to the board, where full many a dish  
Is slighted, to taste this American fish.

The planter who whirls through the region by steam,  
The Créole who sings as he lashes his team,  
The merchant, the lawyer, the cit and the beau,  
The proud and gustative, the poor and the low,  
The gay *habitant*, the inquisitive tourist,  
The chemic physician, the dinner-crossed jurist,  
And even the ladies, the pride of the grove,  
Unite to extol it, and eat to approve :  
And oft the sweet morsel up-poised on the knife,  
Excites a bland smile from the blooming young wife ;  
Nor dreams she a sea-fish one moment compares,  
But is thinking the while not of fish but of heirs.

To these, it is often a casual sweet,  
To dine by appointment, or taste as a treat ;  
Not so, or in mental or physical joy,  
Comes the sight of that fish to the 'courier du bois ;'  
That wild troubadour and his joy-loving crew,  
Who sings as he paddles his birchen canoe,  
And thinks all the hardships that fall to his lot,  
Are richly made up at the platter and pot,  
To him, there 's a charm neither feeble nor vague  
In the mighty repast of the '*grande Ticameg* ;'\*  
And oft, as he starves amid Canada snows,  
And dry leather lichens, and 'bouton de rose,'  
He cheers up his spirits to think he shall still  
On 'poisson-blanc bouillon' once more have his fill !  
'Oh choice of all fishes !' he sings as he goes,  
'Thou art sweeter to me than the Normandy rose,  
And the venison that 's stol'n from the park of the king,  
Is never, by half, so delicious a thing !'

The muse might appeal to the science of books,  
To picture its ichthyological looks ;  
Show what is its family likeness, or odds,  
Compared with its cousins, the salmon and cods ;  
Tell where it approximates, point where it fails,  
By counting its fins, or dissecting the scales ;  
Or prove by plain reasons, (such proofs can be had,)  
'T is not 'toothless salmon,' but rather lake shad.  
Here too might a fancy to descant inclined,  
Contemplate the lore that pertains to the kind,  
And bring up the red man, in fanciful strains,  
To prove its creation from feminine brains,†  
Or, point out its habits, migrations, and changes,  
The mode of its capture, its circles and ranges :  
But let me forbear — 't is the fault of a song,  
A tale, or a book, if too learned or too long.  
Thus ends my discussion : more would ye, I pray  
Ask Mitchell or Harlan, Goldfish, or Cuvier.

\* French orthography for the Indian name of this fish. † Vide 'Indian Tales and Legends.'

## THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BORDER TALES.'

*James Hall.*

THE WAR-BELT.

In the year 1786, there stood upon the margin of the Ohio, near the mouth of the Miami, a small fortress, over which waved the flag of the United States. The banner was that of a confederacy which had just emerged from a successful struggle with one of the most powerful nations of the world, and over which the illustrious WASHINGTON presided as Chief Magistrate. In the eye of a military engineer, the fort would not have deserved that name, as it was a temporary structure, intended only to protect its small garrison against a sudden attack by an Indian force. It was composed of a series of log houses, opening upon an interior area, while the outer sides, closely connected, formed a quadrangular rampart, without apertures, except a single entrance, and a few loop-holes from which to discharge fire-arms. The whole presented the appearance of a single edifice, receiving light from the centre, and forming barracks for the garrison, as well as breast-works against the foe. The forest was cleared away for some hundreds of yards around, leaving an open vista, which extended to the water's edge; and a few acres inclosed in a rude fence, and planted with corn and vegetables, for the use of the soldiers, exhibited the first attempt at agriculture in that wild and beautiful region.

It will be recollected, that when the shores of the Ohio were first explored by the adventurous pioneers, no villages were found upon them; not a solitary lodge was seen along its secluded waters. The numerous and warlike tribes, whose battle-cry was often heard on the frontier, inhabited the tributary branches of the Ohio, leaving the immediate shores of that river an untenanted wilderness, rich in the glorious productions of nature, and animated only by the brute and the wild bird, by the lurking hunter and the stealthy war party. It seemed as if man had been expelled from this blooming paradise, and only invaded its flowery precincts at intervals, to war upon his fellow-man, or to ravage the pastures of the deer and the buffalo. Historians are not agreed as to the reasons of this curious arrangement; but we suppose that the Manito of the Red man had reserved this loveliest of valleys to be the happy hunting-ground of the blessed, and that though living forms were seldom seen within it, the spirits of warriors lingered here, to mourn the destiny of their race, and curse the coming of the white man.

A few adventurous pioneers from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North-Carolina, had crossed the Alleghanies, and settled at different places, far distant from each other; but these also were inland as respected the great river; the civilized man avoiding its dangerous shores on the one side, from an instinct similar to that which induced the Indian to shun a residence upon them on the other.

All the tribes inhabiting the country north of the Ohio, were at that time hostile to the American people, and beheld with great jealousy



these migrations into the west, that indicated an intention to plant a civilized population on this side of the mountains. The agents also of a foreign power, which saw with dissatisfaction the growing prosperity of the United States, deemed this a favorable moment to unite the savage tribes against our young republic, and they were accordingly instructed to address such arguments to the chiefs as would be likely to effect that object. Councils were accordingly held, at which inflammatory speeches were made, and arms and trinkets distributed by those unprincipled emissaries. In consequence of these efforts, the hostile feelings of the savages, already sufficiently bitter, became greatly excited; and at the period of which we write, a war with the combined forces of the north-western tribes seemed inevitable.

The policy of the American government was pacific. They did not aim at conquest. They desired to extend to the savages within their borders the same justice by which their foreign relations were intended to be governed. Difficult as this proposition might seem, it was not deemed impracticable. That the enterprising and intelligent population of the United States would spread out from the seaboard over the wilderness; that the savage must retire before the civilized man; that the desert must be reclaimed from a state of nature, and be subjected to the hand of art, were propositions too evident to be concealed or denied. Had the government been disposed to perpetuate the reign of barbarism over the fairest portion of our country, it could not have enforced its decree for a purpose so inconsistent with the interests of the people, and the spirit of the age. But it never was intended that the Indian should be driven from his hunting grounds by violence; and while a necessity, strong as the law of nature, decreed the expulsion of the mere hunter, and gave dominion to art, industry, and religion, it was always proposed that the savage should be removed by negotiation, and a just price given for the relinquishment of his possessory title.

Had these counsels prevailed, humanity would have been spared the anguish and humiliation of blushing for acts of deception, and weeping over scenes of bloodshed. They did not prevail: the magnanimous policy of the government remained unaltered; but many individuals have committed deep wrongs against the savage, while the latter, misled to their ruin by foreign interference, spurned at the offers of conciliation, the acceptance of which would have insured to them the strong protection of the nation.

Such was the posture of affairs, when the little fortress alluded to was established, at the outlet of the fertile valley of the Miami, and near the track by which the war parties approached the Ohio, in their incursions into Kentucky. The position was also that selected by Judge Symmes and others, the purchasers from Congress of a large tract of country, as the site of a future city; though a trivial accident afterward changed the locality, and placed the Queen City of the West at a point twenty miles farther up the Ohio. The fort was garrisoned by a small party of soldiers, commanded by a captain, who was almost as much insulated from the rest of the world as Alexander Selkirk in the island of Juan Fernandez.

At this sequestered spot, a treaty was to be held by commissioners

appointed by the President, with the Shawanoes, a migratory and gallant nation, which had fought from South Carolina to Pennsylvania, along the whole line of the western frontier, and whose eventful history, unless it has been lately collected by an ingenious writer who is about to publish a life of Tecumthe, remains to be written. It is enough to say of them here, that no western tribe has produced so many distinguished individuals, or carried on so constant a series of daring enterprises.

For several days previous to that appointed for holding the council, parties of Indian warriors were seen arriving, and erecting their temporary lodges at a short distance from the fort. An unwonted bustle disturbed the silence which usually reigned at this retired spot. Groups of savages, surrounding their camp-fires, passed the hours in conversation and in feasting; the tramp of horses and the barking of dogs were heard in every direction. The number of Indians assembled was much greater than was necessary, or was expected; and their disposition seemed to be any thing but pacific. Irritated by recent events, and puffed up by delusive promises of support, they wore an offended and an insolent air. Their glances were vindictive, and their thirst for vengeance scarcely concealed. No one acquainted with the savage character could doubt their intentions, or hesitate for a moment to believe that they only waited to ripen their plan of treachery, and at a moment which should be most favorable to their purpose, to butcher every white man in their power.

The situation of the garrison was very precarious. The fort was a slight work, which might be readily set on fire, and the number of Americans was too small to afford the slightest chance of success in open fight against the numerous force of the Shawanoes. The only hope for safety was in keeping them at a distance; but this was inconsistent with the purpose of meeting them in council, to treat for peace.

Both parties held separate councils on the day previous to that appointed for the treaty. That of the Indians was declamatory and boisterous. The caution with which they usually feel their way, and the secrecy that attends all their measures, seem to have been abandoned. They had probably decided on their course, and deeming their enemy too weak to oppose any serious opposition, were declaiming upon their wrongs, for the purpose of lashing each other into that state of fury which would give relish for the horrid banquet at hand, by whetting the appetite for blood. The American commissioners saw with gloomy forebodings these inauspicious movements, and hesitated as to the proper course to be pursued. To treat with savages thus numerically superior, bent on treachery, and intoxicated with an expected triumph, seemed to be madness. To meet them in council, would be to place themselves at the mercy of ruthless barbarians, whose system of warfare justified and inculcated every species of stratagem, however disingenuous. To close the gate of the fortress, and break up the negotiation, would be at the same time a declaration of war, and an acknowledgment of weakness, which would produce immediate hostilities. In either case, this little band of Americans stood alone, dependent on their own courage and sagacity only, and cut off from all hope of support. They were far beyond

the reach of communication with any American post or settlement. Under these circumstances, it was proposed to postpone the treaty, upon some plausible pretence, and to endeavor to amuse the Indians, while the utmost diligence should be used in preparing the fort for a siege: and in this opinion all concurred, save one; and happily, that one was a master spirit, the Promethean fire of whose genius seldom failed to kindle up in other bosoms the courage that glowed in his own. That man was Colonel GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

Clarke was a Virginian, of high spirit, and of consummate skill as a military leader. A series of daring exploits, evincing a brilliant genius in their conception, executed with accuracy and energy, and terminating in successful results, had placed his name in the first class of our revolutionary heroes. It was said of him, by one who had followed him in battle, 'He was the bravest man I ever knew; his courage was governed by a wisdom that bore him through whatever he undertook, in security and triumph; and one could only see after the event, that it partook not of rashness nor presumption, although it bore that appearance.' The truth was, that this remarkable man, to the gallant spirit that belonged to him as a native of Virginia, added a knowledge of human nature, that enabled him to read and control the minds around him, and a promptness and energy of purpose, that no ordinary obstacle could obstruct.

Whatever might have been the real opinion of Colonel Clarke on this occasion, he treated the idea of danger with ridicule, and insisted calmly, cheerfully, even playfully, and in a way that disarmed all opposition from his colleagues, that the negotiation should go forward.

An apartment in the fort was prepared as a council-room, and at the appointed hour the doors were thrown open. At the head of the table sat Clarke, a soldier-like and majestic man, whose complexion, eyes, and hair, all indicated a sanguine and mercurial temperament. The brow was high and capacious, the features were prominent and manly; and the expression, which was keen, reflective, and ordinarily cheerful and agreeable, was now grave, almost to sternness.

The Indians, being a military people, have a deep respect for martial virtue. To other estimable or shining qualities they turn a careless eye, or pay at best but a passing tribute, while they bow in profound veneration before a successful warrior. The name of Clarke was familiar to them: several brilliant expeditions into their country had spread the terror of his arms throughout their villages, and carried the fame of his exploits to every council-fire in the West. Their high appreciation of his character was exemplified in a striking as well as an amusing manner, on another occasion, when a council was held with several tribes. The celebrated Delaware chief, Buckingahelas, on entering the council-room, without noticing any other person, walked up to Clarke, and as he shook hands cordially with him, exclaimed, 'It is a happy day when two such men as Colonel Clarke and Buckingahelas meet together!'

Such was the remarkable man who now presided at the council table. On his right hand sat Colonel Richard Butler, a brave officer of the revolution, who soon after fell, with the rank of brigadier-general, in the disastrous campaign of Saint Clair. On the other side was Samuel H. Parsons, a lawyer from New-England, who after-

ward became a judge in the north-western territory. At the same table sat the secretaries, while the interpreters, several officers, and a few soldiers, stood around.

An Indian council is usually one of the most imposing spectacles in savage life. It is one of the few occasions in which the warrior exercises his right of suffrage, his influence, and his talents, in a civil capacity, and the meeting is conducted with all the gravity, and all the ceremonious ostentation, with which it is possible to invest it. The matter to be considered, as well as all the details, are well digested before hand, so that the utmost decorum shall prevail, and the decision be unanimous. The chiefs and sages—the leaders and orators—occupy the most conspicuous seats: behind them are arranged the younger braves, and still farther in the rear appear the women and youth, as spectators. All are equally attentive. A dead silence reigns throughout the assemblage. The great pipe, gaudily adorned with paint and feathers, is lighted, and passed from mouth to mouth, commencing with the chief highest in rank, and proceeding by regular gradation to the inferior order of braves. If two or more nations be represented, the pipe is passed from one party to the other, and salutations are courteously exchanged, before the business of the council is opened by the respective speakers. Whatever jealousy or party spirit may exist in the tribe, it is carefully excluded from this dignified assemblage, whose orderly conduct, and close attention to the proper subject before them, might be imitated with profit by some of the most enlightened bodies in christendom.

It was an alarming evidence of the temper now prevailing among them, and of the brooding storm that filled their minds, that no propriety of demeanor marked the entrance of the savages into the council-room. The usual formalities were forgotten, or purposely dispensed with, and an insulting levity substituted in their place. The chiefs and braves stalked in, with an appearance of light regard, and seated themselves promiscuously on the floor, in front of the commissioners. An air of insolence marked all their movements, and showed an intention to dictate terms, or to fix a quarrel upon the Americans.

A dread silence rested over the group: it was the silence of dread, distrust, and watchfulness—not that of respect. The eyes of the savage band gloated upon the banquet of blood that seemed already spread out before them; the pillage of the fort, and the bleeding scalps of the Americans, were almost within their grasp; while that gallant little band saw the portentous nature of the crisis, and stood ready to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The commissioners, without noticing the disorderly conduct of the other party, or appearing to have discovered their meditated treachery, opened the council in due form. They lighted the peace-pipe, and after drawing a few whiffs, passed it to the chiefs, who received it. Colonel Clarke then arose, to explain the purpose for which the treaty was ordered. With an unembarrassed air, with the tone of one accustomed to command, and the easy assurance of perfect security and self-possession, he stated that the commissioners had been sent to offer peace to the Shawanoes; that the President had no wish to continue the war; he had no resentment to gratify; and,

that if the red men desired peace, they could have it, on liberal terms. 'If such be the will of the Shawanoes,' he concluded, 'let some of their wise men speak.'

A chief arose, drew up his tall person to its full height, and assuming a haughty attitude, threw his eye contemptuously over the commissioners and their small retinue, as if to measure their insignificance in comparison with his own numerous train, and then stalking up to the table, threw upon it two belts of wampum, of different colors — the *war* and the *peace* belt.

'We come here,' he exclaimed, 'to offer you two pieces of wampum: they are of different colors; you know what they mean: you can take which you like!' And turning upon his heel, he resumed his seat.

The chiefs drew themselves up, in the consciousness of having hurled defiance in the teeth of the white men. They had offered an insult to the renowned leader of the Long Knives, to which they knew it would be hard for him to submit, while they did not suppose he would dare to resent it. The council-pipe was laid aside, and those fierce wild men gazed intently on Clarke. The Americans saw that the crisis had arrived: they could no longer doubt that the Indians understood the advantage they possessed, and were disposed to use it; and a common sense of danger caused each eye to be turned on the leading commissioner. He sat undisturbed, and apparently careless, until the chief who had thrown the belts on the table had taken his seat: then, with a small cane which he held in his hand, he reached, as if playfully, toward the war-belt, entangled the end of the stick in it, drew it toward him, and then with a twitch of the cane, threw the belt into the midst of the chiefs. The effect was electric. Every man in council, of each party, sprang to his feet; the savages, with a loud exclamation of astonishment, 'Hugh!' the Americans in expectation of a hopeless conflict, against overwhelming numbers. Every hand grasped a weapon.

Clarke alone was unawed. The expression of his countenance changed to a ferocious sternness, and his eye flashed, but otherwise he was unmoved. A bitter smile was slightly perceptible upon his compressed lips, as he gazed upon that savage band, whose hundred eyes were bent fiercely and in horrid exultation upon him, as they stood like a pack of wolves at bay, thirsting for blood, and ready to rush upon him, whenever one bolder than the rest should commence the attack. It was one of those moments of indecision, when the slightest weight thrown into either scale will make it preponderate; a moment in which a bold man, conversant with the secret springs of human action, may seize upon the minds of all around him, and sway them at his will. Such a man was the intrepid Virginian. He spoke, and there was no man bold enough to gainsay him — none that could return the fierce glance of his eye. Raising his arm, and waving his hand toward the door, he exclaimed: '*Dogs! you may go!*' The Indians hesitated for a moment, and then rushed tumultuously out of the council-room.

The decision of Clarke, on that occasion, saved himself and his companions from massacre. The plan of the savages had been artfully laid: he had read it in their features and conduct, as plainly as

if it had been written upon a scroll before him. He met it in a manner which was unexpected; the crisis was brought on sooner than was intended; and upon a principle similar to that by which, when a line of battle is broken, the dismayed troops fly, before order can be restored, the new and sudden turn given to these proceedings by the energy of Clarke, confounded the Indians, and before the broken thread of their scheme of treachery could be reunited, they were panic-struck. They had come prepared to brow-beat, to humble, and then to destroy: they looked for remonstrance, and altercation; for the luxury of drawing the toils gradually around their victims; of beholding their agony and degradation, and of bringing on the final catastrophe by an appointed signal, when the scheme should be ripe. They expected to see on our part great caution, a skilful playing off, and an unwillingness to take offence, which were to be gradually goaded into alarm, irritation, and submission. The cool contempt with which their first insult was thrown back in their teeth surprised them, and they were foiled by the self-possession of one man. They had no Tecumthe among them, no master-spirit, to change the plan, so as to adapt it to a new exigency; and those braves, who in many a battle had shown themselves to be men of true valor, quailed before the moral superiority which assumed the vantage ground of a position they could not comprehend, and therefore feared to assail.

The Indians met immediately around their own council-fire, and engaged in an animated discussion. Accustomed to a cautious warfare, they did not suppose a man of Colonel Clarke's known sagacity would venture upon a display of mere gasconade, or assume any ground that he was not able to maintain; and they therefore attributed his conduct to a consciousness of strength. They knew him to be a consummate warrior; gave him the credit of having judiciously measured his own power with that of his adversary; and suspected that a powerful reinforcement was at hand. Perhaps at that moment, when intent upon their own scheme, and thrown off their guard by imagined security, they had neglected the ordinary precautions that form a prominent feature in their system of tactics: they might be surrounded by a concealed force, ready to rush upon them at a signal from the fort. In their eagerness to entrap a foe, they might have blindly become entangled in a snare set for themselves. So fully were they convinced that such was the relative position of the two parties, and so urgent did they consider the necessity for immediate conciliation, that they appointed a delegation to wait on Clarke, and express their willingness to accept peace on his own terms. The council réassembled, and a treaty was signed, under the dictation of the American commissioners. Such was the remarkable result of the intrepidity and presence of mind of **GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE**.

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PERSECUTION.

RIPE persecution, like the plant  
Whose nascence Mocha boasted,  
Some bitter fruit produced, whose worth  
Was never known, till roasted.

## S A I N T M A U R .

THE following lines were suggested by an incident narrated in the *ms. Journal* of a friend, to whom the story, as here described, was related, while the journalist was detained by an accident to his post-chaise, some years since, upon that thoroughfare of Parisian fashion, the avenue to the 'Bois de Boulogne,' within half a league of the gates of Paris, and in sight of the 'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.' If the writer's memory serves him, the name of the assassin, as well as the fact of the victim's surviving the death-blow long enough to have revealed its object, had it not paralyzed his utterance, are both authentic.

It was a day of joy, that day when first  
 Boulogne's dark woods lay stretch'd before my eyes,  
 And my mind knew the dreams it long had nursed  
 In secret, would become realities.  
 Visions of Pleasure, such as Paris offers  
 The lightsome heart that joys in well-filled coffers,  
 Became to Fancy's eye each moment clearer,  
 As wheels, with rapid motion, brought me nearer.  
 These waking dreams of youth are pleasant things,  
 When the mind soars aloft on its own wings;  
 The present and the past alike forgot,  
 And for a time sunk in the future lot.  
 But axles break — and visions fade away;  
 Matter wears out, why should not mind decay?  
 In faithless wheels I put too firm a trust,  
 And with them my dream-castles fell — to dust!

I woke: and heard the rude postillion, wroth  
 At such mishap, breathe forth that filthy oath  
 Which travellers oft in France are doomed to hear,  
 And which sounds strangely to a modest ear:  
 That oath which once upon a time, (I learn  
 The anecdote from laughter-loving Sterne,)  
 When stubborn mules refused to go — an abbess,  
 Divided vainly with a blushing novice:  
 The word whose virtue mules declin'd to feel,  
 Could scarce avail to mend a broken wheel:  
 And Monsieur Jean was, spite of swearing, fain  
 To lift his crazy vehicle again,  
 As best he might; with the wild hope to win  
 The gates of Paris ere the night set in.

The steeds were disengaged. I said:  
 'Behold, my friend, yon mansion painted red,  
 Which peeps out from behind its woody screen,  
 Like a young bride, that blushes to be seen:  
 Go seek its door; from its in-dwellers ask  
 What aid is needed to assist thy task.'

The man of jack-boots, jockey-cap, and whip,  
 On the lone house threw a quick glance of fear;  
 A strange convulsion twisted his thin lip,  
 And his shrugged shoulder mounted to his ear:  
 'That house, pardieu, will yield no help to-day;  
 Its hearth is cold, its tenants far away:  
 Some at the gallies drag a galling chain,  
 Others in dungeon dark and cold remain;  
 For some, (more happy) the saw-dust was spread  
 Within that box, which holds the sever'd head,  
 When the sharp blade 'neath which poor Louis knelt,  
 Gives to a knave the stroke a king hath felt:  
 And even if some ruffian were within,  
 To ope the portal of this den of sin,  
 Not mine the hand, nor mine the voice, I swear,  
 To press the latch, or ask assistance there!  
 'You make me curious: 'Then, Sir, listen further —  
 That house is stain'd by many a foul murder:

And could its walls of dusky red but speak,  
 They 'd tell you blood had sprinkled them last week.  
 There were two brothers, born of the same mother,  
 The one a strong and handsome lad ; the other,  
 And the elder, small, and pale, and thin,  
 But with an eye that showed he had within  
 A burning spirit, to its strength awake,  
 Whose settled purpose man nor God could shake.  
 Such spirits ever find or force their way  
 Through this our world, where courage bears the sway ;  
 Where the weak bends before the stronger will,  
 And mind o'er matter proves victorious still.  
 'T was said these brothers came of lofty birth,  
 A thing of small account now on this earth,  
 Since Time hath proved, over and o'er again,  
 That kings and nobles *bleed*, like common men ;  
 And that the blood which fills their veins of blue,  
 Is like the beggar's — of the same red hue.

'But to return: nor rich nor poor were they,  
 And yet dependant on laborious day :  
 Theirs was that middle station, oft the best  
 For him who 'd keep a peaceful, virtuous breast.  
 Yet little virtue was there in Saint Maur,  
 Unless 't were courage — *that* was running o'er ;  
 Vicious himself, he spared no pains t' entice  
 Others to enter in the road to vice ;  
 And the first heart o'er which his blight had pass'd ;  
 Was his young brother's : — victim *first* and *last*.  
 To rob a miser, or defraud his heir,  
 To bring to ruin a confiding fair,  
 And where hope bloom'd, to plant the thorn despair,  
 Such were St. Maur's secret, sole delight ;  
 His thought by day, perchance his dream by night ;  
 For when a man gives heart and soul to schemes  
 Of guilt like these, they taint his very dreams.  
 Oft in this mansion would the brothers meet,  
 To hatch their wicked plots of dark deceit ;  
 For 'mong the desperate and deluded band  
 That herded here, were men of heart and hand ;  
 And St. Maur's plans were such, he felt not loth  
 To give a sad employment unto both.

'One eve the brothers met, as wont to do,  
 And hand press'd hand, and smile to smile replied ;  
 Each brow was smooth — unwrinkled, to the view,  
 Nor seem'd there aught that either wished to hide.  
 They spoke together long and low ; the tone  
 Of little interest, and no ear had known,  
 From the soft sound, their converse of that kind  
 Which stirs the heart, or deeply moves the mind.  
 They ceased at last : the younger turn'd him round,  
 When lo ! his brother struck him to the ground !  
 Above the collar-bone fell the sharp dagger-stroke,  
 And though he lived awhile, the victim never spoke !'

Such was the tale that my postillion told,  
 As with slow pace the broken carriage rolled  
 Toward the wide-famous city. The dark story wrought  
 On my imagination, and its workings brought  
 The following links of scarce connected thought :  
 'T was but a single stab — nor can we know  
 What hidden motive led to this sure blow ;  
 Their bond had been, community of crime,  
 And like all other bonds, the hand of Time,  
 Or strong Necessity, will strain and break it,  
 However strong the makers strive to make it.  
 Perchance young Abel was a weaker brother,  
 Prompt to reveal the tale of mutual guilt :  
 And thus the modern Cain was forced to smother  
 This revelation in the blood he spilt.  
 Perchance the glory of an ancient name



Would have been withered by the touch of shame,  
 Had not, (to save what's dearer far than life,)  
 The noble wearer interposed his knife;  
 And to preserve that reputation good,  
 Dipp'd, without pausing, hands and soul in blood.  
 Men are strange creatures, and the human breast  
 A riddle, not o'er easy to be guessed;  
 But yet each action has, or ought to have,  
 Some parent motive, be it light or grave.  
 Each passion, feeling, which the mind doth move,  
 Hatred or friendship, jealousy or love,  
 The wish to shine in war or in debate,  
 To gain a fortune, or to rule a state,  
 The taste for science, or for sweet romance,  
 These are the strings which make the puppets dance;  
 Pulled by strange Demon, hid behind a cloud,  
 Who at each motion laughs, and laughs aloud.  
 The wire that moved St. Maur perhaps was hate;  
 The hand that pulled it was the hand of FATE.

I saw the criminal stand forth at trial;  
 He offered no excuse, made no denial:  
 He heard the witnesses — the judges speak  
 The law's dread sentence, with unchanging cheek:  
 To question of the past, he dignified no reply;  
 His crime, its cause, are wrapp'd in mystery.  
 I saw him on the scaffold; looking down  
 As coldly on the blade that near him shone,  
 As if it did not shine for him that day:  
 And when the priest besought him still to pray,  
 To fix his last thoughts on eternity,  
 He said: 'Old man, I cannot dream like thee!'

J. K. A.

New-York, October, 1840.

## HOW MUCH MAY HANG UPON A HAT.

A SKETCH: BY A. C. AIRSWORTH.

THE present may be termed the 'Singular Age;' one wherein mighty events flow from the smallest causes, and myriad destinies turn upon a point. If it be half impossible to fancy that the laws which rule the system of the heavenly bodies were founded on principles traced in the fall of an apple, few I imagine can conceive how the earthly fate of a 'young gentleman about town' was made to hang upon a hat.

The hat was a silk hat, yet a good hat, and of an exquisite shape. You would sport such in Broadway or in Bond-street, but *not* at a pic-nic, nor on a trout-ing excursion. I know not if the hat were purchased of Gury, or Crossman, or our inimitable Gossip; but this I know, it adorned a *crown* full as much as Prince Albert did, with his brave 'Drive on!' after the attempt of the Oxford pot-boy.

New-Orleans, among other things, is celebrated for the elegance and ease of its society; and our young gentleman being fond of life, and moreover having some 'deposits' still unremoved, mingled much in the gay world around him. With considerable stamina of mind, he affected dandyism a little, and was well received wherever he went: among the men an oracle — with the ladies a delight. He

dressed in the perfection of style. His coat was cut *à la Stodham*, and you would think him *born* with boots on, they fitted his feet so closely. He breathed the flute as those only breathe it who possess high feeling; talked French, (but that's *expected* here;) quoted Tom Moore's *new* songs; knew the language of flowers; pitied poor Keats, and cursed his critics, and was *au fait* in Kant's philosophy. In any other city than this, I would speak of his dancing. Here, of course, he waltzed, galloped, and mazurka'd, to the point of perfection. The 'cachucha' had n't then been introduced into American *salons*. You could name no novel which our young gentleman had not read. He even confessed to 'Falkland,' and the 'Roué,' though in principle no Leslie. His taste in music was entirely delicate, and he was at the opera three nights in the week. Could such a young man remain unnoticed? By no means! Whatever he did, was termed 'magnificent,' and wherever he went, he was pronounced 'superb.' Half of the girls in town thought of his *rénommée*, and many a married woman, as he passed the balcony where she stood, looked less fondly on her children — 'pledges of love,' I think they call them. Our young gentleman was thereby vain: vain people possess *hauteur*; and Stepton Camié ('t is time he had a name,) soon disdained to notice any gentleman beyond a glance, or greet a lady with more than the shadow of an aristocratic smile.

One lovely morning in autumn saw him at the Cathedral. As usual at High Mass, it was graced by entrancing *Créoles*, of all ages; from the innocent child, with sunlight imprisoned in its curling hair, to the budding maiden, with heaven in her heart, and the mother, mellow and dignified, in the ripeness of life's September. It was a sight never to be forgotten by a northern stranger, though neglected often by our young men, who may witness it whenever they like. The solemn chant of the priests, the clouds of heavy incense, and the rich tones of the organ, added to that interest so pleasantly excited by religious service, were resistless in their influence; and the heart, even if not bound by thoughts of heaven, was in danger of sweet captivity by the thralls of earth. But Camié went only to be admired. It was a passion with him to mark how many girls lost their places in the prayer-book, or forgot some form of service, as he passed along the sombre aisles. His heart throbbed with satisfaction, as he caught from under a veil the glance of some full and furtive eye, while the taper fingers of its owner trembled among the beads of her costly rosary. It was no longer his destiny, however, to roam unscathed. That 'insatiate archer,' Cupid, (not Death,) was about piercing the flimsy net-work armor woven by a false philosophy, and gilded with a falser pride. There is a retribution in love, as in crime; and he who had wandered over the world, bruising hearts and starting tears, was soon to experience some of the pangs he had both caused and scorned.

In the farthest corner of the cathedral, near the eastern door, and directly confronting an exquisite head of the Saviour, kneeled a most fairy creature. She was robed in *demi-deuil*, but in the extreme of fashion, while her bending and slender form, and her hair of luxuriant black, showed her a *Créole*. She was so closely veiled, that a finely-marked profile could alone be seen; but that was beautiful:

while her round, white fingers, mated in prayer, spoke as plainly as words, of aristocratic blood. Altogether, she was one with whom such clusters of outward charms rarely dwell; and Mr. Stepton Camié glanced, then gazed at her, and finally gasped! It was an era in his life; and as his fopling friend Mr. James Augustus very prettily remarked, 'he believed that fellow-à, Step-ton, was à-struck.'

Camié strove to gain the beauty's eye, but she seemed not to know that others beside herself were in the church. Her gaze was bent, now on the Virgin, now on her book; and after wishing himself sometimes a prayer-missal, then a rosary, and finally a priest, (only for a moment,) Mr. Stepton Camié bounced out of the cathedral in a very ungentlemanly rage, and bounced into the Place d'Armes.

The 'Louisiana Legion,' than which no finer corps exists in America, was under review. It was the eighth of November, and a day born of brightness. The muskets and lances of soldiery gleamed, and officer's swords flashed in the sun; artillery was being fired, park after park; horses were prancing, gaily caparisoned, while Albert Stein's fountain in the centre was *trying* to play its jets d'eau gallantly into the air. The Place was full of garishly-dressed people, all ranged under that celebrated general, 'General Delight.' Under the influence of these changing views, the kaleidoscope of his mind presented at last a calm tableau; and while musing a moment under the fading leaves of the elm-trees, Camié's feelings of admiration returned. Penitent-like, he sauntered back into the church; but repentance, as often happens, came quite too late. The lady was gone. Vacancy reigned where kneeled that luxuriant beauty, though many a contrite devotee prayed in the vicinity. It seemed as if the touch of her purple cassock had sanctified the marble.

Camié noted not the many eyes which followed his wayward movements, nor cared for the homage rising from many a female heart. For the first time in his life, he felt dependent on another, and in his own person proved how 'sharper than a serpent's tooth' is the bite of the demon Passion. Sallying out, heedless of a fine passage from 'Il Puritani' now breathing from the organ, he stole to his chambers. Not exactly in a mood for mathematics, he took up Moore; but the mellow rhapsodies once so quoted, now seemed more vapid and heartless than ever. When he read them formerly, he knew too little of love; now he knew too much. In this way, I fear, 'my friend' Moore loses many admirers. I need not pursue the description of Camié's symptoms: the reader will remember seeing them in a hundred novels. One young gentleman went so often to the cathedral, however, that people thought him a Catholic in very truth; and somebody wrote to his sister at the north of this change in his creed; at which, of course, she was much shocked, while his good old Puritau father threatened to disinherit him for the crime. But with all his devotion, mock or real, Camié failed to meet again the angel whose roseate wings had fanned his heart to flame.

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At a party in Carondelet-street, that fashionable *quartier* of New-Orleans, given by a wealthy merchant, every body of any pretension to *ton* was found; and Stepton Camié of course. Pen may not fully portray the elegance of the rooms, the costly and antique paintings,

the rare fruits and rich vases, the blooming women in the musical saloon, or the crowd in the crush-room; how Miss Nosebeak was forced into a corner, whence she could not escape to annoy the gay world with her *cancan*, or how her 'talented brother' leaned in musing mood against the marble Napoleon, and was the admired of all. Enough is it to say, that the *réunion* was worthy the wealth of the host, and quite the pleasantest we had during the winter of 183—.

Camié had affected society more than ever, after his adventure at the cathedral, hoping in some fashionable resort to meet his 'mystérieuse': but she seemed to have no being save in his agitated heart. As he entered the broad door of the principal hall, on the night referred to, this thought with him was forcible: 'I shall find her here. If in the city, she *cannot* avoid a *soirée* so pleasant and *recherchée*.' Mr. Camié was in error. She *was* in the city, and was not at ——'s party.

After elbowing his way from one room to another, taking a blanc-mange here, a cream there, and sipping a glass of tokay with Mr. James Augustus, Camié found himself hat in hand, ready to depart. He left without regret those 'halls of dazzling light,' as well as that brilliant waltz, 'Les Bienveillantes,' which the orchestra were then playing: the gentle lurer was not there, to flash back the lustres of the one, nor float amid the mazes of the other. He wended his way homeward alone. It was cool. The stars shone like diamonds on the blue robe of the midnight, but he heeded them not. The eyes of his heart were on a more gorgeous planet, as it glittered through the rosy atmosphere of his dreaming fancy.

Next morning Camié 'toiletted' as usual, save that he was more elaborate and precise. His valet shaved him 'two days below the skin'; his hair was loosely curled; the slight odor of Mouselle was around him, and his small hands were particularly blanched with *farine de noisettes*. Some prescience must have told him that this day was to be marked in his calendar. His toilet closed, he lifted daintily his hat, and drawing on his cream-tinted gloves, stepped out.

That night they were to give 'La Gazza Ladra,' 'La Pie Voleuse,' at the French theatre, and Camié sauntered down Royal into Orleans-street, to get his ticket at the box-office. Colin was very polite and very agreeable, and detained him pleasantly in conversation for a little time. It was not long, however, before he felt, while returning home, a severe pain in the head. The reader may suppose it natural, after a man had been to a *réunion*. With *most* people, yes—but not with Camié, who in the matter of drinking was delicate as a lady. The pain, therefore, alarmed him; and taking off his hat, he discovered for the first time a miniature likeness of Louis Philippe in the crown. Here then, the matter was brought to a *head*. He had picked up some Frenchman's hat, the evening before, instead of his own, and now found it too small for him. When he got home, Gorom, his valet, went to the hatter's for another, and the 'chapeau volé' was laid on the shelf.

This little circumstance was nearly forgotten, when Camié one morning encountered the following amiable notice in one of the French papers:

'The individual who, at the late party, abstracted a hat with a likeness of Louis

Phillippe in the crown, is informed that if he do not transmit it to No. —, before twelve o'clock, M. this day, his name will be exposed, and he branded as 'no gentleman,' at the — Exchange.

'LE MOTRIENNE.'

Mr. Stepton Camié became something like a roaring lion, on perusing this paragraph. Inadvertently he had shown the 'crown-king' to some of his 'dear five hundred friends,' one of them an envious man, and a great tattler. He little doubted his agency in communicating his name, but chose first, for punishment, the signer of the offensive paragraph. There is only one way of arranging these little matters in New-Orleans; and Camié, not liking the proposed *conjunction* in reference to his name, took steps for throwing in an *interjection*.

'Gorom, this way!' said Stepton.

Gorom came noiselessly, as a gentleman's valet should.

'How are my pistols?'

'Perfect, Sir; and entirely ready in the rose-wood case.'

'And the swords?'

'Libeau pointed them anew, last week.'

'Bring the pistols, Gorom, and mind, do n't jar the triggers.'

The pistols came. Camié looked at them, half with the eye of affection, half with the glance of a connoisseur.

Just at this moment Mr. James Augustus came into the room, highly perfumed, and with the airy step of a dancing-master.

'I've seen a pretty 'Notice' this morning, said he, 'and I see pistols: put that and that together! Enough said: when do you fight?'

'In less than twenty-four hours, I hope,' said Camié: 'when are you at leisure?'

'As soon as I finish my call on Miss Blossom: she goes to Havana to-morrow, and I *must* see her to-day; she's rich;' and away skipped Mr. James Augustus.

EXACTLY at a quarter to noon that day, Mr. Camié entered the Exchange. A large crowd had gathered, for nothing love people more, than to see misery or disgrace visited upon their fellows. He soon discovered among a coterie of Frenchmen, an irascible-looking, middle-aged gentleman, pouring forth a small Niagara of half-chewed languages, and now and then gesturing violently with a hat. This then was the Mons. 'Le Motrienne,' for Camié knew his own hat at a glance. And well he might, since so much was afterward to hang upon it. By the by, reader, doubtless you have noticed how every man's head gives a 'form and pressure' of peculiar stamp to his own chapeau. Is there one of you could fail to tell his father's hat amid a crowd of pilgrims at the ruins of Palmyra?

When the clock of the Exchange sounded noon, and the noise in the rotunda had a little ceased, Camié walked quietly up to the voluble 'Le Motrienne,' and addressed him as follows, in a soft tone:

'Je me suis aperçu ce matin, Mons., d'un article dans une des gazettes, que vous avez perdu un chapeau favorit.'

'Oui; c'est ça Mons.,' was the supercilious reply.

'Est ce que celui-ci est le votre ?' demanded Camié, showing him Louis Philippe in the crown of the one he held in his hand.

'Sans doute, Monsieur ; il m'appartient.'

'Eh bien !' said Camié, 'ayez-la bouté de reprendre votre chapeau, et à même temps de recevoir cette insulte ;' flinging, as he finished, his glove in the Frenchman's face.

The countenance of the latter reddened at this unexpected turn of the affair, and then, with the exception of a small red spot in either cheek, became excessively pale. He said nothing, however ; and for once a Frenchman controlled his temper. The crowd soon dispersed, each of the actors in the late scene having his partisans. Camié received a cartel in an hour afterward, and named the Bayou Road, with pistols, at eight paces, at seven o'clock next morning, as the place and time where Monsieur could amuse himself for a few minutes.

It was a chilly morning. Heavy clouds lingered in the sluggish air, and a drizzling rain, which had been falling all night, rendered that Hoboken of New-Orleans, the Bayou Road, not the most interesting spot in the world. Fogs also hung low over the neighboring marshes, and with the rain-drops which still trembled upon the tree-boughs, in morning's uncertain light, seemed ready to furnish both tears and a mantle for him who might fall at that lonely hour.

At twenty minutes to seven o'clock, Mr. Camié arrived, in his plain carriage. Mr. James Augustus, and an eagle-eyed surgeon, were with him. Le Motrienne, with his friends, were already on the ground, the former looking rather blue ; but the lead-colored weather had caused that, since Le Motrienne was a brave man on the *trac* 'field of honor ;' having fought under Napoleon, and worn the Cross of the Legion. The usual arrangements were made quietly, and the parties took their places just as the repeaters of the surgeons struck seven. The privilege of word had been won by the second of Le Motrienne, who in a distinct tone pronounced the eventful

'Etes vous prêts : Feu ! Un — deux — trois !'

At the word 'deux,' Camié fired. When the smoke from his pistol cleared away, he saw Le Motrienne, in a leaning position, in the arms of his friend ; while the surgeon was busy cutting away the ragged portions of his coat-sleeve. It turned out, that his ball had shattered the right elbow of his opponent, passing up the arm, and lodging in the after part of the shoulder. He immediately approached Le Motrienne, who had fainted, and directed his own surgeon to assist, if required. This politeness was graciously accepted, and a few minutes only elapsed, before a circulation of blood was effected, and the arm of the wounded man sufficiently bandaged to allow his return to the city.

The seconds, after consultation, pronounced the affair honorably closed ; pistols and practitioners were snugly packed in their respective carriages ; and the whole party returned about nine o'clock. It may be well to mention, in passing, that Le Motrienne's pistol was found discharged, about seven paces to the rear of his position. Whether

fired by the impulse given his arm when the ball struck it, or at what stage of the proceedings, cannot of course be known. Le Motrienne does not remember pulling trigger, but asserts that when he was hit, his aim upon Mr. Camié was '*certain, et parfaitement délicieux*.'

The day following, Camié called to inquire after Le Motrienne's health. He was not admitted, though the servant compromised his master, by carrying him Camié's card before he made answer. The message finally returned, was, that as the 'patient was in much pain, the physician's orders were positive against the reception of visitors.' Stepton did not feel sure that this refusal to see him was thus rationally founded, though probability was in its favor; for Le Motrienne enjoyed the reputation of being very rich, very haughty, and sufficiently aristocratic. Compromising with his own pride, which forbade his second visit, Camié sent Gorom each morning, with his 'card and inquiries.' Whether Le Motrienne was touched by this generous conduct in a foe, or the surgeon had given him an inkling of Stepton's family and character, certain it is, that on the seventh morning after the duel, Stepton Camié received a note. At first he flung it aside carelessly upon his dressing-table; for to him a billet-doux was a frequent matter, and he cared therefore little for *poulets*, so long as the divine object of his search was unfound. A second thought, however, induced him to take it up, when he saw that the seal, the superscription, and even the odour of the note, were unfamiliar. He opened it. It was in French, and delicately penned, as well as prettily conceived. It contained an invitation from Le Motrienne to call at his earliest leisure.

Camié jumped into his carriage, and was soon at the door. The house was one of those old Spanish edifices, once so common in New-Orleans, but few of which have resisted modern innovation. Stepton's ring at the door was immediately responded to by a pretty quatroom servant, and he was ushered up a broad flight of low mahogany stairs into a spacious *salon*. A heavy but antique chandelier hung from the fretted ceiling; the walls were lined with paintings from the old masters, with the exception of either end of the hall, which was mirrored, richly. Through four high, wide windows in front, the light came in, in a flood; tempered judiciously, however, with heavy curtains of fawn and crimson damask. The massive chairs and luxurious ottomans were in fine keeping, while statues in classic groups, and mantel-ornaments of *ormolu*, discovered that infinite taste which an ample fortune can alone display. A Baden piano was standing open, with a sheet of the last music upon the supporter; and in a rose-wood rack at the end, were operas, sonatas, and other difficult compositions.

Camié had hardly glanced at all this, much less had time to study an old Murillo, which hung near him, when the door of a semi-circular boudoir was thrown open, and a lady, attended by a female slave, entered the room. Since her birth, the autumn tints could hardly have succeeded summer's lustre more than eighteen times. She was tall and princess-like, with a brow whereon nobility sat enthroned, and a face that would have crazed Apelles. She was beauty's *beau idéal*. The warm lustre of the south was on her cheek, and the rose-leaf lived upon her lips. Add to this, that her eyes were dark and dreamy; with long lashes upon the lily lids, which rose and fell like

willows lifting to the wind, and you have a slight idea of Mélonie Malorie. Stepton started : it was his goddess of the Cathedral !

‘I am glad you are come so soon,’ said she, in a voice whose tone was like the sunrise melody of Memnon : ‘my uncle has been anxious to see you.’

Camié bowed, but said nothing articulate. He could as soon have lifted the world, without a fulcrum for his lever.

‘Amina will show you to my uncle’s room,’ said the same delicious voice. Camié followed the servant mechanically, like a man walking in sleep.

‘How I like his *sensitiveness*,’ said Mélonie to herself, after Stepton left the saloon : ‘he evidently feels chagrined at the unhappy result of that foolish duel : poor fellow ! when he saw me, doubtless he thought how near he was depriving me of my sole, dear protector. Ah, no wonder he knew not what to say.’

It is often said that women are coquettish, and vain. I was told so yesterday, by Bob Trifle, who had just been refused by a girl whom he addressed for her money : yet *my* impression is totally different. Women are not, in truth, conscious of half the conquests they make ; conquests attended by impressions that last through life. Many a female goes through the world laughing, and *sans souci*, nor knows of the captives who daily prostrate themselves before the juggernaut of her charms.

The idea that *she* had aught to do with Camié’s abstraction, never entered Mélonie’s mind. Educated at the convent in Paroisse St. Jacques, about ninety miles above the city, she had seen little of the world, and knew by books only some of the prominences of human character. She loved Le Motrienne, who was her uncle on the mother’s side, and was fond of her gray-hound Pétrie. She was happy when reading to the one, or playing tenderly with the other. This was all she had felt of love, ‘*la grande passion de la vie*.’ Her days had thus far flowed onward like a stream through the trailing grass ; silently, and without a ripple.

After passing through a shaded corridor, into which many doors opened on either hand, Amina showed him the entrance to a library. Le Motrienne was the first object discovered. He was seated in a ‘falling-chair,’ luxuriously stuffed, and richly covered with green velvet. His arm was in a sling, and he was reclining on his left side, owing to the wound, still painful, in his right shoulder. His fairly chiselled features were pale, though a slight glow overspread them in a moment after Camié entered.

‘You will excuse my rising,’ said Le Motrienne, with that ‘*politesse*’ which a Frenchman never forgets. ‘The physician, who has just gone, tells me I am well seated on my throne, and need not abdicate just now. Pray you take the purple ottoman. I am happy to see you.’

Stepton inclined, at these pleasant words ; pressed the invalid’s thin and wasted hand ; hoped he was out of danger, and had confidence in his surgeon ; told him the *cancan* and *on dits* of the day ; and talked of Louis Philippe and the politics of Europe.

‘As to Louis Philippe,’ said Le Motrienne, ‘I have done with



him ; but he ought to stand high in *your* estimation, since you gave a *ball* on his account.'

Stepton smiled not at this remark : since seeing the niece, he regretted having shot the uncle.

'Nothing, much,' as the saying is, passed at the interview. No important designs were unfolded ; no thrilling propositions evolved. Le Motrienne had sent for Camié, solely to assure him he had acted as an insulted man should, and that he himself had suffered as his *brusquerie* deserved. He begged Stepton to number him on his 'list of friends,' and pressed him to visit his house on an intimate footing, whenever leisure permitted.

Camié saw no person save the female slave, as he went out of this temple of hope. His brain was in a whirl of joy, and his heart in a whirl of passion. He was driven to his lodgings, and came out of the carriage a changed man. No longer the fopling, and the parasite of fashion, his spirit was sterner, and his thoughts more manly. He had now a destiny to work out ; an object to accomplish ; an aim to reach. He buckled on his sandal shoon, and took the pilgrim-staff of high enterprise, determined to win the maiden who stood in his eyes like an illuminated figure of Hope, beckoning him from the gloom with which he was surrounded. Yet with all his sternness, he was sometimes a dreamer in utmost wildness, seeing naught amid his golden phantasies but Mélonie's form, bright and radiant as a magician's star.

It were perhaps needless to note that loom of Time, wherein two young and trusting spirits wove in one bright web their coming fates. 'The South,' fair land ! is as rapid in harvest, as luxuriant in verdure ; and it was scarcely two months, ere one might see, on the Metairie Road, an open chocolate-stained landau, drawn by 'deep blacks,' and containing none other than Le Motrienne, Mélonie, and Mr. Stepton Camié. I do not imagine that Mr. James Augustus ever was of the party. At least, I never saw him : he was not of the *clique*.

When the orange trees of Louisiana presented their blossoms, the first bloom of the season was placed by Camié amid Mélonie's clouding hair. He was her betrothed.

Two weeks ago, I dined with Stepton Camié, *en famille*. A bride was opposite to him at table, beautiful and blushing. I knew not *her* thoughts ; but it was with an admissible pride, when the cloth was removed, that Camié pointed to her, in solution of the problem 'HOW MUCH MAY HANG UPON A HAT !'

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WOMEN : A PROMISE.

THE men, I know, have many faults,  
 Yet women have but two ;  
 There's nothing right they ever say,  
 And all is wrong they do :  
 And lest you think the other way,  
 I'll ere long prove it true.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## I.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

## II.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

## III.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes  
When the evening sun is low.

## IV.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

## V.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

## VI.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
A tear from out his eyes.

## VII.

Toiling — rejoicing — sorrowing —  
Onward through life he goes :  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted — something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

## VIII.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of Life,  
Our fortunes must be wrought,  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

## EXTRACT FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

OUR nice travelling chariot, with all its trunks, cases, pockets, down-cushions, and delightful appliances, that we had thought such a purchase two days before at Frankfort, gave out just as we approached Heidelberg. One of the axle-trees heated, the wheel refused to turn round, and for two hours we were standing in the road, surrounded by peasantry that the postillion had assembled together, endeavoring to get the wheel off, pouring cold water upon it, and talking to us and about us in an unknown tongue; for although my friend and myself mustered five modern languages, *German* unfortunately was not one of them, and we knew nothing whatever of the *patois* of these honest people.

After consultation with a mechanic at Heidelberg, and finding that the defect was not to be remedied there without great delay, we resolved upon a partial repair, and to return as best we might to Frankfort and seek redress from the warranty of the party of whom we had bought the vehicle. We paid our visit to the incomparable ruins of the castle, and then proceeded to retrace our steps; and examining our wheels at every post-house, reached the *Hotel d'Angleterre* at Frankfort at the close of day in August last.

It is always depressing to be turned back upon one's path; and these reclamations and bargainings for redress are the most uncomfortable things in the world; so that M. and I looked blank at one another as we entered again the streets of that busy mart. We determined to say nothing of the matter until morning, and I longed heartily for some refreshment that should banish it altogether from my mind in the mean time.

'Is there no music in Frankfort to-night?' I inquired.

'I beg your pardon,' was the reply; 'there is, the *finest*. Monsieur LISZT, the pianist, performs this evening at the theatre.'

'Is it far from this?'

'Quite the contrary, fortunately, for the performances must have begun.'

'Show me the way.'

In a few minutes I had passed through the boxes into the pit of a small theatre. It was well filled, and yet the number of performers and amateurs on the stage seemed hardly less than that of the audience. The entertainment had opened, and was continued for some time with alternate instrumental and vocal music. The latter was composed of those strong, *brassy*, male voices, that satisfy the ear by their correctness and force perhaps, but make no approach toward the heart.

There was then a pause of some minutes, and a movement of expectation throughout the house; and presently a pale-faced, light-complexioned, loosely-constructed middle-aged person made his way through the artists and assistants, saluted the audience in a shambling and *gauche* manner, and seated himself without notes at a piano that was near the front of the stage.

Until he reached the side of this instrument, he seemed like *part*

of a man, wanting support and confidence ; but as he took his place, the existence became complete, and joy passed over his countenance as he laid his hand upon the keys. It was one of the faces of Thorwaldsen, an express indication of the deep interior spirit ; and expectation rose high when the piano breathed as it were under his touch. He ran through a delicious voluntary, that there might be no doubt of the exactness of each note, and we all felt the perfection of his *fingering* ; clear, distinct, round, precious, full — a shower of pearls upon a table of porphyry.

It was now all stillness, the intense stillness of watchfulness, throughout the house ; for his performance was to commence ; and although the moment if measured by a clock might have been short no doubt, we divided time by a different metre ; and a wild waste had in our imagination extended itself around him, when he calmly raised his hands to their utmost height, and with blow after blow upon the instrument with his whole force, successively planted large columnar masses of sound over the extended plain, and a scene like that of the Giant's Causeway rose like enchantment before our astonished and delighted senses. Hardly had he sketched the vision before us, when a storm began, such as I have seldom witnessed. The instrument rained, hailed, thundered, moaned, whistled, shrieked round those basaltic columns, in every cry that the tempest can utter in its wildest paroxysms of wrath. It was almost too powerful and ungoverned at the last ; and at the instant that this thought entered into the mind, the wind lulled, the elements were spent, the calm came ; the brooks and water-courses took up their song of exultation ; the air was refreshed, the birds chirped, the sun put forth, and ' the young leaf lifted its green head.'

We now accompanied him through a small valley with precipitous banks, such as one finds in Piedmont, where the large leafed tree grows beside the mossy rock, and the vine tries vainly to envelope both, and shade and light and repose are the glory of earth. Young clouds were forming on the upper heights, destined to paint the skies of Italy, and struggled hard in their ascent at every jutting rock and leafy buttress to remain adhering to their native cliffs, against the repeated bidding of the sun ; as if preferring, even to the cerulean heaven, a world so verdant and so fair ! We were thus borne along by the strain through countless beauties of rock and sky and foliage to a grotto, by the side of which was a fountain that seemed one of the Eyes of the Earth, so large and darkly-brilliant was it, so deep and so serene ; reflecting on its *retina* with magical distinctness every surrounding object, whether distant or near. Here we listened for some moments to the voices rather than the songs of birds, when the music by degrees again diminished, and then fluttered, and then ceased.

It was not immediately that the audience gave forth their demonstrations of rapturous applause ; and as I looked round, I saw on all sides that 'eyes, in tears, both smiled and wept.' I walked home almost upon air, and every pulsation on the way was a throb of gratitude to Him, who for our solace and delight hath 'planted the ear,' and opened all hearts to the inspiration of the truly gifted master of this wonderful art.

Thus far, dear Editor, is the extract, which would never have been offered to your regard, but that being some days afterward in the society of an accomplished lady, herself no mean musician, and describing to her the effect produced on my mind by this remarkable performance, she surprised me by saying that she had been present at it, and that the same imagery had passed with slight variation before her as she listened, that I have here endeavored faintly to preserve.

I was charmed at the assurance, for it confirmed me in the belief that this was not a mere flitting of the rainbow spirit across the imagination, rearing in its passage a fabric of happiness — beautiful at times as a palace of the Genii, and alas ! as illusory — but a substantive and truthful joy, to be recalled at will ; to be remembered in solitude ; to be dwelt upon for the enrichment of the soul ; and — may I entertain the hope ! — in some degree perhaps even *to be imparted*.

JOHN WATERS.

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‘ P A S S I N G   A W A Y . ’

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I would not intrude upon your notice this humble effusion of my rustic muse, but for the thought that perhaps in your impartial eye, a wild flower of the forest may sometimes relieve the bright things nurtured in the gardens of taste ; that a casual sprig from the wild-wood may yet be fragrant with the aroma of nature.

‘PEASANT BARD.’

I MARKED the young rose-buds unfolding in spring,  
And Time with their fragrance perfuming his wing ;  
But the roses have faded in early decay :

‘ We ’re passing away ! ’

I loved the old oaks when a play-loving boy ;  
Of their acorns I fashioned full many a toy ;  
But I read on their branches, now mossy and gray :

‘ We ’re passing away ! ’

By the side of the streamlet how oft did I go,  
When numbers of gladness arose in its flow ;  
But a voice from its waters now seemeth to say :

‘ We ’re passing away ! ’

Amid the deep woods, in the fall of the year,  
I listened the steps of the light-footed deer ;  
But now the dead leaves round me mournfully play :

‘ We ’re passing away ! ’

Ye hours, long departed, to bless me no more,  
How bright once your promise of others in store !  
But swift as the wings of the eagle astray,

‘ They ’re ’ passing away . ’

In the grave-yard, lone on the still Sabbath eve,  
I ’ve wandered, but not like the mourner to grieve ;  
But ah ! now it tells me, when thither I stray,

‘ You ’re passing away ! ’

Yes, *passing away* ! — and who would remain,  
When the fire love has kindled is smouldered in pain ?  
To the rest of the heaven, the God-lighted day,  
I would be away !

## A SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY:

OR A FEW DESULTORY REFLECTIONS, ENDING IN A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF AN  
INDIAN MAIDEN WHO LIKE SAPPHO DIED FOR LOVE.

BY GRACE CRAFTON.

ONE of our warmest Sabbaths, at our very warmest season of the year, chanced to find me in country quarters, boarding at a farmhouse on a hill overlooking one of the fertile valleys of Massachusetts: such a scene, by the way, of beauty, of peace, and plenty, as Miss Martineau may have loved to look upon from her country quarters in the same state. I viewed it early in the morning, while the air was yet fresh and racy from the dews of night; but I saw the coming heat in the vapors that hung on the distant hills, and dimmed the atmosphere, long after the red sun had risen from his furnace to tyrannize over the church-going world.

The hour arrived. The bell sounded from the neighboring village, and the worthy farmers came forth fresh from their Sunday morning toilettes, and seemed, with their working-day attire, to have thrown aside all traces of the severe labors of the harvest field, except the mark which 'bright Phœbus' leaves on their honest faces. And now horses and carriages appeared and disappeared, leaving clouds of dust in their wake; and our house, as in custom bound, gave forth its share of country gentry, and such town-bred nymphs as happened to be sojourners therein. But I held back; the carriages looked full enough without me; and in the midst of such heat, in a crowded country meeting-house, I feared that my soul would not be properly 'atuned to prayer and praise.' So I entered my chamber, and took upon myself the luxury of solitude—the most blessed rest a siuless soul can enjoy—and endeavoring to adore the Great Father through his works, I threw open the blinds and looked out on the verdant lawn, with its broad overshadowing trees, and far over the misty plain beyond, and saw that peace and tranquillity had settled on the scene, the rest of a sultry Sabbath.

On all sides this beautiful valley is bounded by hills—nay, mountains—such 'wood-crowned heights' as Massachusetts alone can boast; and there as they now stand in majestic beauty, in solemn repose, so must they have rested ages back, before the blessings of civilization or the lights of christianity were spread over the land:

'Ere the sound of a church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks ever heard,  
Ever sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.'

Yet the all-seeing eye looked down with the same mercy on the poor savages with whom it pleased Providence then to people this beautiful land, as on their successors, by whom the same wisdom has decreed the beloved hunting-grounds of those red wanderers should be converted into fertile pastures and waving corn-fields: and then I thought of the fearful struggle, the deadly strife, with which they gave up their wild inheritance; and my heart began asking my head

strange questions which my head could not answer, without those touches of sophistry that puzzle the heart, and make it long for more understanding than is vouchsafed to fallen woman — since through knowledge her first mother fell.

Happily for the equanimity of my head and heart, on that very warm Sunday, my doubtful musings were interrupted. The glaring sun came round, obliging me to close the blinds; but not before I had caught a glimpse through the trees of the bare, bold cliffs of a rocky height, called MONUMENT MOUNTAIN, at five or six miles distance, of which I had heard the legend, from which it derives its name, of a poor young Indian maiden, who threw herself from the summit of the precipice, and was buried on the spot where she fell. A monument of loose stones was piled over her grave, by the mourners of her tribe, who for years after visited it, each paying a tribute to her memory, by casting a stone on the monumental pile. It is related that unhappy love led to this fatal catastrophe, and the spot on which it occurred has long been a place of resort to the inhabitants, as well as to strangers visiting in the neighborhood. Though the height is considerable, and the ascent somewhat difficult, bebies of Christian ladies climb up to look from the precipice, as near as they dare approach the 'last, last verge,' where the poor Indian maid gave proof that the same heart-rending passions can burn beneath the dusky bosom of a savage, as those which too often lie concealed, 'like a worm i' the bud,' in their own hearts; that, however wide the difference in point of time and circumstances, and the thousand varying influences of civilization and refinement, still is human nature the same in the depth of its tenderest affections — the strength of its wildest emotions.

I visited this celebrated cliff myself; and though I would not fatigue the reader by describing what has been so often visited, and so often described, I may be excused for relieving some of the tedium of a sultry Sabbath, by penning the tribute which my muse paid to the memory of the Indian girl, who having misplaced her affections, rashly preferred death — and such a death! — to the shame and sorrow of unrequited love:

Where a bare mountain rears its head,  
A bold and craggy steep,  
Tho hapless Indian maiden sped,  
To take the fatal leap.

As up with springy step she climb'd,  
By tangled bush and tree,  
Sweet notes of love the wild birds chimed,  
And near her humm'd the bee:

And all around through forest trees,  
Waving their branches high,  
Murmured the gentle summer breeze,  
With low, persuasive sigh.

Full many a sound and sight she loved  
Was strong to woo her back,  
Yet on she trod, with soul unmoved,  
That steep and stony track.

For in her heart, since love had birth,  
Shame, grief, and cankering care,  
Had turned the melodies of earth  
To moanings of despair.

The grandeur of that lonely height,  
The beauteous vale below,  
She shut them from her weary sight,  
And wrapped her heart in wo.

The overhanging cliff she reached,  
Her feet seemed rooted there;  
While floating locks, and arms outstretched,  
Tossed wildly in the air !

And dark resolve was in her glance,  
As down th' abyss she gazed ;  
As up to heaven's high expanse  
Her tearless eyes she raised.

'One deep, dread plunge !' she murmur'd low,  
'And I shall weep no more !  
'Farewell, farewell to friend and foe !'  
She spoke — and all was o'er !

Oh ! take her love-lorn spirit home,  
Great Power that reign'st above !  
Forgive her, though uncall'd she come,  
O, Lord, for Thou art love !

## SKETCHES IN PARIS IN 1825.

FROM THE TRAVELLING NOTE-BOOK OF GEOFFREY CRAYON.

### A PARISIAN HOTEL

Is a street set on end, the grand stair-case forming the highway, and every floor a separate habitation. Let me describe the one in which, I am lodged, which may serve as a specimen of its class. It is a huge quadrangular pile of stone, built round a spacious paved court. The ground floor is occupied by shops, magazines, and domestic offices. Then comes the *entre-sol*, with low ceilings, short windows, and dwarf chambers ; then succeed a succession of floors, or stories, rising one above the other, to the number of Mahomet's heavens. Each floor is like a distinct mansion, complete within itself, with ante-chamber, saloons, dining and sleeping rooms, kitchen and other conveniencies for the accommodation of a family. Some floors are divided into two or more suites of apartments. Each apartment has its main door of entrance, opening upon the stair-case, or landing-places, and locked like a street door. Thus several families and numerous single persons live under the same roof, totally independent of each other, and may live so for years, without holding more intercourse than is kept up in other cities by residents in the same street.

Like the great world, this little microcosm has its gradations of rank and style and importance. The *Premier*, or first floor with its grand saloons, lofty ceilings, and splendid furniture, is decidedly the aristocratical part of the establishment. The second floor is scarcely less aristocratical and magnificent ; the other floors go on lessening in splendor as they gain in altitude, and end with the attics, the region of petty tailors, clerks, and sewing girls. To make the filling



up of the mansion complete, every odd nook and corner is fitted up as a *joli petit appartement à garçon*, (a pretty little bachelor's apartment,) that is to say, some little dark inconvenient nestling-place for a poor devil of a bachelor.

The whole domain is shut up from the street by a great *porte-cochère*, or portal, calculated for the admission of carriages. This consists of two massy folding-doors, that swing heavily open upon a spacious entrance, passing under the front of the edifice into the court-yard. On one side is a spacious stair-case leading to the upper apartments. Immediately without the portal, is the porter's lodge, a small room with one or two bed-rooms adjacent, for the accommodation of the *cognacière*, or porter, and his family. This is one of the most important functionaries of the hotel. He is, in fact, the Cerberus of the establishment, and no one can pass in or out without his knowledge and consent. The *porte-cochère* in general is fastened by a sliding bolt, from which a cord or wire passes into the porter's lodge. Whoever wishes to go out, must speak to the porter, who draws the bolt. A visitor from without gives a single rap with the massive knocker; the bolt is immediately drawn, as if by an invisible hand; the door stands ajar, the visitor pushes it open, and enters. A face presents itself at the glass door of the porter's little chamber: the stranger pronounces the name of the person he comes to seek. If the person or family is of importance, occupying the first or second floor, the porter sounds a bell once or twice, to give notice that a visitor is at hand. The stranger in the mean time ascends the great stair-case, the highway common to all, and arrives at the outer door, equivalent to a street door, of the suite of rooms inhabited by his friends. Beside this hangs a bell-cord, with which he rings for admittance.

When the family or person inquired for is of less importance, or lives in some remote part of the mansion less easy to be apprized, no signal is given. The applicant pronounces the name at the porter's door, and is told, '*Montez au troisième, au quatrième; souvez à la porte à droite, or à gauche*;' ('Ascend to the third or fourth story; ring the bell on the right or left hand door,') as the case may be.

The porter and his wife act as domestics to such of the inmates of the mansion as do not keep servants; making their beds, arranging their rooms, lighting their fires, and doing other menial offices, for which they receive a monthly stipend. They are also in confidential intercourse with the servants of the other inmates, and, having an eye on all the in-comers and out-goers, are thus enabled, by hook and by crook, to learn the secrets and the domestic history of every member of the little territory within the *porte-cochère*.

The porter's lodge is accordingly a great scene of gossip, where all the private affairs of this interior neighborhood are discussed. The court-yard, also, is an assembling place in the evenings for the servants of the different families, and a sisterhood of sewing girls from the *entre-sols* and the attics, to play at various games, and dance to the music of their own songs, and the echoes of their feet; at which assemblages the porter's daughter takes the lead; a fresh, pretty, buxom girl, generally called '*La Petite*,' though almost as tall as a grenadier. These little evening gatherings, so characteristic of this gay country, are countenanced by the various families of the mansion, who often

look down from their windows and balconies, on moonlight evenings, and enjoy the simple revels of their domestics. I must observe, however, that the hotel I am describing is rather a quiet, retired one, where most of the inmates are permanent residents from year to year, so that there is more of the spirit of neighborhood, than in the bustling, fashionable hotels in the gay parts of Paris, which are continually changing their inhabitants.

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MY FRENCH NEIGHBOR.

I OFTEN amuse myself by watching from my window (which by-the-by is tolerably elevated,) the movements of the teeming little world below me; and as I am on sociable terms with the porter and his wife, I gather from them, as they light my fire, or serve my breakfast, anecdotes of all my fellow lodgers. I have been somewhat curious in studying a little antique Frenchman, who occupies one of the *jolie chambres à garçon* already mentioned. He is one of those superannuated veterans who flourished before the revolution, and have weathered all the storms of Paris, in consequence, very probably, of being fortunately too insignificant to attract attention. He has a small income, which he manages with the skill of a French economist: appropriating so much for his lodgings, so much for his meals; so much for his visits to St. Cloud and Versailles, and so much for his seat at the theatre. He has resided in the hotel for years, and always in the same chamber, which he furnishes at his own expense. The decorations of the room mark his various ages. There are some gallant pictures, which he hung up in his younger days; with a portrait of a lady of rank, whom he speaks tenderly of, dressed in the old French taste; and a pretty opera dancer, pirouetting in a hoop petticoat, who lately died at a good old age. In a corner of this picture is stuck a prescription for a rheumatism, and below it stands an easy-chair. He has a small parrot at the window, to amuse him when within doors, and a pug-dog to accompany him in his daily peregrinations. While I am writing, he is crossing the court to go out. He is attired in his best coat, of sky-blue, and is doubtless bound for the Tuilleries. His hair is dressed in the old style, with powdered earlocks and a pig-tail. His little dog trips after him, sometimes on four legs, sometimes on three, and looking as if his leather small-clothes were too tight for him. Now the old gentleman stops to have a word with an old crony who lives in the *entre-sol*, and is just returning from his promenade. Now they take a pinch of snuff together; now they pull out huge red cotton handkerchiefs, (those 'flags of abomination,' as they have well been called,) and blow their noses most sonorously. Now they turn to make remarks upon their two little dogs, who are exchanging the morning's salutation; now they part, and my old gentleman stops to have a passing word with the porter's wife; and now he sallies forth, and is fairly launched upon the town for the day.

No man is so methodical as a complete idler, and none so scrupulous in measuring and portioning out his time, as he whose time is worth nothing. The old gentleman in question has his exact hour

for rising, and for shaving himself by a small mirror hung against his casement. He sallies forth at a certain hour every morning, to take his cup of coffee and his roll at a certain café, where he reads the papers. He has been a regular admirer of the lady who presides at the bar, and always stops to have a little *badinage* with her, *en passant*. He has his regular walks on the Boulevards and in the Palais Royal, where he sets his watch by the petard fired off by the sun at mid-day. He has his daily resort in the Garden of the Tuilleries, to meet with a knot of veteran idlers like himself, who talk on pretty much the same subjects whenever they meet. He has been present at all the sights and shows and rejoicings of Paris for the last fifty years : has witnessed the great events of the revolution ; the guillotining of the king and queen ; the coronation of Bonaparte ; the capture of Paris, and the restoration of the Bourbons. All these he speaks of with the coolness of a theatrical critic ; and I question whether he has not been gratified by each in its turn ; not from any inherent love of tumult, but from that insatiable appetite for spectacle, which prevails among the inhabitants of this metropolis. I have been amused with a farce, in which one of these systematic old triflers is represented. He sings a song detailing his whole day's round of insignificant occupations, and goes to bed delighted with the idea that his next day will be an exact repetition of the same routine :

' Je me couche le soir,  
Enchanté de pouvoir  
Recommencer mon train  
Le lendemain  
Matin.'

#### THE ENGLISHMAN AT PARIS.

In another part of the hotel, a handsome suite of rooms is occupied by an old English gentleman, of great probity, some understanding, and very considerable crustiness, who has come to France to live economically. He has a very fair property, but his wife, being of that blessed kind compared in Scripture to the fruitful vine, has overwhelmed him with a family of buxom daughters, who hang clustering about him, ready to be gathered by any hand. He is seldom to be seen in public, without one hanging on each arm, and smiling on all the world, while his own mouth is drawn down at each corner like a mastiff's, with internal growling at every thing about him. He adheres rigidly to English fashion in dress, and trudges about in long gaiters and broad-brimmed hat ; while his daughters almost overshadow him with feathers, flowers, and French bonnets.

He contrives to keep up an atmosphere of English habits, opinions, and prejudices, and to carry a semblance of London into the very heart of Paris. His mornings are spent at Galignani's news-room, where he forms one of a knot of inveterate quidnuncs, who read the same articles over a dozen times in a dozen different papers. He generally dines in company with some of his own countrymen, and they have what is called a ' comfortable sitting ' after dinner, in the English fashion, drinking wine, discussing the news of the London papers, and canvassing the French character, the French metropolis, and the

French revolution, ending with a unanimous admission of English courage, English morality, English cookery, English wealth, the magnitude of London, and the ingratitude of the French.

His evenings are chiefly spent at a club of his countrymen, where the London papers are taken. Sometimes his daughters entice him to the theatres, but not often. He abuses French tragedy, as all fustian and bombast, Talma as a ranter, and Duchesnois as a mere ter-magant. It is true his ear is not sufficiently familiar with the language to understand French verse, and he generally goes to sleep during the performance. The wit of the French comedy is flat and pointless to him. He would not give one of Munden's wry faces, or Liston's inexpressible looks, for the whole of it.

He will not admit that Paris has any advantage over London. The Seine is a muddy rivulet in comparison with the Thames; the West End of London surpasses the finest parts of the French capital; and on some one's observing that there was a very thick fog out of doors: 'Pish!' said he, crustily, 'it's nothing to the fogs we have in London!'

He has infinite trouble in bringing his table into any thing like conformity to English rule. With his liquors, it is true, he is tolerably successful. He procures London porter, and a stock of port and sherry, at considerable expense; for he observes that he cannot stand those cursed thin French wines: they dilute his blood so much as to give him the rheumatism. As to their white wines, he stigmatizes them as mere substitutes for cider; and as to claret, why 'it would be port if it could.' He has continual quarrels with his French cook, whom he renders wretched by insisting on his conforming to Mrs. Glass; for it is easier to convert a Frenchman from his religion than his cookery. The poor fellow, by dint of repeated efforts, once brought himself to serve up *ros bif* sufficiently raw to suit what he considered the cannibal taste of his master; but then he could not refrain, at the last moment, adding some exquisite sauce, that put the old gentleman in a fury.

He detests wood-fires, and has procured a quantity of coal; but not having a grate, he is obliged to burn it on the hearth. Here he sits poking and stirring the fire with one end of a tongs, while the room is as murky as a smithy; railing at French chimneys, French masons, and French architects; giving a poke, at the end of every sentence, as though he were stirring up the very bowels of the delinquents he is anathematizing. He lives in a state militant with inanimate objects around him; gets into high dudgeon with doors and casements, because they will not come under English law, and has implacable feuds with sundry refractory pieces of furniture. Among these is one in particular with which he is sure to have a high quarrel every time he goes to dress. It is a *commode*, one of those smooth, polished, plausible pieces of French furniture, that have the perversity of five hundred devils. Each drawer has a will of its own; will open or not, just as the whim takes it, and sets lock and key at defiance. Sometimes a drawer will refuse to yield to either persuasion or force, and will part with both handles rather than yield; another will come out in the most coy and coquettish manner imaginable; elbowing along, zig-zag; one corner retreating as the other advances; making a thousand difficulties and objections at every move; until the old gentleman, out of all patience, gives a sudden

jerk, and brings drawer and contents into the middle of the floor. His hostility to this unlucky piece of furniture increases every day, as if incensed that it does not grow better. He is like the fretful, invalid, who cursed his bed, that the longer he lay, the harder it grew. The only benefit he has derived from the quarrel is, that it has furnished him with a crusty joke, which he utters on all occasions. He swears that a French *commode* is the most *incommadious* thing in existence, and that although the nation cannot make a joint-stool that will stand steady, yet they are always talking of every thing's being *perfectionnée*.

His servants understand his humor, and avail themselves of it. He was one day disturbed by a pertinacious rattling and shaking at one of the doors, and bawled out in an angry tone to know the cause of the disturbance. 'Sir,' said the footman, testily, 'it's this confounded French lock!' 'Ah!' said the old gentleman, pacified by this hit at the nation, 'I thought there was something French at the bottom of it.!

#### A U T U M N .

In the dim, thick forest,  
There breathes a mournful sound ;  
It is the sigh of rustling leaves,  
Fast showering to the ground !  
The maple yields his crimson robe,  
The oak his yellow crown,  
And the tall beech leans droopingly,  
To drop his wreath of brown ;  
And all the rich-draped thickets cast  
Their colored glories to the blast.

The orchards to old Autumn's court  
Their mellow tributes send ;  
The round, green melon, and the grapes  
That o'er the river bend ;  
The sweet pear with transparent cheek,  
The peach of scarlet hue,  
The glowing pippins, streaked with gold,  
And plums of heavenly blue :  
Rich baskets of the oily nut  
Shaken from the branching tree ;  
Sweet honey in its waxen comb,  
The treasure of the bee ;  
Bowls from the gushing cider-press,  
And from the new-milked kine,  
From the ripe barley's yellow seed,  
And from the clustering vine :  
Corn of the harvest, red and sweet,  
Sheaves of the rich, juicy wheat,  
Are all in lavish bounty poured  
O'er Autumn's ever-generous board.

How gay the kindling blush of Morn !  
How soft the bloom of Eve is spread !  
How bright the cheerful blaze of Noon  
O'er all the purple hills is shed !  
At morn, across the grass-shorn plain  
The pearly hoar-frost glitters bright,  
And o'er the winding river's course  
The curling vapor hovers white :  
And when the silvery harvest moon  
Rolls on its boundless path serene,

And when the spirit-stars smile forth,  
To sanctify the lovely scene,  
A joyful pleasure thrills the air,  
And woods and waves the rapture share,  
And many a honied vow is made  
To Beauty in the moon-lit glade.

Sweet Autumn ! 'Sabbath of the Year !'  
I love thy golden day,  
The bloomy hectic of thy cheek,  
How lovely in decay !  
And when the chill November breeze  
In hollow sobs complains,  
And thou dost droop among the hills,  
And mourn along the plains ;  
Till in the forest's lonesome lanes  
Thou sinkest on the heaped-up leaves,  
Like a tired pilgrim, old and wan,  
Who o'er his weary journey grieves :  
Then melancholy thoughts will come,  
To see thee dropping to the tomb !

As fades the closing year,  
The birds their tuneful anthems end,  
And fast toward a sunnier clime  
Their winnowing pinions tend.  
The sweet-voiced robin comes no more,  
With plaintive whistle, to the door,  
But joins the timid flock, and flies  
To greener fields and gentler skies :  
And the blue-jay, with wild lament,  
Forsakes his withering leafy tent,  
And the shy sea-birds by the shore  
Their swift unerring flight pursue.  
The cape-brace and the screaming loon,  
The dusky coot, and wild curlew ;  
The sea-brant and the black shell-drake,  
And wood-duck from the lonely lake,  
The gull, the gannet, and the goose,  
Their pinions to the south-winds loose,  
Nor pause save when, alarmed, they shun  
The fowler's float, and smoking gun.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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FERDINAND ANDREWS.

Our readers may remember that in the August number of the KNICKERBOCKER we took occasion to animadvert on a pretended criticism of Professor ANTHON's Greek Reader, which had appeared in the North American Review for the July quarter. Our remarks went to show, that the whole affair was got up for a particular purpose; that the attack on Dr. ANTHON's work was prompted entirely by malignant and mercenary motives; and that the charge of plagiarism, so boldly preferred against that gentleman, was not only literally but wilfully untrue. We are happy to find, that what we then said, carried conviction with it to every one who was able to comprehend an argument, and independent enough to think for himself; and that no small portion of richly-merited disgrace has been incurred by the Boston periodical, for having lent itself to the propagation of so much false and ungentlemanly invective. It affords us great satisfaction also, as we have elsewhere remarked, to perceive that the subject has attracted attention in another quarter. In the able and scholarlike article on this same theme, to which we have alluded, full justice is done to the labors of Dr. ANTHON, and the reckless effrontery and school-boy ignorance of his opponents are sufficiently chastised. So clear and convincing, indeed, are the arguments adduced by this writer, and so irresistible the conclusions which he draws from them, that we would not have troubled our readers with any farther observations of our own, had it not been for an answer with which we have been favored in the last number of the North American Review. The general tone of this reply, on the part of the Boston critic, is a good deal humbled from that which characterized the first attack, although the remarks of the writer are still graced by a flippant impertinence, which harmonizes admirably with the shallow scholarship he has brought to his aid, and is in good keeping also with the nature of the case which he has undertaken to defend. These personalities, of course, we shall not answer, either for Dr. ANTHON or for ourselves; partly, because scurrilous invective best answers itself; and partly, because it seems idle to notice uncourteous language in one who, as we shall presently show, is wanting in the much higher attribute of the gentleman, *an adherence to the truth.*

The reviewer, in his opening remarks, is pleased to dignify our article in the August number of the KNICKERBOCKER, with the very complimentary epithet of a '*fanfaronnade*,' and to express his surprise that 'in some quarters in New-York' it 'passes for a sufficient answer to his 'stricture' on Professor ANTHON's work. We will certainly not quarrel with him about names, for names do not alter the nature of things; he may call our article, if he chooses, a '*fanfaronnade*,' and may style the budget of trash and sectional puffing which comes forth quarterly from the good city of Boston a *critical review*; still, however, we are very sure of this, that our '*fanfaronnade*' passes every where in New-York, with those who have read it, for a full and sufficient refutation. Nay, it even appears to have badly ruffled the plumage of the critic himself; else, why should this most consistent logician take eight closely-printed pages, with an abundant outpouring of Greek, and an ample garniture of falsehoods, in order to refute what, if we

believe him, needs no reply whatever? The truth is, our remarks have evidently answered the end for which we intended them, the exposure of a paltry, ignorant, and unprincipled clique; and the reviewer, like all angry people, who have a bad cause to maintain, has commenced his reply with a tirade of invective, and with calling us names, without at the same time very clearly comprehending the import of the terms which he has employed.

After this very courteous and gentlemanly commencement, the reviewer goes on to remark, that Dr. ANTHON, after professing in his preface an intention of taking those selections from the German work of Jacobs, which had been adopted in the more respectable portion of our classical schools, made the same additions to those selections which had been made by the Boston editors; and that he made these additions, too, after stating categorically that his new edition *consisted* of those extracts from Jacobs which had before been in use. To this charge, thus boldly advanced, we have merely to say, that it is a *positive falsehood*, and what is worse, *the reviewer himself knows it to be so*. Every respectable Review, which has a regard for its own character, and for the dictates of literary honesty, feels bound, in quoting the words of an author, to do this *fully and fairly*, and not to suppress any thing that may serve to elucidate the meaning which the writer intended to express. This is a plain principle of literary morality, the violation of which not only implies a total disregard of truth, but a degree of meanness from which a well-regulated mind turns away with disgust. The North American reviewers, however, have adopted, it would appear, a very different code of morals, and cite merely so much of an author's language as may serve, by this garbling process, to substantiate their train of argument; without at all concerning themselves whether the part which they have suppressed contradicts that argument or not. The words of Dr. ANTHON, in his preface, are as follow: 'The only remaining course, therefore, was to take those selections from the German work, which had been adopted in the more respectable portion of our classical schools, *and to make these the basis of a new edition*.' Now, if words mean any thing, Dr. ANTHON here openly expresses his intention of *adding other selections to those obtained from Jacobs*; and that such is the plain import of the terms which he employs, is evident from the very language of the reviewer himself, when he says that 'the Boston Lexicon is *formed on the basis of Jacobs*,' for he can mean nothing else but that additions have been made to this Lexicon from other quarters, and that it does not 'consist' entirely of the labors of the German scholar. Now for a specimen of the new code of literary morality and critical honesty which has been adopted by the far-famed North American Review. In order to substantiate one of his charges of plagiarism, the critic actually suppresses the words '*and to make these the basis of a new edition*,' which form the concluding part of the sentence in Dr. ANTHON's preface, and then boldly charges him with '*stating categorically*' that his new edition '*consists*' of the extracts from Jacobs; and, what is worse, censures us for keeping '*this categorical statement*' from the knowledge of our readers. A more impudent and unblushing falsehood we do not think has ever before been uttered; and we leave our readers to form their own opinion of a cause, the very first argument in support of which rests on so contemptible a subterfuge, and so gross a violation of the truth.

We come now to the second charge, that Dr. ANTHON did not know that the selections from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus, which he added to his work, were not all contained in the Reader of Jacobs. The shortest way of answering this, would be to refer the reader to what has just been said about the falsification of Dr. ANTHON's language by this dishonest reviewer: to make the matter as clear as possible, however, we will dwell for a moment upon it. We stated in our last, when replying to the charge which we have here again noticed, that Dr. ANTHON had possessed a copy of the German work for the last fourteen years, and had read the '*Minora*' of Dalzel while at school. The fair and honest inference was, that he could not help knowing, in some way or other, what the two works respectively contained. The reviewer dissents from this conclu-

sion, and ironically observes, that these facts 'are not so remarkable for their pertinency where introduced, as for their profound interest to the general reader.' As far as we can ascertain his meaning, it appears to be this, that when you find a reviewer indulging in a palpable violation of truth and gentlemanly courtesy, it is a piece of impertinence on your part to attempt to set him right; and that a regard for facts is only a matter of interest for 'general readers.' We have here, very probably, another extract from the reviewer's new code of morals. But what will he say, when we inform him, that Dr. ANTHON has translated three of the four notes of Jacobs, on the ode of Anacreon marked 1. in the 'Reader;' that in his remarks on the second ode he has made no reference to Jacobs, this ode not being contained in the German work; that in the commentary on the third ode, Jacobs is again quoted, and three of his five notes are incorporated — and so of the rest? Will he still assert that Dr. ANTHON, in preparing his 'Reader,' had not before him the texts of both Dalzel and Jacobs?

The most impudent part of this charge remains now to be noticed. The reviewer has all along been leaving his readers under the impression, that the Boston editors took some of the selections from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus, out of the German work of Jacobs. His words are: 'The Boston editors, where they made new selections from Jacobs, curtailed the length of his extracts considerably.' Now this whole matter, commencing with the editors of the Boston Reader, and ending with the critic in the North American Review, is nothing more nor less than *one startling mass of positive and deliberate falsehood*. If any one will take the trouble to compare the Greek selections from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus, contained in the Boston Reader, with the same pieces, as far as they are found in the German work, he will find a marked difference between the two texts, in readings, in pointing, and in every respect in which texts can possibly differ from one another; and then, if he compare the Boston text with that of Dalzel, he will discover the closest and most complete resemblance. In the first place, the arrangement of the odes of Anacreon, is, with the occasional dropping of one or two, precisely the same as that in the 'Minora,' while those in Jacobs are arranged altogether differently. In the next place, the Boston editors follow without deviation the readings, pointing, accentuation, etc., of the 'Minora,' although differing greatly from those of Jacobs; such as the Doric  $\delta$  for  $\eta$ ,  $\kappa\acute{\alpha}\gamma\omega$  for  $\kappa\acute{\alpha}\gamma\omega$ ,  $\chi' \epsilon\pi\acute{o}\sigma\sigma\alpha$  for  $\chi\acute{\omega}\pi\sigma\sigma\alpha$ , etc., in all which the New-York edition has either followed Jacobs, or more commonly Mehlhorn and Moebius for Anacreon, and Kiessling and Valckenaer for Bion and Moschus. In the third place, out of the thirty-three notes in Jacobs, on these same poetical extracts, *not a single one* is used in any manner in the Boston work, whereas Dr. ANTHON has incorporated all that is valuable in them into the commentary that accompanies the New-York edition of the Reader. How then stands the case? Why simply thus: The preface to the Boston work bears the stamp of falsehood on its very front, when it asserts that the pupil will find in it 'all the valuable notes' of Jacobs; and the reviewer in the North American, animated by a kindred spirit, indulges in a falsehood equally as gross, when he says, that 'the Boston editors, when they made new selections from Jacobs, curtailed the length of his extracts considerably,' first, because the Boston editors made no new selections whatever from Jacobs, but merely from Dalzel; and secondly, because all the curtailing had been done long before, not from Jacobs, but from the original authors themselves, by Dalzel, in his 'Græca Minora.'

The third charge of the reviewer, and the one which he evidently regards as most conclusive in its nature, is the following: certain so-called errors in accentuation are found in the Boston Reader; the same errors precisely are found in the New-York Reader; consequently the text of the latter was copied, as he maintains, errors and all, from that of the former. The answer which we have to make to this charge, will involve the editors of the Boston work, and their champion the reviewer, in rather an awkward dilemma. The text of the New-York Reader, (and we wish our readers to bear this fact carefully in mind,) follows the *ninth* edition of the first volume of Jacobs, the *fifth* of



volume second, and the *third* edition of the fourth volume. The Boston Reader, on the other hand, professes to follow the *twelfth* edition. Now it is a positive fact, and any one may satisfy himself on this head by an examination of the German work, that all the errors in accentuation, as the reviewer is pleased to call them, which he says Dr. ARTHUR copied from the Boston Reader, are found in the ninth edition of Jacobs, and not only in the text but also in the Lexicon, where we have 'Αγίς, and 'Ισις, and δμνος, and Πολιορκήτης, the very things which the reviewer wishes his readers to believe are typographical errors in the Boston work, not existing in the German edition, but copied from the Boston book by the New-York one. These are all found, we repeat, in the ninth edition of Jacobs, the very text which the New-York Reader follows; and they are all altered in the twelfth edition, the very text which the Boston editors profess to follow, and do not, for not one of these accents have they changed. Now the dilemma which here presents itself is this. If these variations in accent are matters of so much importance in themselves, that they can fairly be made the basis of a grave charge of plagiarism, then have the Boston editors been guilty of the most unpardonable deception and negligence, in professing to follow the twelfth edition of Jacobs, and yet leaving this accentuation unchanged; and the reviewer, too, is liable to the same charge, for he says that the Boston edition 'has been edited and published with great care:' but if, on the other hand, these discrepancies in accent are in themselves matters of very little consequence, and if errors of this nature can very easily occur, even in the case of the most careful, then is the reviewer seeking to draw a false conclusion from untenable premises, and playing the part of a sophist, where he ought to be acting that of an honest and upright judge. As far then as regards similarity of accent, this whole charge against the New-York Reader recoils upon those who advanced it. In making it, they only expose their own carelessness, and their own want of literary honesty.

While on the subject of accent, we will expose another falsehood. The reviewer says, that not only do the same errors in accent remain in the New-York as in the Boston edition, but that 'all the corrections found in the latter, occur also in the former.' So far is this from being true, that errors in accent, and in orthography too, occurring almost constantly in their work, are not to be found on the pages of the New-York edition, and new readings, especially in the poetical part, are frequently brought in. For example, there are thirty-nine variations in reading, pointing, etc., in the text of Anacreon alone, and twenty-one in that of the first Idyl of Bion, while the following list contains only a small number of the errors which still disfigure the Boston work, although its editors had access to the twelfth edition of Jacobs, and which are all corrected in the New-York Reader, although Dr. ARTHUR had merely the ninth edition of the German work for his guide. Our references are to the pages of the Boston Reader: p. 1. Αἶνος, p. 4. μῦρον, same page καθήστον, since altered in their text, but still wrong in their note. On the same page, at line twenty-three, there is a most portentous blunder relative to Κρησιβίον and 'Αλεξανδρέως, where the editors have tried their hand at altering Jacobs's text, which the New-York edition gives correctly; p. 7. 'Απόλλων, σῶων, p. 9. ἐπτά καὶ δεκάπηνχες, p. 10. μὴ for οὐ, p. 15. κεκρυότες, p. 18. ἐαυτὸν, Μεταπύντιον, p. 20. πράττε, δαδνηῇ, p. 21. ἱράς, p. 22. Ταπαντίνοι (Passow, Ταρόντινοι,) πῶς, p. 31. ἐκρίπλησιν, p. 32. ἐδεύεταιμαι, p. 46. ὡς, p. 47. ᾗν, p. 66. δερων, p. 81. Κίερωψ, p. 94. Ἐρμῆ, (the vocative!) To these may be added κέγω, χ'ἑπείσα, κῆν, χῶ, and a host of others, many words having no accents at all. The Boston text, moreover, is beautified by the introduction of ε, for which the New-York text is content to employ σι, and υ for ου, as γάδια, ἐχθρές, etc. So again, the Boston text uses the final ε in the middle of compounds, which the New-York edition never does; while the latter invariably employs the Attic termination α for ς, which Attic form never appears in the Boston work. So much then for this other falsehood, that the New-York Reader has not a single correction of the text that does not also appear in, and has not been taken by it from, the pages of the Boston work.

We have obtained from Mr. DRAISLER an account of the mode in which the New-York

Lexicon was compiled, and have been so much struck by the care and patient labor, which it indicated, that we have resolved to lay it before our readers, partly for the sake of the individual himself, and partly to refute the malicious and contemptible slander, that would seek to deprive him of the well-merited praise to which his exertions entitle him. In order, then, to form the New-York Lexicon, the whole of the Greek text was carefully read over, and every word noted down. These words were from time to time written off in a separate book, in alphabetical order, *without accents*, and with copious references to passages in the text, where terms or phrases occurred, requiring particular explanation. The Lexicon was then formed from these materials, and was sent to the publisher entirely in manuscript. The explanations of the words were taken principally from Donnegan, the roots and accentuation were obtained from Passow: (except in a few instances, for example, *πῶς*, and its compounds, taken from Buttmann, where Jacobs and Passow give *πῶς*.) Materials were also obtained from various subsidiary works, the names of some of which we mentioned in our previous article. We have here given a plain history of the affair.

But there is one remarkable feature in the New-York Lexicon, that must not be omitted here. It contains a large number of words that occur in the text, and are also found in the text of the Boston work, but which are not to be met with in the Boston Lexicon. Now how is this? Either Mr. Drisler must have been a most lucky guesser, and must have guessed in every instance, *when* a word was omitted in the Boston Lexicon, and *what* that word was, or else he must have read over the text; and if he read over the text and formed his vocabulary, his only object in adopting after this the vocabulary of the Boston work, could have been either to make his own a more complete one, (a thing, however, which he had already done,) or to save himself labor which he had already performed. The only thing wanted to make this argument a full and satisfactory one, is a list of some of the words that occur in the Boston text, but not in the Boston Lexicon, and which are found in both the text and Lexicon of the New-York edition. We give the following, merely stating in passing, that others have been counted, to the number of at least sixty. The reference is to the paging in the Boston work: *δυστρέιφα*, p. 166. *δαίω*, p. 159. *Ἀθήνη*, p. 190. *Αἰνείας*, the third king of Alba, p. 11. *ἐκσβέω*, p. 203, (a case precisely similar to *ἀνέω*, for the common text has *ἐκσβέναι*, which the Boston editors have altered, and yet their Lexicon has *ἐκσβέω*, and not *ἐκσβέω*.) *εὐρύδιος*, p. 134. *Δαυιδῆς*, p. 145. *Ἐφροπος*, the historian, p. 155. *θεῖος*, an uncle, p. 161. *Ἀυτί-εχος*, the pilot, and favorite of Alcibiades, p. 159. *δεμῆνως*, p. 50. *βαίς*, p. 209. *γραιός*, p. 197. *ἐπακρίδας*, p. 209, etc. So careful in fact was Mr. Drisler in compiling his Lexicon, that in several instances words appearing in Jacobs' Lexicon to the German work, but which had not been marked by Mr. Drisler as occurring in the text were nevertheless, through fear lest some oversight had been committed by him, actually introduced into the New-York Lexicon, such as *Γυίφων*, *Κίρην*, etc. 'And again, several words contained in the Boston Lexicon do not appear in the New-York one, because they do not occur in the text; such are *Ἀβροχάσιος*, *ἄγνυμι*, *δδάμας*, *πλυνάμαι*, (the reading being *τῖνναμαι*.) *εἰξενος*, etc. How did Mr. Drisler know they were not contained in the text, unless he had previously read it over?

The attempt of the reviewer to deny that the Boston Lexicon is, for the most part, a mere abridgment of Donnegan's, strikes us as exceedingly ill-judged, and evinces a degree of desperation that is a sure mark of a tottering cause. Donnegan's Lexicon is in every body's hands, and any one can, by a very brief examination of the two books, satisfy himself at once of the truth of our charge. Let one, for example, compare the explanations given in Donnegan and the Boston Lexicon to the following words, *Αἰγίς*, *αἶ*, *αἰά-ξω*, *κάμος*, *λείπενργός*, *ἐγκάμιον*, *δύστης*, *δδάμας*, *αἰθουσα*, and he will find within the compass of a few pages, a specimen of what occurs on every page of the Lexicon to the Boston work. Now, as we have already remarked, the New-York Lexicon was taken in a great degree from Donnegan, and as a matter of course continual aid was obtained from the vocabulary of Jacobs, which accompanied the German work. It would have

been a strange thing, therefore, if the New-York and Boston Lexicons, drawn as they both were from the same sources, did not occasionally resemble each other; and it would have been more honest in the reviewer to have acknowledged this, and not sought to blind his readers by concealing so plain a truth as the abridgment from Donnegan.

The reviewer doubts 'if any one would believe that the same results would be obtained by an abridgment of Donnegan's translation of Passow, as by Mr. Drieler's abridgment and compilation of the works of all the lexicographers mentioned.' For once, very much to his own surprise, no doubt, he stumbles upon the truth. No such results would be obtained, and none such, we can assure him, have been. It is precisely in those articles where the works of these lexicographers have been used, that the widest and most different results possible have been obtained, and these occur on almost every page. Let any one, for example, compare *δεσν* in the New-York work, with *δεσ* in the Boston one; *ἐρέω* with *ἐρέομαι*; *εἰλω* with *ἐλλω* (an error in the Boston Lexicon); *δῖω* with *διόμαι*. Let him consult also the following words in both Lexicons, *οἶσις*, *ἐλλομαι*, *γλαυκώπις*, *ἀρνῶν*, *δροῦρας*, *δροεῖω*, etc., and he will soon see what different results have been obtained by Mr. Drieler and his rival compiler. In conducting this argument relative to the New-York and Boston Lexicons, we have not thought it worth our while to say any thing of the portentous blunders by which the latter is disgraced: such as '*Κρίων*, the father of Jocasta,' Euripides, the contemporary and rival of Socrates.' It would prove of no avail to crowd our pages with absurdities of this kind, in order to show that so wretched a compilation could afford but little attraction, even to the most desperate plunderer; but we cannot dismiss this part of our subject without adverting to one effusion of malignity altogether disgraceful in itself, and fit only to emanate from a hired reviewer. The critic thinks it a very grave circumstance, that in a book published with Dr. ANTHON's name, so important a part as the Lexicon should be compiled by another hand, and he then talks of a Peter-Parley book factory, with a capable foreman. In another part of his article, he speaks of the difference between scurrility and gentlemanly language, as a matter of taste. And all this is allowed to appear in the pages of a Review which professes to stand at the head of American literature, and to go forth as a pattern of national refinement. It had better change its name to a 'Peter-Parley Factory of Scurrilous Invective and Dishonest Criticism,' and all the world will acknowledge the peculiar fitness of its foreman.

As regards the preparation of the Lexicon, we have only to remark, that every page of the manuscript passed to the press through the hands of Dr. ANTHON, after having been carefully examined and corrected by him; while with respect to the employing the aid of another in compiling a work of so much heavy labor as a Lexicon must require, this very thing has been done by the Boston editors in the case of their own Reader. It would appear, therefore, that a 'Peter-Parley book-factory' is established nearer home.

We took occasion in our last article to notice certain variations in accent, which the reviewer had mistaken for so many typographical errors, and which according to him had been copied by Dr. ANTHON from the Boston work. We pronounced them mere differences of opinion, and to prove this, cited the names of a few scholars in whose works the system of accentuation which the reviewer denounced as a mere blunder, was plainly in use. He now pretends that he too was fully aware of this, and that he had duly weighed authorities on the subject. We venture to say that he weighed no authorities at all, and we are confirmed in this opinion by the clumsy and ludicrous mode in which he undertakes to prove that *ἄγῃς* and *ἰοῖς* have the long penult, and must therefore be accented with the circumflex on that syllable. The main charge itself falls at once to the ground, when we call to mind that Dr. ANTHON's text, followed Jacobs's ninth edition, where all these accentuations occur: and that the later mode of accenting was adopted in the Lexicon on the authority of Passow. And here we might leave the subject at rest, were it not that we wish to expose to our readers the miserable emptiness of this person's pretended scholarship. The ancients, in reciting their verses, were in the habit of dwelling on what is technically termed the *arsis* of the foot, which

in the dactylic measure is the first syllable, and thus, double time being allowed for enunciating this syllable, it could be artificially lengthened, though short under ordinary circumstances. Numerous short syllables, lengthened by this stress of the voice, are therefore found in the ancient writers; so that it has become an acknowledged principle among prosodians, that you can never prove a syllable to be long, merely by finding it in the *arsis* of a foot, unless you bring to its support additional authority. This is no profound learning on our part, but plain school-boy knowledge. And yet so ignorant is this man of the simplest principles of prosody, that he actually brings forward eight lines, to prove his position, in every one of which the contested syllable is thus situated, and proves precisely nothing at all. So that all this great array of Greek only shows more clearly his own incompetency; and he who pretends to sit in judgment on others, is found to be himself in need of instruction. If the mode of proof which he here adopts be a correct one, our prosodies, our graduses, our metrical systems, must all be consigned to the flames; the old-fashioned dactyls and spondees of our boyhood will no longer pass muster; the new pattern of the reviewer must become the orthodox standard, and *εὐρεχέι* and *εὐρεχέις*, *πᾶρεχέι* and *πᾶρεχέις*, *δφιν* and *δφιν*, will jostle each other in the most edifying confusion. Now is it not too bad, that a Review which crosses the ocean, should carry to other lands such barbarous scholarship as this, and fancy all the while that it is an oracle of learning.

The truth is, the whole array of illustrious scholars, from the days of Bentley to within a comparatively late period, gave the forms *ἄγεις* and *ἰοίς* with surprising unanimity. These men surely must have read the lines which the reviewer has paraded on his page. These men surely must have known how to scan them. Why then did they still regard the penults of *ἄγεις* and *ἰοίς* as short, and accent them as they did? Why? Because the lines in question proved, as they well knew, just nothing at all. We have here then a singular issue joined between Hemsterhuis and Valckenaer, and Wesseling and Porson, and a host of eminent names on the one hand, and — the Boston *magus* on the other. The reviewer will here no doubt demand of us, whether we mean to defend the earlier accentuation. We spoke of it merely as a difference of opinion. We only wish to make it appear that he himself is but a tyro in accentuation, and altogether unacquainted with its simplest principles. Indeed he is very like a person who has thrust himself into the company of the eminent scholars whom he names, and fancying himself one of their number, volunteers like a meddling busy-body to give a reason for a thing which he does not understand, and in giving which he only displays his own ignorance. He will find the true reason stated in the pages of Spitzner; and he may also read in Stephen's Thesaurus, under the head of *ἀμύη*, what will perhaps enlighten him on the subject of typographical errors.

Having shown, as we conceive, pretty clearly, the depth of the reviewer's scholarship, we will now make a few remarks about its fairness. In carrying out his argument respecting accents, he cites what he calls a rule from Dr. ANTHON'S Greek Grammar, relative to the accentuation of dissyllables, which he pronounces decidedly wrong; and the error consists, according to him, in Dr. ANTHON'S not having mentioned that the rule only applied when the penult was the place of the accent. Now it happens, that in Dr. ANTHON'S grammar, the rules are first given for the determination of the accented syllable, and then follow rules for determining the nature of the accent. This latter part has a general introduction in the following words: 'If the syllable on which the tone rests is known, the question then is, with what sign it is to be accented? Concerning this, the following rules obtain.' The rules then follow. One of these applies to the case of the third syllable from the end being accented; the one immediately following, to the case of the accent being on the last syllable; and then comes the rule which excites the sneer of the reviewer: 'Every dissyllable word, whose penult is long by nature, and followed by a short final syllable, is marked by a circumflex on the penult.' Now, this rule, taken in connection with what immediately precedes, and with the general introduction that has just been quoted, is perfectly clear. The syllable on which the

tone rests is known, and the only thing is to know what that tone shall be. Our readers will hardly believe what we are going to state; but it is a positive fact. The reviewer suppresses the introductory remark, garbles the rule, and then cites it as Dr. ARNOLD's! What is still worse, he knew perfectly well that Dr. ARNOLD meant the rule to be understood differently, for on the very next page this unprincipled critic actually quotes a remark of Dr. ARNOLD, taken from the notes to the 'Reader,' which brands the reviewer in the plainest manner with wilful and deliberate falsification of the author's meaning; and then comes a long note of triumph, at the conclusion of which the reviewer exclaims: 'Seriously, Dr. ARNOLD, accustomed as he is to inaccuracy, ought to blush for such an error as this.' We should be insulting our readers, if we thought they needed a single word from us to excite their deep disgust at this revolting piece of turpitude. The man, however, punishes himself. He is made the instrument of his own diagrapha. In the preface to his Grammar, Dr. ARNOLD modestly observes, that he lays but few claims to originality, either of design or execution. 'The object of the editor,' he goes on to remark, 'has been to present in a small compass, all that his own experience as an instructor has shown him to be really useful in Greek elementary studies. His principal guide has been the excellent grammar of Matthiæ, of which the present volume may in some degree be considered as an abstract; and valuable materials have at the same time been obtained from the labors of Buttmann, Rost, and other distinguished philologists.' Of the grammars here mentioned, that of Rost enjoys a very high reputation in Germany, and it is one of the four to which the grammatical appendix is adapted at the end of the first volume of the German 'Reader.' Jacobs himself, in the preface to the twelfth edition of his work, calls it 'the wide-spread grammar of Rost.' It has also been translated in England, and the preface to the translation alludes particularly to the excellence of the rules of accentuation contained in the work. Now, the rule condemned and ridiculed by the reviewer, is not Dr. ARNOLD's, but Rost's! It is a rule which has stood for years the test of German criticism; a rule received with approbation by the scholars of England; a rule which even in our own country has never been impugned, until the present moment. The truth is, the reviewer thought it was Dr. ARNOLD's. He wished to satisfy his employers to the utmost. The suppression of a part of Dr. ARNOLD's language could easily be glossed over. He would style him an inaccurate man, and then all would believe the story, and if Dr. ARNOLD sought to vindicate himself, who would listen to one so 'accustomed to inaccuracy,' and who is told 'to blush' for his errors? The situation in which the reviewer has placed himself, is, we are happy to say, a solitary one in the annals of criticism. The only case at all resembling it, is that of the Edinburgh Review, when they called the Greek line in Knight's version of the 'Bard,' arrant nonsense, and afterward learned that it was an extract from Pindar! There, however, it was ignorance; here it is something worse.

Our readers will not be surprised after this to hear, that the reviewer maintains, with regard to his criticism on the verb ἀφίημι, that he merely meant it had not the signification of 'to neglect,' or 'to be careless about,' in the passage under consideration. A more disgraceful subterfuge, and a more palpable violation of the truth, never before characterized any literary controversy. We venture to say that no one, whoever he is, by whom the reviewer's remarks in the July number of the North American have been read with the slightest attention, believes one word of what he now says in his defence. It is evident, to the plainest understanding, that he thought ἀφίημι had no such meaning as that given to it by Dr. ARNOLD, but only the signification of 'to throw!' for he actually charges him with forging a signification for the verb in his Lexicon, in order to 'accommodate the latter to his notes.' And now it appears, that the whole affair was a mere difference of opinion, and that Dr. ARNOLD's translation of the term was ridiculed by him because he thought it was erroneous! Take him, however, at his word, and suppose, for the sake of argument, that he does speak the truth in what he says; does it not follow, from the very passages which he cited, that he believed it to be a

physical impossibility to ignite a forest by being careless with fire? What then does he gain by his violation of the truth, but a character for stupidity, which goes to stultify the whole tenor of his criticisms? We repeat, therefore, our deliberate opinion; the writer has here been guilty of a wilful and paltry untruth. And yet this voracious personage triumphantly alleges that we have not answered any of his charges respecting the quality of Dr. ANTHON's translations or his cumbrous pedantry. We took up that charge which he apparently considered his most unanswerable one, the mistranslation of *ἀφ' ἡμῶν*, and in place of meeting us in fair argument, he sneaks away with a falsehood. We leave his other criticisms to school-boys, especially that, where in translating a participle, he makes the wonderful discovery that it can be rendered into our idiom by a tense, a matter settled we believe when people first began to translate from Greek into English.

As to cumbrous pedantry, that, to adopt his own words, is a mere matter of taste, and we are happy to add that this taste is on the increase. The volumes of Dr. ANTHON find their way every where. There is hardly a school or college in the land, where some of them have not been introduced. They are all, moreover, reprinted in England. The grammar, in particular, has been edited by Dr. MAJOR, the principal of the Preparatory School to King's College, London, and is the text-book in that establishment; and what is more remarkable still, the classical schools in Quebec are said to send for these very volumes to England, and to have thrown out the series of Valpy, and taken them in its stead. One would think that our patriotic gentlemen, who preside over the literary destinies of the North American Review, would feel a little pride on this occasion, and would think it also some little indication of merit, for American works thus gallantly to stem the tide of foreign prejudice. No such thing. Dr. ANTHON is not a native of the 'modern Athens,' and his books therefore are full of inaccuracies, and unfit to be read; at least it will do very well to tell the public so, and they will believe of course whatever falls from the lips of these honest and dignified and truth-loving censors. Beside, the rapid spread of Dr. ANTHON's works might interfere with the sale of certain Boston publications, and injure the character of the 'literary emporium.' These works, therefore, must be written down. If it cannot be done with truth, well then let it be accomplished by falsehood. Let him be called a plagiarist, a blunderer, a man of cumbrous pedantry. What will the world care about any attempts at refutation, or who will take the trouble to read them?

What we here say is by no means idly said. This attack on Dr. ANTHON's series has been long maturing, and it would have developed itself sooner, had a fit opportunity presented. Its whole object is, to stop the sale of a series of works which have thrown rival editions far into the shade; and that this is uppermost in the thoughts of the reviewer, the concluding words of his malignant farrago most clearly indicate. He ends his remarks with the legal phrase of *'caveat emptor,'* 'let the buyer be on his guard;' and the ends of criticism are identified in his mind with the ends of trade. The whole is a mere money-making affair.

Strange as it may appear to the reviewer and his employers, this attack on Dr. ANTHON's works has proved a source of positive advantage to the latter. It has excited a more general inquiry into the character of those productions, and every such inquiry has resulted in the adoption of the works. Strange as it may appear to some, numerous orders for the New-York Reader have been received, since the commencement of this controversy, from the city of Boston itself; two thousand copies of the book have been sold since its publication in the spring of the present year; and what is strangest of all, at the trade-sale of last September, the Boston Reader sold for fifty cents a copy, and was purchased too by a Boston house, whereas the New-York Reader, at the same time and place, sold for one dollar and thirty-five cents. Will the North American Review take these things into its serious consideration, and ask itself whether the true way of stopping the sale of Dr. ANTHON's publications would not be by bestowing upon them its encomiums?

ENSENORE : A POEM. In one volume. pp. 104. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE writer of the beautiful volume before us, in the course of a modest and well-written preface, takes occasion to observe : ' Although this is his first appearance before the public, the author is not prepared with any plea, by which to propitiate their favor. If arraigned by those public prosecutors in behalf of the literary world, the critics, he has but little to say, beyond what his work itself may present, why sentence should not be passed against him ; although he claims that the fact of this being a first offence, shall be received in extenuation of his guilt, and in mitigation of his punishment. Yet, to such of his *friends* as may be cognizant of the authorship, he takes this opportunity of saying, that a poem, necessarily written and revised at intervals of business hours, could not well be free from blemishes ; and he believes that his efforts in a cause which he has much at heart — that of giving more of a national feature to American poetry — will be appreciated by them, at least, and rewarded by their approbation.' It would be an easy and a grateful task for us, had we space for the purpose, to draw so largely upon the romantic narrative of ' Ensenore,' as to include the main and striking points of the story ; and we have little doubt that should it fall into the hands of some tasteful melo-dramatic artist, he will be tempted to elaborate for the stage, what we refrain from presenting in the KNICKERBOCKER, lest the progress and the dénouement of the poem should transpire, before the publishers' end is answered — the general diffusion of the whole in a saleable form. But this objection will not apply to the several episodes and picturesque descriptions of nature, which are frequently interwoven with the narrative. Leaving therefore the hero, the ' disastrous chances' of the heroine, the record of her ' being taken by the insolent foe and sold to slavery,' and her deliverance thence, we proceed to select a few passages from the work, which will afford the reader evidence of the easy flow of the verse, and the melody of the language. The faithfulness of the following description of the beautiful Owasco Lake, in the county of Cayuga, in calm and storm, will be acknowledged by all who have ever seen that ' picture of silver in a frame of emerald.'

' Owasco's waters sweetly slept,  
Owasco's banks were bright and green,  
The willow on her margin wept,  
The wild-fowl on her wave were seen,  
And Nature's golden charms were shed,  
As richly round her quiet bed,  
From flowered mead to mountain brow,  
A century since as they are now ;  
The same pure purple light was hung,  
At morn, across the water's breast ;  
The same rich crimson curtains hung,  
At eve, around the glowing west.  
But seldom then the white man's eye  
Imbued the beauties of that view ;  
Unnoticed, spread the cloudless sky  
Its canopy of spotless blue ;  
Unnoticed back to Heaven, the wave  
That azure sky's pure semblance gave.

'T was evening — o'er the waters blue  
The setting sun his radiance threw,  
Flinging o'er hill and dale and stream,  
A mellowed light — a farewell beam ;  
And where, afar, the forests rise,  
With their green surface to the skies,  
Shedding, o'er that, a shower of light,  
While all beneath was dark as night.

Came from the lake the sullen roar  
Of billows beating on the shore,  
And, as the frequent lightning threw  
A sudden glory o'er the scene,  
The opposing forests rose to view,  
And all the watery waste between,  
Where crested waves each other chase,  
Like snowy coursers on the race.'

This day-view in calm, and night-view in storm, which we have segregated and placed in contrast, although briefly sketched, show our author to be a minute observer and a correct limner of nature. He excels, we think, in presenting a sudden or *laconic* picture, so to speak, before the mind of the reader. The night-chase upon the lake strikes us as a forcible example of this characteristic ; and the same praise will apply to the sketch of a chief in council, who detailed to his savage companions

' The charging shout, the fatal blow,  
The victory and the dying foe ;  
Then pointed with an Indian's pride  
To scalps yet reeking at his side,  
And counted, with a miser's care,  
To see that each red tuft was there.'

A single passage, representing the heroine a captive in the hands of a savage foe, must close our extracts. The interior of the Indian tent, as here depicted, might be transferred to the canvass, with little additional graphic aid from the pencil :

'As some lone rose by summer blast  
Upturn and in the desert cast,  
Whose fading beauties still are fair,  
Whose fragrance freights the forest air —  
So mid that dusky horde, Kathleen,  
Pale, wretched, and forlorn was seen;  
Yet, on surrounding darkness thrown,  
Her charms with dazling radiance shone,  
And to her lover's watchful eye  
She seemed a being all divine,  
One star upon a clouded sky,  
One sunbeam in Siberian mine.  
Her trembling eye in terror viewed  
The trophies o'er the tent-floor strewed,  
*The savage panther's gory head,*

*The gentle deer yet scarcely dead,  
The catamount with glaring eye,  
That frowned defiance o'er its death,  
The hapless squirrel bleeding nigh,  
And struggling with its failing breath.  
Unwonted sights and sounds were these,  
To maiden nurtured at her ease,  
Within a home with pleasures rife,  
And all the luxuries of life;  
And when from the revolting view  
Kathleen her saddened eye withdrew,  
From underneath the downcast lid  
The silvery tears successive slid,  
And glistened on her cheek of snow,  
With all the eloquence of woe.'*

These extracts will sufficiently enforce our remarks upon the style of 'Ensenore;' while the narrative, upon which we have not trenched, will commend itself forcibly to the attention of the reader. The poem is not without its faults, certainly; some of which we had intended to indicate; but these are such as are natural to a first performance, and do not detract from the poem as a whole. The volume is inscribed to a valued friend, in the following neat and well-turned dedication: 'To His Excellency WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Governor of the State of New-York, etc., this poem, the scene of which is principally upon the beautiful lake in the vicinity of his country residence, is (by permission) respectfully inscribed, by his friend, the Author.' The book is tastefully enveloped, and its typographical execution reflects credit upon the press of Mr. OSBORN, and the care of the publishers.

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HOWARD PINCKNEY: A NOVEL. By the Author of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' 'East and West,' etc., etc. In two volumes. pp. 443. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

HAVING failed to receive our copy of this work until a late hour, and long after it was in the possession of all our contemporaries, we are compelled either to pass it by unnoticed, or to avail ourselves of the subjoined comments upon its character, from a competent and disinterested hand: 'This is one of the modern fashion of novels, intended to illustrate American society, scenery, and manners. The author has heretofore met with considerable success in his romance of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' and the public is decidedly inclined toward giving him a reading, and a favorable reception. We have cursorily looked over these pages, and we must admit with more than ordinary interest. The story is lively and well told, interspersed with stirring adventures, and love scenes enough to satisfy the most craving appetite. The hero, Howard Pinckney, though in early life somewhat wild and fickle, proves a miracle of constancy in his attachment for the heroine, Frances Fitzhurs. The underplot of the story and the subordinate characters are skilfully worked into the body of the tale, and form part of it, in an easy and natural manner. The character of Gordon, a low villain, and that of Bronson, his accomplice, in higher though still vulgar life, are well drawn, and their shades of difference skilfully contrasted. The sentimental portions are spirited and lively, and for the most part untinctured with that besetting sin of novelists, mawkishness. The character of Sarah Grattan is, we think, the most interesting in the book. We have taken up no novel of recent production to which we could make so little objection; especially on account of the moral tendency of the tale, and its influence on the social feelings and affections.' We have pleasure in commending 'Howard Pinckney' to the attention of our readers.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GOLDSMITH.** — We hail, with sincere pleasure, an edition of the 'Life and Writings of OLIVER GOLDSMITH,' from the hand of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, now passing through the press of the Brothers HARPER. The work will be contained in two large and handsome volumes of the 'Family Library,' and will be given to the public in all the present month. We have been kindly favored by the publishers with the stereotype proof-sheets of some two hundred pages of an original Biography of GOLDSMITH, by Mr. IRVING, from which we have selected a few extracts, that our readers may be regaled with a foretaste of what is in store for them. In this biography, the writer says he has 'undertaken, as a 'labor of love,' to collect from various sources a tribute to the memory of one whose writings were the delight of his childhood, and have been a source of enjoyment to him throughout life.' The result of this enthusiasm of research — which was aided by the most minute particulars of GOLDSMITH's history, recently collected and collated to his hand — is, a work which we predict will have a more general and permanent popularity, and a wider and more constant sale, than any previous numbers of the excellent 'Library' which it adorns. There are few writers, says Mr. IRVING, for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for GOLDSMITH, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings:

'We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blended so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretensions and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men. An acquaintance with the private biography of Goldsmith lets us into the secrets of his gifted pages. We there discover them to be little more than transcripts of his own heart and picturings of his own fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good-humored, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings. Scarcely an adventure or character is given in his works that may not be traced to his own parti-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of his reader.'

The following characteristic passage of the biography reveals to us the original of that inimitable sketch, the village pedagogue:

'Oliver's education began when he was about three years old; that is to say, he was gathered under the wings of one of those good old motherly dames, found in every village, who cluck together the whole callow brood of the neighborhood, to teach them their letters and keep them out of harm's way. Mistress Elizabeth Delap, for that was her name, flourished in this capacity for upward of fifty years, and it was the pride and boast of her declining days, when nearly ninety years of age, that she was the first that had put a book (doubtless a horn-book) into Goldsmith's hands. Apparently he did not much profit by it, for she confessed he was one of the dullest boys she had ever dealt with, inasmuch that she had sometimes doubted whether it was possible to make any thing of him: a common case with imaginative children, who are apt to be beguiled from the dry abstractions of elementary study by the picturings of the fancy. At six years of age he passed into the hands of the village schoolmaster, one Thomas (or, as he was commonly and irreverently

named, Paddy) Byrne, a capital tutor for a poet. He had been educated for a pedagogue, but had enlisted in the army, served abroad during the wars of Queen Anne's time, and risen to the rank of quartermaster of a regiment in Spain. At the return of peace, having no longer exercise for the sword, he resumed the ferule, and drilled the urchin population of Lissoy. Goldsmith is supposed to have had him and his school in view in the following sketch in the *Deserted Village*:

'Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew:  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
The village all declared how much he knew,  
'I was certain he could write and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:  
In arguing, too, the person own'd his skill,  
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thund'ring  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.'

The campaigning stories which the romantic Byrne had brought with him from the wars, his superstitions, and the love of poetry, in which he dabbled, were eagerly devoured and imitated by our pupil. We pass a delightful portion of the biography, a description of the youth and college life of Goldsmith, with the following characteristic anecdote:

'Among the anecdotes told of him while at college, is one indicative of that prompt, but thoughtless and often whimsical benevolence which throughout life formed one of the most endearing yet eccentric points of his character. He was engaged to breakfast one day with a college intimate, but failed to make his appearance. His friend repaired to his room, knocked at his door, and was bidden to enter. To his surprise, he found Goldsmith in his bed, immersed to his chin in feathers. A serio-comic story explained the circumstance. In the course of the preceding evening's stroll he had met with a woman with five children, who implored his charity. Her husband was in the hospital; she was just from the country, a stranger, and destitute, without food or shelter for her helpless offspring. This was too much for the kind heart of Goldsmith. He was almost as poor as herself, it is true, and had no money in his pocket; but he brought her to the college gate, gave her the blankets from his bed to cover her little brood, and part of his clothes for her to sell and purchase food; and, finding himself cold during the night, had cut open his bed and buried himself among the feathers.'

After the termination of his struggling and eventful college career, it was determined that it was high time for him to strike out some course of life:

'His uncle and others of his relatives, urged him to prepare for holy orders. Goldsmith had a settled repugnance to a clerical life. This has been ascribed by some to conscientious scruples, not considering himself of a temper and frame of mind for such a sacred office; others attributed it to his roving propensities, and his desire to visit foreign countries; he himself gives a whimsical objection in his biography of the 'Man in Black': 'To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal.' Whimsical as it may seem, dress did in fact form an obstacle to his entrance into the church. Throughout life he had a passion for arraying his sturdy but somewhat awkward little person in gay colors; and when, in compliance with the persuasions of his uncle Contarine, he at length presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin for ordination, he appeared luminously arrayed in scarlet breeches! He was rejected by the bishop; some say for want of sufficient studious preparation; others from accounts which had reached the bishop of his irregularities at college; but others shrewdly suspect that the scarlet breeches was the fundamental objection.'

After various fortunes; wandering through towns, cities, and villages; at one time entertained at the mansions of the rich and noble, and at another seeking hospitality at the cottage of the peasant; sometimes attracting attention by his philosophical disputes, and again delighting the ear with the pensive breathings of his flute; we find Goldsmith in London. Some idea of his early residence in a metropolis which afterward rang with his name, may be gathered from the following extract:

'I called on Goldsmith at his lodgings in March, 1759, and found him writing his 'Inquiry,' in a miserable, dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, he resigned it to me, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While we were conversing together, some one tapped gently at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor, ragged little girl, of very becoming demeanour, entered the room, and dropping a courtesy, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.'

'We are reminded in this anecdote, of Goldsmith's picture of the lodgings of Beau Tibbs, and of the peep into the secrets of a make-shift establishment given to a visitor by the blundering old Scotch woman:

'By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor over the chimney; and, knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded 'Who's there?' My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand, to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

'When we got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony; and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. 'Good troth,' replied she, in a peculiar dialect, 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending the tub any longer.' 'My two shirts,' cried he, in a tone that faltered with confusion; 'what does the idiot mean?' 'I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other; 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because —' 'Fire and fury! no more of this stupid explanation!' cried he; 'go and inform her we have company. Were that Scotch hag to be forever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a Parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We are glad to perceive that Mr. IRVING has exposed the lurking hostility to GOLDSMITH discernible in the writings of BOSWELL, a pushing, presumptuous, envious, selfish Scotchman, whose only merit is, that he was a satellite of a great man, and has been handed down to posterity, through his ambition to 'illustrate his own mental insignificance, by continually placing himself in perpetual juxtaposition with the great lexicographer.' But not to waste words and space upon this 'literary magpie,' we pass to a passage in the history of a 'household book,' which, from its first appearance, has 'widened in a popularity that has never flagged, that has extended from country to country, and language to language, until it now embraces the whole reading world.'

'I received one morning,' says Johnson, 'a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion: I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, and desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

This novel was the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' which was so little appreciated by the bookseller who purchased it, that he kept it by him for two years unpublished. When, with many doubts and fears, it was at last given to the public, its popularity was so immediate, that it ran through three or four large editions in the brief space of three months.

Mr. IRVING has illustrated the character of GOLDSMITH by numerous anecdotes, many of which will be new, we may believe, to the American reader. There is one, however, which we have either seen recently recorded, or heard related, that is so forcibly illustrative of his simplicity and goodness of heart, that we should have been glad to see it in the work before us, and which we shall venture to repeat. Walking one day through a retired street in London, GOLDSMITH encountered two gentlemen, who, when mere lads, were his temporary pupils. They knew him at once; and when the recognition became mutual, his joy was apparently unbounded, for he loved children, and the memories of boyhood. He called them by their christian names, and in a pleasant abstraction, reduced his conversation to their capacity; and when he arrived at a fruit-stall, stopped and purchased some apples and *bon-bons*, and pressed their acceptance upon his old favorites. We close our extracts with the close of Mr. IRVING's biography:

'From the general turn of Goldsmith's biography, it is evident that his faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature; and the heart yearns more kindly toward the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and is frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of 'poor Goldsmith,' speaks volumes. Few, who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away his eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent fer-

malities of rigid virtue. 'Let not his frailties be remembered,' said Johnson; 'he was a very great man.' But, for our parts, we rather say, 'let them be remembered,' for we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of 'Poor GOLDSMITH!'

It would be a work of supererogation to commend this cheap and beautiful edition of 'GOLDSMITH'S Life and Writings' to a wide acceptance. Every reader knows the value and interest of the volumes. The merits of the works they embrace have long since been fully discussed, and their station in the scale of literary merit permanently established. They have outlasted generations of works of higher power and wider scope, and will continue to outlast succeeding generations, for they have that magic charm of style which embalms works to perpetuity.

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**LIFE'S MYSTERY.** — To every sensitive and thoughtful man, who realizes that he is walking between two eternities, 'hovering, with insecure adhesion, in the midst of the Unfathomable, and to dissolve at the farthest very soon,' there come often moments of existence, in which the Mystery of Life is almost insupportable; moments when, like the sweet poetess of England, that divine Intellect, now gone to solve the great secret, we question the winds, the stars, the wide earth, and the sounding sea, to tell us of the dead who have gone before us — to lift the dark curtain that hides the future from our mortal vision. This eventful theme we had the pleasure and satisfaction to hear treated not long since by one of the finest and most suggestive minds in this country, and in a manner so eloquent and masterly, that his audience were hushed as by a spell of enchantment, while the brilliant thoughts fell upon their ears, and found entrance to their hearts. The text was that kindred aspiration of JOSEPH: 'O that I knew where I might find him; that I might come even to his seat!' etc. Some idea, perhaps, may be formed of the character of the discourse, from the following passages, rendered from memory and a few cursory notes. Man is not at all times aware, said the speaker, in substance, of the intensity and awfulness of the life that is in him; yet a dim consciousness of infinite mystery and grandeur lies beneath all the common-place of life. Our steps are evermore haunted with thoughts far beyond their own range, which some have regarded as the reminiscences of a præexistent state. 'As I have seen,' said he, 'a rude peasant from the mountains of the Appenines, falling asleep at the foot of a pillar, in one of the majestic Roman churches: doubtless the choral symphonies yet fell soft upon his ear, and the gilded arches were yet dimly seen, through the half-slumbering eye-lids: and thus, it seems to me, is it often with the repose and stupor of the heart. Heaven is above us, and eternity is before and behind us; and suns and stars are silent witnesses and watchers over us. We are enfolded by infinity: infinite powers, infinite spaces, do they not lie all around us? Is not the dread arch of mystery spread over us, and no voice ever pierced it? Is not eternity enthroned amidst yonder starry heights, and no utterance, no word, ever came from those far-lying and silent spaces! Oh, it is strange, to think of that awful majesty above, and then to think of what is beneath it: this little struggle of life; this poor day's conflict; this busy ant-hill of a city! Shut down the dome of heaven close upon it; let it crush and confine every thought to the present spot, to the present instant, and such would a city be. Ascend the lonely watch-tower of evening meditation, and look forth, and listen; and lo! the talk of the streets — the sounds of music and revelling — the stir and tread of a multitude, goeth up into the silent and all-surrounding infinitude; and some indeed have supposed that every sound which rises from the earth, wanders onward and onward forever. But is it the audible sound only that goeth up? O no! but amidst the stir and noise of visible life, from the inmost bosom of the visible man, goeth up a call, a cry, an asking, unuttered, unutterable; an asking for revelation; saying, in almost speechless agony: 'O break, dread

arch of mystery! Tell us, ye stars that roll above the waves of mortal trouble — speak forth, thou enthronéd majesty of the unbounded spaces on high — bow down your mysterious heavens, and come near! Tell us, what ye only know; tell us of the loved and lost! — tell us what we are, and whither we are going! . . . Equally beautiful were the remarks of the speaker upon the impressive silence of nature. There was, he said in effect, no distinct, articulate utterance, yet the majesty of silence spoke 'with most miraculous organ.' Accustomed as we are, said he, to speech, how much more powerful in some things is silence? How intolerable would it have been, if every Day, when it came, had audibly said, 'God is good;' and every Evening when it stole upon us, had said 'God is good;' and every cloud when it rose, and every tree as it blossomed, and every plant as it sprung from the earth, had audibly said, 'God is good.' No; the silence of nature is more impressive than speech; it expresses more than words can utter. When we lift up our thoughts to the vast infinitude, what do we find? Order, holding its sublime reign among the countless revolving suns and systems, and light, fair and beautiful, covering all as with a garment. Look up to the heights of heaven, in some bright and smiling day: behold the ethereal softness, the meteor of beauty that hangs over us: and does it not seem as if it were an enfolding gentleness — a silent, hushed breathing of unutterable love? Was ever a mother's eye, bent on her child, more sweet and gentle? 'O you sweet heavens!' hath many a poet said. A voice of unutterable tenderness seems breathing from that blue vault — toward which the voices of human want and suffering go upward like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ears of heaven are prayers — saying: 'Poor frail beings! borne on the bosom of imperfection, and laid upon the lap of sorrow, be patient and hopeful! Ye are not neglected nor forgotten! The heaven above holds you in a solemn suspense, which death only may break. Be trustful for awhile, and all your lofty asking shall have answer, and all your patient sorrow shall find issue in everlasting peace.' . . . Our readers, we are sure, will not need to be informed, that they have held frequent communion in these pages with the master mind of which these beautiful thoughts are an emanation; nor will they fail to recognise in them the author of a discourse entitled 'Erroneous Views of Death,' noticed at large in a recent number. We cannot but hope that, in connexion with others from the same source, the present discourse, of the character of which we have afforded but an unsatisfactory glimpse, may soon find its way to the public in a permanent form.

LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON. — We acknowledge from the publisher, Mr. J. CRISSEY, Philadelphia, an 'Address on the Characters of LAFAYETTE and WASHINGTON, pronounced before the Washington Society of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., on the Fourth of July, 1840, by WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.' Our 'relations' with the orator naturally exclude us from comment upon this performance; but our readers, we may believe, will not take it amiss that we append the conclusion of their kindly-remembered friend 'OLLAPOD's address:

'Such was WASHINGTON: a combination and a form where every human grace and virtue appeared to have set an indelible seal. If we look at the various peculiarities of the various great men, for example, of the ancient republic, we shall find that he embraced the good ones of them all:

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car,  
At Battle's call;  
His Scipio's virtue, his, the skill,  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal.  
The clemency of Antonine,

And pure Aurelius' love divine;  
Intented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander's vigorous sway,  
And stern command:  
The faith of Constantine — ay, more —  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.

'But the crowning glory of WASHINGTON's course was its close. Nothing could be more glorious than such a life, but such a death. Encircled by his family; watched by eyes that loved him, and attended with tender ministrations, his soul parted from his body, and that immortal guest of his earthly tabernacle ascended to Heaven. As that hour approached, his contentment and peace were indescribable. He saw, if his thoughts were then momentarily of earth, through the long vista of coming years, the grandeur and beauty of a new republic, made free by his hand; teeming with

all kinds of riches, and filling with a virtuous and well-governed people. How beautiful a prospect! We read, of late, of the death of a king of Europe, who, when on his dying pillow, caused a mirror to be placed near his bed, that he might see his army defile in their glittering uniforms before him; an insubstantial picture—mere shadows on glass, showing, in a most striking emblem, how the glory of this world passeth away. But WASHINGTON had retired from his armies; throughout the land,

‘Glad Peace was tinkling in the farmer’s bell,  
And singing with the reapers:’

and he had no regret in his hour of departure.

Can we scarcely refrain from allowing to that hour the unutterable splendor of an apotheosis? He had fought his warfare; he had left his testimony for the rights of men, and obedience to Heaven; and is it too much to imagine him looking at his last moment, toward Heaven, with his dying eyes, and exclaiming with chastened rapture:

‘What means yon blaze on high?  
The empyrean sky,  
Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending;  
I see the star-paved land;  
Where all the angels stand,  
Even to the highest height, in burning rows ascending;  
Some with their wings outspread,  
And bowed the stately head,  
As on some errand of God’s love departing,  
Like flames from evening conflagration starting;  
The heralds of Omnipotence are they,  
And nearer earth they come, to wait my soul away!’

THE CELESTIAL EDICTS. — An influential English journal, in commenting upon the disturbed state of affairs in China, and the edicts of the Emperor, through High Commissioner LIN, affects to believe that the tone of these papers is assumed, to awe the lower orders of the Chinese, rather than the ‘outside barbarians;’ and that the promulgators themselves, the celestial dynasty proper, do not feel the superiority they vaunt so constantly. This opinion we hold to be entirely erroneous. In the first place, as has been truly said, the fact that the Chinese empire is the oldest now existing in the world, is well nigh sufficient to justify this assumption of superiority over all European nations, who are as a people of yesterday, in comparison. While every other nation distinguished in history, as Egypt, Greece, and Rome, has had its decline and fall, ‘the Chinese have maintained in the East, for several thousand years, the same comparative intellectual rank which the English, French, and Germans hold in Europe.’ The government of China is termed ‘celestial,’ because its principles are believed to be in accordance with the revealed will of heaven, as vouchsafed to Chinese astronomers, hundreds of years before CHRIST. But independent of these facts, the very style of the celestial edicts themselves is a sufficient evidence that the idea of boundless power, and ‘oneness’ of superiority, is inherent in the very nature of a Chinese. We have seen a Chinese map of the world, in which the celestial country occupies the entire space, with the exception of a few island-like circles—more or less large, according to their trade with China—dotted out near the borders, indicating such trifling localities as England and America. But note the *spirit* of the vermillion protocols. Without the *FEELING* that dictates them, who could write them? Who can imitate their *saturating* national egotism and bravado? ‘My dynasty,’ says the Emperor, in his expostulations touching the trade in opium, ‘soothes and tranquillizes the outside barbarians, and my favor flows most wide. For several tens of hundreds of years, they have been permitted here to get gains, and have been steeped in goodness and bounty. I now observe that these foreigners are exceedingly proud, haughty, and disrespectful, and lightly esteem and despise the celestial dynasty. It is proper that they immediately know how greatly the anger of the Emperor has been excited, and to learn that even ordure is more valuable than the smoking mud. I have heard that the outside barbarians’ ships, several tens of sail of them, remain anchored at Hong-Kong, on the outer ocean, where they keep staring and looking about, and won’t go away. Uniting these circumstances, it is proper that I forthwith issue perspicuous orders, that all may thoroughly know and understand, and pungently repent. Let these barbarian ships tarry no longer in the outer waters,

waiting with lingering hopes, but at once put up their sails, and immediately go away over the top of the ocean! Hasten, hasten! Oppose not! The words have gone forth—the law will follow. In the capital I have commanded my officers to draw up the severest statutes; in the provinces I have ordered the laws enforced with the utmost rigor. Most certainly there will be no forgiveness. Do not involve yourselves in cause for mourning, by bringing upon your heads heaps of calamities, and unnumbered woes. Decidedly no indulgence will be shown! Tremble fearfully hereat! A vermillion edict.' But notwithstanding this terrible proclamation, the vessels would not budge. Then comes another missive from LIN, with additional warnings and threatenings from head-quarters. Every Chinese subject, he says, 'burns with impatience' to drive away or destroy the offending vessels; to do which, the following highly feasible plan, among others, has been submitted to the Emperor by a loyal subject, who begs that his sovereign will 'bestow upon it a single holy glance.'

'I would call out and get ready several hundreds of the people living on the sea-coast: of those who are the stoutest, the bravest, and the best swimmers and divers, I would cause them at night to divide into groups, to go diving straight on board the foreign ships, and taking the said foreigners at unawares, massacre every individual among them! Or I would fit up several hundreds of fire-ships beforehand, and cause the most skillful swimmers and divers to go on board of them; these should take advantage of the wind, and let the fire-ships go; and close in the wake of these should come our armed cruisers. But before going into action, I would proclaim to all the soldiers and people that he or they who should be able to take a foreign ship, the entire ship and cargo should be given them for encouragement: and this being made known, every one would be more eager than the other in pressing forward to the capture: and what stay, I ask, would these rationally foreigners have to cling to any longer! Would not their hearts, on the contrary, die within them for fear?'

Every body remembers how contemptuously the imperial nose was turned up at the 'red bristled foreign ships' which England sent to protect her rights, or rather her wrongs, in the China seas. '*Who is this Elliot,*' says the Emperor, 'that has been sent here with his ships, by the outside barbarians of the English nation?' Up to the last advice, this feeling of contempt was as visible and strong as ever. In answer to a recent petition from American merchants, for protection from a reported British blockade, the petitioners are told that the whole story is 'analogous to an audacious falsehood,' and they are desired to 'try and reflect'—as if it were rather a hopeless case, but worth a trial, perhaps—to 'try and reflect that the harbors belonged to the Chinese,' and to give over their unmanly fears!

'THERE SHALL BE WAR NO MORE.'—'Pride, pomp, and circumstance,' will soon cease to be elements of glorious war. PERKINS's steam-gun, which is capable of throwing an hundred and fifty-eight balls in a minute, with unexampled force; which may be made of every size, and used with equal facility on land and water; is an invention which will soon entirely divest battle of its poetry. By this instrument, continuous showers of balls may be projected with such rapidity, that when the barrel of the gun is slowly swept around in a horizontal direction, the line of shot-holes will cut the 'wooden walls' of a ship in twain, as if by an invisible saw; and the same force will cut a horizontal gash through the side of a fort, or mow down a regiment, in ten minutes. Hence we hold, with a pleasant 'Pennsylvanian' contemporary, that war will soon cease to be attractive, and its 'day' go by. 'To bring destruction thus to its maximum, and to effect in a few minutes results which have heretofore required whole campaigns to accomplish, will be by no means likely to increase the belligerent spirit. Pugnacity itself will be overawed at such certain slaughter. The joy of battle will be gone. There will be little of the romance with which the trade of human butchery is strangely invested, if battalions are to be blown to fragments by the opening of a steam-valve; and if in place of glittering warriors, and plumed troops, and music, feathers, and gold lace, the fate of nations is to be decided by a few swarthy firemen, in red flannel shirts, sweating with blackened brows over the hot and greasy engine; shooting

cannon balls by the cart-load from hissing pipes, and poking the fire to keep up the necessary heat, instead of having recourse to pealing trumpets and rattling drums to blow the sparks of military ardor into a flame. This will be reducing war to its essentials; it will be getting rid of all its fascinating deceptions at once; it will be such an application of the labor-saving principle to the business of thinning population, and of making widows and orphans, that neither nations nor individuals will lightly go in search of such ghastly honor.

LORENZO DOW'S SUCCESSOR. — Several years ago, as many of our readers will remember, a series of 'Lay Sermons' appeared in a popular country journal of Pennsylvania. They were from the pen of the Hon. CHARLES MINER, author of the 'Poor Richard' sketches, and were written with such freedom and simplicity, and inculcated virtuous deeds and moral principles in so attractive a manner, that they became widely known and admired throughout the country. These popular lay discourses, we may presume, afforded the original hint for the 'Short Patent Sermons' which are reported from the lips of LORENZO DOW, JR., in the New-York 'Sunday Mercury.' No one who opens that entertaining sheet, can fail to observe the figure of a 'powerful preacher,' leaning over a small box of a pulpit, with open mouth and uplifted hand, 'laying down the law' with all the fervor of a Mawworm. Dow Jr.'s discourses, like those of his eccentric progenitor, are the most desultory things imaginable; but there is about them an oddity, an originality, that at once attracts attention; something, we know not what, that pleases, we know not how. With an occasional redundancy that abhors all discrimination; which compares till it perplexes, and illustrates till it confounds; and conceits often strained to the height of *bizarerie*, there are mingled passages containing genuine humor, fine pictures of nature, touching pathos, and apposite imagery. The imagination of the preacher, indeed, is 'a good blood-mare, and goes well;' and her only fault is, that she sees too many paths before her. In the use of personification, 'Dow Jr.' out-vies the Persian. He seems to be quite aware of this propensity. 'I don't know why it is,' says he, 'that I am so apt to personify every thing; but creatures of all shapes and forms are continually dancing in the sun-light of my fancy, and I hail them as they appear. The wind to me has a form and substance; there is a ditty in every breeze; the stones, trees, brooks, and rivers, all have tongues; every little flower whispers a language that I understand: I build houses for airy nothing, coop up the hours, and sometimes catch minutes in my hat. I talk to things inanimate as well as to animate.' We have collated a few passages from our lay-preacher's discourses, on various texts taken from ancient and modern writers, to illustrate his style:

'My friends, allow me to show you how the human body is likened to a house. My text explains this. It says that the big bones are the main timbers: very true. It says also that the ribs are laths, well plastered; but I should say they are rafters, that run into the ridge-pole, or backbone. The mouth is the door, and the nose is the chimney — especially for smokers. The throat is the entry that leads to the kitchen of the stomach, where all sorts of food are cooked up; the lungs are the bellows that blow the flame of life, and keep the pot of existence always boiling; the heart is the great chamber, where the greatest variety of goods imaginable are stored; some good, many bad, and a few rather middling. In this way, my hearers, you see the house of the human body is formed; and since it is a house of no small value, you ought to be careful of it; keep it well swept, and never let the cobwebs of sin gather in the corners of its apartments. I beseech you, especially, to look after the great chamber of the heart, and see that every thing there is arranged according to the very letter of morality. If there is any useless rubbish there, clear it out, to make room for goods that are saleable in the markets of the virtuous. The chambers of some hearts present an awful dirty appearance! I should like to walk into them with a bran-new broom: the way I'd brush out sin, and sand the floor with virtue, would be a caution to depravity!'

The following is a characteristic passage of natural description, which has the additional merit of being seasonable; for a more golden autumn than the present, or more gorgeous October sunsets, we have never beheld:

'The mildest day of autumn seems to coax heaven itself down to implant a rapturous kiss on the blushing cheek of earth, and send a thrill of ecstasy through the very heart of the universe! My



friends, Pomona has brought across full of her choicest apples, and emptied them upon the old woman's fruit-tables at the corners of the streets; the sickle of Ceres has been put to the golden grain; bottled-nose Bacchus sits by the way-side, feasting on grapes and wine, and Nature's table is loaded down with the rarest of luxuries. To-morrow the festival will be over; the leaves, stems, and scattered fragments, will be strewn over the fields in the wildest confusion; but they won't lie there long. No; Boreas with his broom will sweep them all into the corners of the fences, and keep on sweeping till the white sapkin of winter is spread for the season. . . . Oh! there is something so fascinating in the first blush of evening, just after the sun has shaken his last golden feathers upon the hill-tops! It's enough to make a man strip off his jacket of mortality, and swim the gulf of time, for the sake of reaching the splendors that decorate the opposite shore! I have seen some evening twilights, my friends, that take the shine off of every thing below, and clap on a few extra touches of their own. I have sat and admired the western firmament, when it seemed as though ten thousand dye-pots of glory had been upset in the chamber of heaven, while their gorgeous contents leaked through and stained the fleecy clouds beneath with colors not to be mocked by the daubing pencil of art. Then my imagination would take wings and play truant up skiff, like a wayward child; but was always sure to return with a sprig of comfort, plucked from the evergreen of ideality. Oh! there is an inviting peace in yon ocean of blue tranquillity! I can't look upon it, my brethren, without feeling my suspenders stretch. I'm sure, if they were to give way, I should go up like a balloon, and leave nothing but my breeches and boots behind! Those clouds are living things. The lesser ones are gold fish, swimming about in the celestial sea. The larger ones are the dying dolphins of heaven, disclosing new beauties with every wave of the fin, and brightening as they expire in the dark billow of night.'

Like many gossiping preachers of the clerical school, Mr. Dow Jn. has a great deal to say concerning himself, and his 'experiences.' Hear him:

'What a precious piece of goods I am! — hardly fit for a mock-auction shop; a damaged remnant of youthful ambition; moth-eaten by time, grown flimsy by age, and scratched to pieces by the cares, disappointments, and trials of a vexatious world. I feel myself to be nothing more than a soap-bubble, blown into existence by the breath of Omnipotence; and I expect to be blown out of it by a puff from the same source. . . . When my old coat gives evidence of decay, I can get it scoured and mended; a superannuated pair of boots can find renovation in the lap of the cobler; but when the body grows the worse for wear, no mortal hand can stay its destruction. Time has used me pretty well, however, considering the liberties I have sometimes taken with it. It has gently brought me to the calm evening of my days, where life's second twilight gathers round, and as it deepens, discloses the hand-writing upon the golden wall of the west: 'A FAIR TO-MORROW FOR THE WEARY PILGRIM.' I have not descended, my friends, into a gloomy vale. Not a bit of it! I have reached the summit of a glorious hill, where the eternal sun of Hope shines down and warms my back, as an offset to the chill winds that whistle in my bosom. Here I can mount a stump, and look over the whole landscape of past existence. I can point to the dim-blue horizon, and say: 'There, behind that misty veil, lies the region of infancy, where I first pecked the shell, and came squalling into the world with an eloquence that foretold my future calling: a little this side, I beheld the blooming garden of childhood, in all its pristine loveliness, where I plucked the roses of joy, sucked all the sweet cider of life, mocked at care, and drove sorrow away with a single boo-hoo; this side of that, are the green pastures of youth, over which I bounded with the blood of young ambition boiling in my veins, striving to imitate and emulate; nearer still, extend the broad plains, fertile valleys, rugged hills, and wooded lawns of manhood, with an extensive variety of prospect; here a gleam of sunshine, and there a gloomy shadow.'

Now and then we are treated to brief philosophical speculations. Here is an extract which will remind the reader of Dr. METCALF's theory, in his papers on 'Life,' in this journal:

'Life is like fire. Fire, like life, is in all bodies, and is every where — even in the air itself. The effects of fire, like life, are only seen while operating on some substance, which it gradually consumes. Fire exists without air the same length of time as life. A candle placed in a cellar that contains fixed air, will burn as long as life can exist, and no longer; and when the blaze and life both expire, they return, together, mysteriously back to the state from whence they sprung. You must not believe, however, with some foolish atheists, that when the body dies, the soul or life dies with it. This is all an error. I tell you that the soul will live for ever, in some form or other; for natural philosophy teaches us that not a single particle of matter can be destroyed; it only undergoes changes. Then why does not reason tell that the soul can't be destroyed, but simply undergoes a change also? When the body dies, the material that composes it dissolves, and returns to its native dust; and the soul also goes back to the element that gave it birth.'

Mr. Dow Jn. takes special cognizance of social abuses and fashionable follies; and however he may trench upon the reigning taste, always speaks his mind with great freedom. For example, he does not much affect the waltz:

'When I see a chap hugged up to a girl, performing constant revolutions, at the rate of ten to a minute, I can't help suspecting that he is trying to get round her in a very nonsensical way. O, this waltzing is a silly piece of business! A puppy whirling round after his tail, makes a more respectable appearance than a couple of our heavenly Father's images in the ludicrous position of waltzing. If dancing must be done at all, I say let it be done decently and in order.'

In running over these 'patent' discourses, we have always been struck with the resemblance which many of their odd conceits bear to those of the personages drawn by our

'Charcoal Sketcher,' the DICKENS of America. These conceits abundantly abound, and are often remarkable for terseness and originality, while their tendency is for the most part unexceptionable. Observe a cluster of them: 'Avoid prodigality, my friends; be content to travel slowly on the plain road to happiness, rather than ride on the rail-road to misery.' 'Take care of your moments. Moments are the small change of time, small in their individual amounts, but of immense importance in forming hours, days, months, years, and ages.' 'You have only to make a good use of whatever has been loaned you by Providence; for when these things are returned, they will be closely examined, and you will have to make reparation for all the injuries they have received. You own nothing here; you are only tenants of this lower world, and the rent is enormous!' 'I preach up strict virtue; and if there is no religion in virtue, there is no virtue in religion,' etc. With the following satire upon the sublime statistics sometimes introduced into religious discourses, we take our present leave of Mr. Dow Jr. and his patent sermons: 'Eternity! why you don't know the meaning of that word, nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cypher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions, billions, and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would then be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time!' This is a clever burlesque upon that species of vague minuteness which is sometimes a feature in the discourses of ignorant and 'powerful speakers,' and which is well satirized by one COLUMNNA, author of the 'Geography of Hades,' who lays down the limits of the infernal provinces as gravely as if he had taken a trigonometrical survey of them; gives the statistics of the inhabitants, and the natural history of the productions; and allots a warm corner to those who refuse to pay their tithes.

'THE DIAL.'—The second number of 'The Dial' is a decided improvement upon its predecessor. The quaint 'Thoughts on Modern Literature' include many fine *ideas*, and a very good criticism of GÖTTE. There is poetry in 'First Crossing the Alleghanies,' but its form is nought. It would make a pleasant and picturesque prose sketch. There is no lack of thought, and sound philosophy, in 'The Art of Life.' The utilitarian tendencies of the age are well set forth. The highest life, the writer contends, the highest enjoyment, is the life of the mind, the enjoyment of thought. 'The world is too much with us. We live out of doors. An all-present publicity attends our steps. Our life is in print. Society has become a chamber of mirrors, where our slightest movement is brought home to us with thousand-fold reflections. The consequence is, a morbid consciousness, a *habit of living for effect*, utterly incompatible with wholesome effort, and an earnest mind. No heroic character, no depth of feeling, can ever come of such a life.' 'The Wood-Fire' is a thoughtful piece of verse, and the associations it awakens, natural and pleasing. 'A Lesson for the Day' impressed us favorably, especially the comprehensive sketch of the progress of Christianity: 'The priest, the philosopher, the poet, and the king—all who have a love for the past, or an interest in present delusions—join forces to cast down and tread into dust these Jewish fishermen and tent-makers. They fetter the limbs, they murder the body. So the world went on for two ages; but in less than three centuries, this faith goes from its low beginning on the Galilean Lake, through Jerusalem, Antioch, Corinth, and Alexandria; ascends the throne of the Cæsars; and great men, and temples, and towers, and rich cities, and broad kingdoms, lie at its feet.' This is eloquent; and partakes not a little of the spirit of Rev. Mr. BASCOM's discourse upon the same theme, as given originally in these pages, as well as of counsellor PHILLIPS's celebrated address before an Irish Bible Society. The enthusiastic admiration of the editor for the 'New-Poetry' of his correspondent, will scarcely be endorsed by his readers. Some portion of it is tumid and tumultuary in its structure, and barely respectable rhyme. We see no more of the 'Orphic Sayings,' and rejoice at the good taste of Mr. EMERSON in clipping them at 'Number One.' Such papers have but 'once-readers.' There was not a half-dozen clear ideas in the whole performance. The main impression of the reader was, that the writer had gone out of his wits, and that he had had no great journey to go, to get past their confines. Mounted on airy stilts of abstraction, he walked in the clouds, illumined by 'a sunshiny flash and a moonshiny haze.' He was one of that class of wordy sciolists who now and then offer a safety-valve for literary eccentricities; who only

think they think; and who, so far from making *others* think, awaken but one idea; which is, that had they been born with four legs, and carried panniers, their 'line of life' would not have been mistaken. The Boston journalists, we perceive, are ever and anon putting forth pungent burlesques upon articles in the Dial, and particularly upon papers after the style of the 'New Poetry,' and the 'Orphic Sayings.' The 'Gastric Sayings' which follow, are a capital imitation of the 'popular Genesis,' quoted in a former notice of 'The Dial.'

'The popular cookery is dietetical. It addresses the sense, not the soul. Two principles, diverse and alien, interchange the soul, and sway the world by turns. Appetite is dual. Satiety is derivative. Simplicity haunts in compounds. Mastication is actual merely. The poles of potatoes are integrated; eggs globed and orb'd: yet in the true cookery, flour is globed in the material, wine orb'd in the transparent. The baker globes, the griddle orbs, all things. As magnet the steel, so the palate abstracts matter, which trembles to traverse the mouths of diversity, and rest in the bowels of unity. All cookery is of hunger: variety is her form, order her costume.'

The subjoined is an equally felicitous imitation of that vague 'longing after the Infinite and the Unattainable,' of which we hear so much in the writings of the inferior Transcendentalists:

'Why is it that the proboscis of the individual man protrudeth itself so far forth toward the Infinite? Is it not that he may thereby essay even to obtain, as it were, a fore-smell of the Illimitable? Whence comes it, that that organ, in each generation of its being, preserves its proper individuality, distinct from that of its fellows? Is it not that they may thereby assuredly feel that they do follow ever in the wake of the Infallible? It matters not if the extreme of each individual proboscis be, as it were, *sui generis*, touching its tendency upward, into the Sublime, or downward, toward the Unfathomable; seeing that both are alike to be found in that divine path, made by the footsteps of Nature, in her passage to the all-perfect.'

THE 'CHOWDER CONTROVERSY,' in so far as the KNICKERBOCKER is concerned, closes with the annexed rejoinder of JOHN WATERS, which should have reached us from abroad in season for our last number. A profound conception of the *ars celare artem*, and a style præeminently delicate and *sui generis*, are deep mysteries, it should seem, to one who abjures all art, and 'speaks the plain language;' yea, verily, and they be edg'd tools, also, which whoso handleth, not knowing the uses thereof, shall assuredly be harmed thereby.

#### ONE WORD ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRIVATE EYE OF THE FRIEND STARBUCK.

#### SCENE, A DARK CHAMBER.

PHYSICIAN. — Poor man! what can have reduced him to this wretched state!

PATIENT, *soliloquizing*. — Oh Criticism! criticism!

PHYSICIAN. — 'Criticism!' In all my vast practice, I have never heard of the disorder before!

PATIENT. — Death, Sir! a disorder! It is a noble art! I am myself a follower of Longinus!

I do not know whence this dramatic passage comes from that I have chosen for my motto, and I certainly shall not give myself any trouble of research to find its origin or test the accuracy of the quotation; but it entered forcibly into my thoughts, when, descending from the purple haze of the lower Alps into one of the capitals of Europe, I laid my hand upon thy cumbrous article in the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine for August last, and read it to the end, oh thou HEZEDIAH STARBUCK, third mortal existing man, as thou averrest thyself to be, of that — 'Phœbus, what a name!'

Really thou deservest praise for the industrious collection of thy machinery! — first, for this thine own name; then thine Obed Macy; thine Amaziah Green, that Newport friend removed from the Island; thine eleven daughters, Rhoda, Hepsabeth, and the Muses; thy befrizzled Mounseer; thy house in Coffin-street; thy ship upon the stocks; and thy son Libani mounted upon an albatross and sailing in the rear! Saint Luke preserve thee in thy remaining wits! how thou must have felt *delivered* when thine article was writ out, and thine additional onion, (almost the only idea in the whole piece, by the way, germane even to the supposed subject,) had been at length brought forth in safety!

I thought at first not to have replied to thee at all, saying to myself in the bright words of our Master GEOFFREY CRAYON, he has 'satisfied the sentiment,' let him rest; reflecting also, that with many other honest persons beside thyself, an attempt at a joke is no laughing matter, and that thy failure therefore was not remarkable, nor to be noticed by me in any manner that might annoy

the perfect self-complacency that seems to form the reigning characteristic of thy mind. But the apprehension lest silence on my part might be misconstrued by thee into an admission that there is either relevancy or force of expression in thine attempt, and encourage thee into the criticism (as I suppose thou considerest it to be) of works of a standard far more elevated than the slight opuscula with which I occasionally amuse a lonely hour, I approach thee in the spirit of the physician of the motto, desiring thy cure, and to inform thee that thou hast in thy disorder mistaken metaphysics for chowder; the remote variation upon the chords of an air, for the words of the song to which it was originally married;\* and the woodland echoes of the resounding horn, for the metal of which the instrument was made. If I had been writing a recipe as thou supposest for the cooking of chowder, there are certainly some details into which I should have entered that were not touched upon by me; but this was not my purpose, and there were reasons, scrutable perhaps even to thy perceptions under this explanation, for not placing a frying-pan in the hands of my friend Jim.

I could have wished, if thou really hast any intelligence in the Science of Cookery as applied to fish, that instead of commenting upon my religion and everything else in the world, thy paper had reflected some glimpse of light upon the construction of the dish thou professest to admire so much, and which thou hadst chosen for thy subject; but— Adieu! I counsel thee in all friendliness to think more and write less; and instead of coining names, and living upon the wits of other men, to endeavor to extract some one useful or amusing idea from thine own.

JOHN WATERS.

EXHIBITION OF THE APOLLO GALLERY. — We hope none of our town readers will infer, from the compulsory brevity of our reference to the Apollo exhibition, that it is not in the main a most attractive collection; for such it assuredly is, and one which will as well repay repeated visits, as any similar exhibition which has been presented in this metropolis for many months. Designing to recur to the subject again, our present glance will be a very cursory one. . . . Number 26. 'Fishmarket at Rome.' We are not distinctly aware who Mr. H. GREENE, the artist, may be, but this is one among the very best pictures in the gallery. Massive architecture, of various orders and ages, crumbling to majestic ruin, and beneath it Italian fishwomen disposing their pious treasures. What contrasts! — and the painter has felt and depicted them. . . . No. 19. 'Isaac of York,' the Jew in 'Ivanhoe,' by WASHINGTON ALSTON. This is a study. We can only ask the reader to appreciatingly regard the forehead, the gray-brown, protruding eye, the compressed lip, the beard, and the hand in shadow that grasps the staff. Could any thing be more cool and natural, subdued and beautiful? — unless indeed it be the portrait of WEAZ, by the same artist, which is imbued with kindred characteristics. . . . Observe the several sea-views of THOMAS BIRCH, the first marine painter in America. One can almost hear the roar of the breaking wave, and the hiss of the salt sea brine, as it dissolves and sinks away, while the distant sail fits into dimness, in faint relief against a cloudy coast. . . . No. 33 is a 'Florentine Girl,' by HUNTINGTON. We have already alluded to this picture, and ask the visitor at the Apollo to justify the praise which it elicited at our hands. . . . No. 49. 'View of Schreón Lake,' by THOMAS COLE. You will sit by this picture a half an hour, if you are a lover of nature, admiring the perfect water, and the shadows which rest upon it from the bold shore near by, the purple mountain in the distance, and the cloud which clips its pinnacle. How deep the repose! — how solemn the stillness! This little picture is a poem. . . . No. 29. 'Portrait of a Lady and Child,' by PAGE. Warm, expressive, and rich, like a great portion of this fine artist's efforts. Mr. PAGE, or we greatly mistake, is slowly winning his way to distinguished eminence. . . . No. 79. 'View of Pittsburgh,' etc., by J. SHAW. Is not this picture (and one or two others, that we recognize as its fellows,) cold, raw, gray, and daguerreotype-ish in color? We only ask for information.' . . . No. 107. 'View of St. Paul's and part of Blackfriars Bridge, London.' A very striking picture, by V. G. AUDUBON. It has the merit, also, of being a faithful transcript of the scene. 'That's very like old Paul's and Ludgithill,' said a fresh Englishman near us; 'and the Friars is not amiss, but the river is too empty. Where's the w'erries?' Mr. AUDUBON is entitled to this cockney criticism. . . . Nos. 123 and 131: 'Views of New-York,' from Weehawken and the Greenwood Cemetery, by Mr. HAVELL. As these pictures will come up for consideration in another form in these pages, we merely direct to them the notice of the visitor. . . . We find many other pictures, including several portraits, checked and pencilled in our catalogue, to which we may hereafter find leisure to do justice. In the mean time, we cordially commend the 'Apollo Gallery' to the admiration and patronage of the public.

## THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — Mrs. WOOD, our Queen of Song, is again among us, with all her imperial powers undiminished. Opera is at this writing the order of the night, and crowded houses testify that it is an order which they have no wish to break. What can we say in praise of this exquisite songstress, which has not been said and sung by her admirers over and again? Who that has listened to the tones of her heart-moving voice, but has testified to its power? If there be one 'with soul so dead,' let him not be trusted. 'Treason, stratagems, and spoils,' these is he made for: the sweet humanities live not with him; his inner man is as sole leather; his fingers are 'pickers and stealers,' and he is exactly the individual we would not trust behind us in a crowd! There is a sort of inspiration in the singing of Mrs. WOOD, which we often wonder does not carry her away altogether beyond the measured notes of the song: she seems so enwrapped in the enchanting tones which she creates, that like the singing bird, ranging at its own sweet will, we have almost expected a vocal volatary, even in the midst of her most studied songs. But it is not in music alone that Mrs. WOOD is almost without a competitor. As an actress, her powers are sufficient to entitle her to a proud rank in the histrionic art. We can safely say, that we have never beheld a great singer possessing such attractions as an actress. The lamented MALIBRAN was admired before she left this country for the beauty of her acting; but even long afterward, in her best days, she could not give more pleasure in this branch of art to an English audience, than can Mrs. WOOD at the present day. Her 'Rosetta,' in 'Love in a Village,' is a performance finished and perfect in every respect. Simplicity and archness combined, render this character in itself almost unapproachable by a performer of ordinary capacity. The smallest minutiae of the scene are given by Mrs. WOOD with as much truth as if the events were truly affecting herself. There appears to be no acting about it; it is nature's self; and it possesses that rare charm — in acting as in every other art — the utter absence of apparent effort. So it is with Mrs. WOOD's execution of all other parts in opera; and we have heard it stated, by one who was himself a witness of the performance, that Mrs. WOOD did herself great honor, in the latter days of the elder Kean, by playing the part of Desdemona to the Othello of that lamented son of genius.

Mr. WOOD has decidedly improved since his last visit. His voice is more round and full than ever, and there seems to be more of life and spirit, albeit there was more than a modicum before, in his singing and acting, than was perceptible during his previous visits. The universal call for this gentleman on the first night of the appearance of Mrs. WOOD, must have been as gratifying to him as it was worthy of the just and honorable feelings of the audience; but the loud 'Hurrah!' which greeted his first appearance, two nights afterward, was the worthy tribute of an American public to one who had unrighteously suffered, and a cheering evidence of their determination to give him a warm welcome, and a hearty support. . . . Mr. LEVLER, who has come before us upon the introduction of the Woods, is a singer of great merit. His voice is round and full, and of that peculiar character of expression that finds its way at once to the heart. Mr. LEVLER is as yet but little practised in stage singing; but his knowledge of music, and the extraordinary character of his voice, with his own good sense and the direction of such teachers as Mrs. and Mr. WOOD, will soon place him first among the eminent. . . . Mr. BROUGH, an old favorite, and every body's favorite, is so connected with our recollections of the Woones, that to meet him with them again, is like bringing the past before us. That same majestic voice, for we can give it no other name, which enthralled us then, is as perfect now as ever. Unlike many performers whom we wot of, his sojourn in the South and West, and among the 'Hoosier' tribes of this our blessed country, has not deteriorated his style. Back again among his old friends, he seems hardly to have left us at all; but sings and acts with the same spirit — although a little nervous at times — that he did in 'days long vanished.' The operas of 'Cinderella,' 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Love in a Village,' and 'La Sonnambula,' have been already presented and repeated with all their old success; and the 'Fidelle' and 'Don Giovanni' will probably have been produced before these words receive the dignity of type, but too late for a notice of their performance. We hope often, during the winter and spring, to recur to these chiefly well established favorites of this good public.

c.

THE 'NEW NATIONAL' did not open well. Mr. Horn's new opera, which has been highly commended for many merits, was hurried before the public by the 'go-ahead' management, and of consequence proved a failing card. We fear it needs at least a WALLACK to resuscitate a theatre in the low and unfashionable quarter of Church-street and its adjacent localities. The house, however, is well arranged, so far as comfort is concerned, being spacious, and 'roomy' in its seats,

with its stage open to all parts of the building. The difficulty in *hearing*, as we gather from the 'Albion,' is, however, a serious tax upon this latter 'improvement.' 'La Gazza Ladra,' we learn, has been well produced, with our old favorites, GIUSEPPE, SALTIN and his lady, and Miss POOLE, in the principal parts, of whose performances report speaks favorably.

HILL'S THEATRE. — This neat little establishment, originally the 'Franklin Theatre,' has been fitted up and embellished in a most comfortable and elegant manner. The conversion of the old pit into a convenient and handsome *parquette*, is a great improvement. Mr. HILL, a 'star' of the first magnitude in his new orbit, has succeeded in effecting a short engagement with himself; and his appearance is always sufficient to fill the house. But, added to this, he has an excellent stock company for the production of light and entertaining performances. The management is complete; and no females are permitted to visit the house, unaccompanied by a gentleman.

THE CHATHAM THEATRE has been crowded nightly during the month, mainly through the 'attractive force' of JAMES CROW, Esquire, whose extravaganzas are still the delight of boys, and children of a larger growth. The melodramatic spectacle of 'Peter Wilkins, the Flying Dutchman,' has also had a successful run at this house, which is realizing handsome profits.

OLD TRINITY CHURCH. — We are gratified in so soon being able to present the satirical lines to 'Old Trinity,' written for the KNICKERBOCKER some weeks since, by J. M. FIELD, Esq., of New-Orleans, as he was on the eve of sailing for Europe, but accidentally lost, as mentioned in the number for August. Mr. FIELD encountered the KNICKERBOCKER in Paris, and perceiving the announcement of the missing effusion, supplied us at once with a second copy, for which he will accept our readers' thanks, and ours. The spirit which pervades the poetical and prose sketches of 'STRAWS,' and those of his gifted brother — *par nobile fratrum* — in that small but sterling piece of 'circulating medium,' the 'PICTURES,' are as marked as the journal itself, when it falls a *bonne bouche* into the hands of country editors.

#### OLD TRINITY.

You remember, George, old Trinity,  
Which used in olden time,  
The olden time when we were young,  
To ring its solemn chime?  
Which stood in Broadway, opposite  
To that important small street,  
And like a frowning angel over-  
Looked the sin of Wall-street?

Of course you do; well, it is down;  
No more its spire aspires;  
'Tis low as are the dead around,  
As mute as their desires:  
Incoming up old New-York bay,  
You wonder where can be it;  
You feel there's something wrong, you see,  
Because you doesn't see it.

Last summer, I remember, George,  
While sitting at Hotoken,  
We saw the weathercock was gone,  
The spire below was broken;  
Day after day we saw it go,  
Each day we sat a-thinking;  
Nor counted the milk punches we  
Consumed while it was sinking.

We used to think how often, George,  
We'd travelled up that spire,  
To see the world, and how we wished  
That it was a mile higher:  
And how we dreamed of journeyings  
By water and on dry land;  
And wondrous climes which lay beyond  
Harlem and Staten Island!

And how the old spire trembled as  
They set the bells a-swinging;  
And how we trembled too, while we  
Were rung down by the ringing:  
And how, George, we were always caught  
While stealing down the stair,  
And got a shaking from 'the man,'  
Because we went up there.

Well, the old church is down, and they're  
A-putting up a new one;  
I don't care how they steeple it,  
It won't be the old *blus* one!  
I sha'n't go there to say my prayers,  
The world will seem too nigh us;  
There's naught like venerable stone,  
For making one feel pious.

There's one thing which surprises me,  
And I suspect they'll rue it;  
That they should let the grave-yard stand,  
Nor carry Wall-street through it:  
What matters the repose of bones,  
Though father, wife, or mother,  
When people want a short-cut from  
One river to the other!

What were the deep ones thinking of?  
What ail'd the corporation?  
Lord! what a chance for building lots,  
Old bones, and speculation!  
There's something wondrous in the wind  
That blows so strange a feather;  
For once, men spare their parents' bones,  
In preference to shoe-leather!

THE 'SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.'—Our Southern contemporary is becoming as corpulent as an alderman; and like an alderman, moreover, is generally distended with 'good things.' In the present instance, however, there are 'two single gentlemen rolled into one;' in other words, the September and October numbers come to us under a single cover. There are in all fifty-two articles, in prose and verse, some of which are dull, but many of distinguished excellence. One of the most pleasant and congenial papers in the number, to our taste, is the graceful and thoughtful 'Midsummer Fancies' of our esteemed correspondent, GEORGE D. STRONG, Esq. The ardent love and deep appreciation of external nature which it exhibits, sufficiently evince that the writer, although like SPRAGUE of Boston bound to the official responsibilities of important financial institutions, has yet an eye to see and a heart to feel the 'visible things of God.' The contrast between peace, plenty, and war, in the opening, is illustrated by a simile equally striking and beautiful. We commend the annexed scene in the carnival of nature to general admiration:

'And the music, too; how likest thou the varied notes of that Malibran of feathered songsters, the Mocking-bird. Tarry till the heat of the day is past, and the leader of the tiny orchestra marshals the whole troupe for a grand display; and if for twenty-four hours thereafter thou lipest a syllable in laudation of any Italian corps under heaven, I will forfeit the first glance of renewed affection from a pair of as lovely eyes as ever led a disciple of Esculapius to forget his fee, or betrayed an expounder of Blackstone into the abandonment of his client's cause, from its intrinsic injustice. While the principal singers are rehearsing in the green-room, the crimson-tufted Woodpecker quiets the impatience of the audience, by beating his everlasting reveille; while the Bob-o-link, the roguish Merry Andrew of the tribe, like a spoiled favorite of the pit, skips before and behind the curtain, at his own good pleasure. . . . As the noon-day heat relaxes, the squirrel with bushy tail aloft, like the sail of a pleasure-boat, skips into the leafy arena; etc.

We will leave even this clipped example of pleasant grouping with the reader, as ample evidence of the justice of our encomium.

'NEW-AMSTERDAM' IN THE OLDEN TIME.—We alluded in our last number to a beautiful picture of New-Amsterdam, in the time of WOUTER VAN TWILLER, from the pencil of Mr. T. R. THORPE; and we advert to the subject again, to say, that when 'the times' shall have a little mended, we shall cause it to be reproduced on steel, for the edification of our readers. Mr. THORPE is now on his way to the South and West, and we commend him to the courtesies and patronage of our readers in those regions, and particularly in those *felicitous* sections, East and West Feliciana, (La.), where he proposes, as we learn, to quarter for the winter. Mr. THORPE is an artist of decided genius, and sure promise; and but for an amiable and mistaken modesty—for the world meets nobody half way—would ere this have made himself most favorably known to the public. The first and only picture he ever exhibited, was one in the American Academy, some eight or ten years ago, called 'The Bold Dragoon,' from WASHINGTON IRVING's story of that name. Col. TRUMBULL, as we learn from a friend, was so well pleased with it, that he had one of his own pictures removed, to place it in the best possible light; observing, that he had 'never seen a painting that told the whole story more completely.' This picture was afterward purchased by Judge IRVING, in whose family we believe it now remains. Not long after this, Mr. THORPE left New-York to enter college; but subsequently, finding his health failing, he repaired to the South, where he has resided until his recent visit to the North. The public are indebted to Mr. THORPE's pen, through that excellent literary and sporting journal, the 'Spirit of the Times,' for many graphic descriptions of southern life and scenery, some of which have been widely quoted and commended in England. We close this hurried tribute with our best wishes for Mr. THORPE's success in his profession, and a return, ere long, to his native state, and a wider field for the exercise of his fine talents.

T. O. PORTER, Esq., late editor of the 'Corsair' literary journal, has associated himself with Mr. COUDERT in the management of the well-known English and Classical School for Boys, near Elizabethtown, (N. J.) To the attainments of a scholar, and the character of an accomplished gentleman, Dr. PORTER adds a knowledge of the best methods of instruction, and a fitting appreciation of, and sympathy with, the feelings of the young. Hence we have pleasure in congratulating Mr. COUDERT upon the fortunate acquisition of so competent a coadjutor.

**MR. STREET'S POEM.**— Nothing makes us more regret the crowded state of our pages, than the necessity it involves of merely indicating the existence of, rather than adequately noticing, such literary efforts as the one now before us, from our friend and correspondent, ALFRED B. STREET, Esq. It is a poem entitled 'Nature,' and was pronounced by the author before the Euglossian Society, at the 'commencement' of Geneva college, in August last. To those who are familiar with Mr. STREET's felicitous descriptions of external nature— and all our readers are certainly of the number— we need not say, that the minutest limning of the artist could not more faithfully transfer a living landscape to the canvass, than does Mr. STREET with his pen. The poem opens with a glance at Creation, the Deluge, etc., and then proceeds, by a series of well-chosen and artist-like contrasts, to depict the scenery of various countries, England, Switzerland, Africa, etc., and closing with a gorgeous picture of American scenery, in its different varieties, and under the changes of the seasons. A single extract is all for which we can find space; but happily, it is of such a character, that all who read it will need no other inducement to seek out and peruse the entire performance from which it is taken:

'An English landscape: a green winding lane,  
Skirted with fragrant hawthorns, casting down  
Broad stripes of shadow on the pleasant grass,  
Streak'd by the slant rays of the sinking sun;  
The mown hay's odor fills the balmy air,  
And the light clanging of the sharpening scythe  
Rings from the meadow: o'er yon grove of oaks  
Tufting the sky with dome-like foliage,  
Points the moss'd steeple of the village church;  
And through the parted edges of the leaves  
Gleam the white grave-stones: by the cottage-porch  
Stoops the rough cart, its long tongue thrust to earth,  
And near it crouches the tired panting ox,  
And the grim mastiff, growling in his sleep.  
Beneath the woodbin'd lattice, flashing back  
In dazzling sparks the sunshine, the faint hum  
Of the whirl'd spinning-wheel is blending sweet  
With the deep low of the approaching kine,  
And the shrill creaking of the harvest-wain;  
O'er the green wave of meadow, melting dim  
In the far distance, sweeps the lordly park,  
With its gray ivied castle, haughtily  
Frowning with tower and wall and battlement.'

**ALLOQUIAL CONVERSERS.**— We do not know of a greater *score* in a small circle of friends, literary or social, than your alloquial 'conversationist,' a personage who talks to and not *with* you; who, forgetting that conversation is a property in common, in which no one has the right to eject his neighbor, doles out his prolix 'views' on abstruse themes, with the air of a Sir Oracle; who is so bent upon a selfish display of what he considers an accomplishment, that he only pauses, at distant intervals, to take breath; when, at the interposition of an adverse word from another party, he meets the interposer with, 'But you will perceive,' or 'Nay, but you will observe,' etc., and forthwith he goes back to 'first principles,' and retraces the premises and enforces the arguments he has been laying down upon some crude and barren subject. Such memorable 'conversers' we have encountered, and so doubtless have our readers, in persons whose manners were otherwise unexceptionable, and who plumed themselves upon being American gentlemen. But in the best and most agreeable society, this *penchant* of yearning alloquists is seldom tolerated. In France, it has been pleasantly observed, it is so far from being admitted as an accomplishment, that it is not even understood as a *disease*! And a 'disease' it is, in good truth, and has been epidemic; but its day is nearly over. We remember to have been made aware, some months since, of certain ill-natured comments from a distant and we may infer an indifferent source, upon our remarks in relation to COLERIDGE, in this regard, who, with his pomp of knowledge, was certainly the *best* of this class of interminable conversers. Yet even the English



'De Monologue,' as Madam DE STAEL forcibly termed him, was, as we affirmed, with proofs, a 'dreadful bore.' The fact is transpiring on all sides, now that the *prestige* of his long talks has vanished away. 'CHRISTOPHER NORTH,' in the last number of BLACKWOOD, has hit the nail on the head, and driven it home. 'COLERIDGE,' says he, 'was not a converser; he was a lecturer. His sentences were dissertations; his very metaphors had beginning, middle, and end; his divisions were as numerous, parenthetical, and positive as those of a preacher of the Moravian connection; and in the briskest conversation he seemed never able to disengage himself from the idea, that it was his duty at once to enlighten and astound the whole living race of mankind, beside leaving a handsome legacy for all generations to come. He was no conversationist. He declaimed; he harangued; he talked long and loftily; his reveries were of the pagan *mythoi*, of Mesmerism, of the Samothracian impostures, and the profundities of science lost to mankind in the burning of the Alexandrian library. His mind was like one of the obelisks of his favorite land — wild, odd, antique, covered with characters which doubtless meant something, but which no man could interpret, and puzzling every body with the question, why so much trouble was taken in vain.' As an example of COLERIDGE's hieroglyphical and oracular style, the following *clear* and sonorous sentence is repeated from his lips, as recorded in his 'Literary Remains': 'The absolute subjectivity, whose only attribute is the Good; whose only definition is, that which is essentially causative of all possible true being; the adorable *προσσωπον* which, whatever is assumed as the first, must be presumed its antecedent, *Θεος* without an article, and yet not as an adjective,' etc. BLACKWOOD's opinions of COLERIDGE's 'conversations' are those of nine-tenths of the readers in Great Britain and America, and of all whom we have encountered, who had ever listened to his oracular teachings.

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Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM's NEW PUBLICATIONS. — We have received, through this enterprising and favorite English and American house, the last two numbers of the 'Pictorial Shakspeare' — a work which we have heretofore noticed, and which for various merits, pictorial and literary, is altogether unrivalled — and the seventh 'Part' of 'HEATH'S Waverley Gallery of the Principal Female Characters in Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Romances and Poems,' a series of engravings than which we have had nothing so beautiful, nor so comparatively cheap, from across the water these two years. The same publishers have received the last three numbers, being the completion, of 'The Heads of the People,' which we have frequently noticed. The numbers contain capital illustrations of the 'British Soldier,' the 'Chelsea Pensioner,' the 'British Sailor,' the 'Greenwich Pensioner,' the 'Radical M. P.,' and the 'Corporation Heads,' Mayor, Aldermen, Common Council, etc., etc.

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'THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.' — Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have published this most entertaining work, in a large and handsome volume, with numerous illustrations by 'PHIZ.' We have already, on two or three occasions, in noticing the numbers of the 'Dublin University Magazine,' expressed a highly favorable opinion of 'Harry Lorrequer;' and our readers will especially remember a taste of the author's quality which we afforded them, not long since, in the amusing sketch descriptive of purchasing a rollicking Hibernian out of Purgatory. Next to 'Boz,' we know of no writer more racy and entertaining than the author of 'Harry Lorrequer' and 'Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon,' the latter of which, we are glad to observe, the publishers of the volume before us have already in press.

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NOTICES of several late works, although in type, including Parry's Voyages, 'Florence Dalbiac,' etc., and of many new contributions, are unavoidably omitted.

*A Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.*—The 'Army and Navy Magazine,' in the course of some gratifying comments upon the September number of the Knickerbocker, and especially of the revolutionary paper entitled 'The Robinson House,' observes: 'Familiar as are the main features of the Arnold plot to American readers, every new dress in which it appears, displays some additional incident, gathered from tradition or contemporary actors. The patriotism and love of virtue so inherent in the American people, have long since stamped the memory of the traitor with detestation, while that of his villainous victim is always viewed with sympathetic regret.' From many communications to which the article in question has given rise, we select the subjoined 'Sequel to the 'Robinson House,' from the pen of an infrequent contributor, once made illustrious by Galt, our old friend 'Laurie Todd.' 'Mr. Editor: In your number for September, is a very interesting, beautiful, and correct history of the capture of Major Andre. Permit me to add my mite to that history. I think it was in the month of September, 1800, that I made one of a company that was following the corpse of a friend departed, to the house appointed for all living. It was at Tarrytown; and on our way to the grave, we paused on the spot where Andre was first hailed and stopped. My companion in the line informed me of the fact, and added, 'Isaac Van Wart, one of his captors, is now in our company.' At the conclusion of the funeral service, I was introduced to Mr. Van Wart; and on our way back, I desired him to lead me to the spot among the trees and brush-wood, at that time unaltered, where the search and important discovery were made. He very kindly complied; and while I pressed the ground where stood the feet of Andre, he related the story as your correspondent has done, with this small addition, viz: that when Andre found he was discovered, and a prisoner, he offered successively his gold watch and a purse of gold for his liberty. This being refused, he tendered an order on the British commissary in New-York for any amount in goods and money which his captors might name; 'and for security of the payment,' he added, 'let one of you go to New-York and receive the sum. I will remain here a hostage with the other two, until your comrade returns. If the contract is not fulfilled, I am still your prisoner.' Here I interrupted Mr. Van Wart. I said: 'Sir, you were three poor young men: it was a great temptation. Did none of you hesitate?' 'Not one!' he answered: 'each stood firm, as appeared in the sequel.' Now, Mr. Knickerbocker, in the days of Rome, an action like this would have been blazoned to posterity in letters of gold; it would have lived on the cauvass of the painter, and in the marble of the sculptor. But poor was the reward, and small the thanks, which these brave and patriotic men received from their country. Four or five winters ago, if my memory serves me, an application was made to Congress from one of the surviving captors of Andre, for some sort of compensation. My impression is that it was refused. Certain I am, it was warmly opposed, and especially by a member from our own state. They were branded as 'cow-thieves,' etc. Perhaps they were cow-thieves; but at that period, the most honorable men, both whigs and tories, living between the lines, were cow-thieves. The British soldiers and American tories stole cows from the whigs: the whigs had no remedy but to steal them back again. It is very probable that the British and tories had driven off the whole stock belonging to the widowed mothers of these boys; for if fame speaks true, neither of the three were of age; and according to the usages of war, they were justified in a recapture. It is evident they were not thieves for gain; else would they have taken the price which Andre offered for his ransom, which was more than would have sufficed to purchase the whole stock of cows, sheep, and oxen, which belonged to Job, when he resided in the land of Uz. In my humble opinion, Mr. Editor, (in which, as a native Knickerbocker, I am sure you will join,) every New-Yorker should be proud that he was born in the state which produced three such men; and the fact of their being boys, and poor boys, adds very much to the glory of the act. Had this deed been done by a Van Cortlandt, a Phillips, a Van Rensselaer, or any three of the 'lords of the manor' on the Hudson river, the act would have been engraven on the rocks with the point of a diamond. But it was done by three cow-herd-boys: and there is not a stone to mark the spot where this important event took place. In 1831, when the remains of Major Andre were placed on board the British sloop of war which had been sent to convey them to England, and while she lay in the North River awaiting a wind, I had an ardent desire to handle the skull that had once contained such mighty projects. I obtained an order from the British Consul, and repaired on board, taking with me a handsome myrtle plant, which I placed on the lid of the sarcophagus. This plant was carried to London in good condition, and many of the 'grandeess' obtained cuttings from it, which grew and multiplied under the name of 'Andre's Myrtle.' When I was in London in 1833, I saw several of these myrtles. I remember that when I held Andre's skull in my hand, I observed that the root of a cedar tree had struck through the bone of the right side, and came out at the left, where it remained.' . . . Our anti-matrimonial correspondent has punctured a hornet's nest; and like a pot-vallant hero, will doubtless retreat under cover of the Knickerbocker, leaving us to bear the brunt of the battle he has provoked. He is doubtless 'incorrigible,' as he affirms. He reminds us of a fellow-bachelor who was once 'in a quandary whether to marry or keep a horse,' and who on being informed that an acquaintance, who was no favorite of his, had just been married, exclaimed with sudden vehemence: 'Well, I am glad of it! And yet,' he added, in a self-reproachful, half-commiserating tone, 'I do not know that I ought to say so, either: he never injured me!' But with all his bachelor views, there is much truthful satire in our correspondent's comments upon the education which obtains among us for wives and mothers. Many a wife 'sings, plays, and dances well,' works lace, and makes whole litters of worsted dogs and cats, with green heads, yellow eyes, and vermillion tails, who has not a particle of really valuable domestic information. Ladies, who are to be wives and mothers, 'think on these things!' . . . We are obliged to our Boston correspondent for his kind encomiums, as well as for his sketch of, and indignant comments upon, a recent attack on a respectable and unoffending editor by a vulgar and brutal person connected with an inferior theatrical establishment in that city. But 'F.'s' strictures are not needed. The public contempt, and the punishment that awaits him, will be to the culprit a sufficient retribution. If, as is hinted, the *argumentum baculinum* prevails to a great extent in our sister city, we would advise our contemporaries of the press to imitate the London Journalist, who kept a hired Herculesan bruiser to mill the refractory into subjection. When an offended party called to obtain redress for an alleged editorial grievance, he was shown up to the 'fighting editor's' apartment, the ornaments of which were strongly expressive of pugnacity. Along the wall a thick bludgeon lay horizontally, supported by two brass hooks. Above this, and parallel, was placed one of lesser dimensions, until a pyramid of weapons arose, gradually tapering to a horse-whip! . . . 'The History of Drusilla Darracott,' in preceding pages, we are assured by the author 'is a true story, and no mistake.' 'I knew the parties well,' he writes, 'whose fates I have recorded; and the first-born of their ill-sorted union was one of my early play-mates.' What punishment too severe, could be visited upon the head of one who, for amusement, could trifle with the affections of a young and innocent female; who could aim to win a heart for the express purpose of breaking it;

staking his fictions against her realities, and when he has won by the counterfeit, triumphing in the cheat, and exulting over the loser? . . . The 'Lines commencing *'There's Poetry in Every Thing,'* completely refute the truth of the writer's premises. There is no poetry in his communication, 'for one thing.' And we must say the same of the *'Stanzas on a Recent Visit to Niagara Falls.'* Indeed, we rather prefer, to the hard rhymes thus entitled, the eloquent verdict of a recent English visitor: 'The Falls are clever, certainly — quite clever; but they are unpleasant to examine closely. I got my coat thoroughly soaked, and lost my 'at. The guide led me under the Great Fall. The water made me shut my eyes all the time. I got very wet and uncomfortable. He led me on some paces, and then he led me back; and when we were out, he asked me for two dollars. Altogether, I prefer a picture of the Cat'ract, that 'hangs up on the wall, in the house!'. . . We find the subjoined comments upon Mr. Irving's sketch of *'Ralph Ringwood,'* in a late number of the *'Saint Joseph's (Florida) Times.'* What do they mean?

'Many of our Florida friends have heard these details orally from Ralph himself. This spirited auto-biographist is now a candidate for the Senate from Middle Florida; has drank the good old vernacular, talked politics, religion, love, and poetry, as the case might be, with almost every man, woman, and child in Middle Florida. The fun, the frolic, and the indomitable enterprise of his youth, is as sparkling and fresh yet, as when he first 'set' for the buffalo, or tracked the wild deer to his covert. Time, though it has occasionally blighted a hope, and crushed a flower by his side, yet in the main has dealt kindly with our friend Ralph, realizing that beautiful conception of Moore's about the sunshines of love illumining our youth, and the moonlight of friendship consoling its decline. Ralph, now in a matured age, exhibits in his person none of the angular lines of the cross-grained ascetic, but the plump development of a round and rubicund gentleman 'all of the olden time.' His love for the *Olympics* continues to the last: and though in his own peculiar language he cannot now run up a hill as fast as he could in his younger days, he can *roll* down it with any man 'in the land.' And she, too, the 'star-light of his boyhood': 'the pretty girl with that white dress, and those Auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks,' the sickness, and sorrow, and disappointment, have paled that cheek, and dimmed the lustre of those eyes, which maddened the young 'Hunter of Kentucky.' All who have visited Middle Florida, and partaken of the hospitality of its most open mansion, will recognize in the quiet, lady-like, and graceful partner of Ralph's, one who in her youth might well have pardoned a stolen kiss: for if the fault was a grievous one, the temptation was far greater. The blush, the bloom, has passed away; that white dress is exchanged for a brown, dark brown; but nature, as fresh now in her works as when time was young, has contrived to engrain on our Florida soil fair scions, as beautiful as was the parent stem in its own Kentucky. The union of Ralph and his lady, and their life, is a happy realization of the poet's dream, 'a first and last love.'

We should like an interview with 'L. P. T.,' whose communication reaches us through the Post-office. There is one correction to be made in his article, which will cause even him, we think, no little amusement. The *four* pax is admirable; and with his permission, we will print his favor *as it is.* Some loyal penitentiary keeper once put 'Welcome Here!' in evergreen, over the door of his prison, past which the King of Hanover was to ride. 'L. P. T.' will see, on a moment's reflection, that he has perpetrated a blunder precisely similar. We could not avoid thinking of Matthew's kind-hearted Frenchman, remonstrating from the window of a diligence with a peasant who was beating an ox over the head: 'It is beauty,' he exclaimed, with great energy, 'to beat an animal over the horns!' And appealing to his fellow passengers, who were less moved, although some of them were of the softer sex, 'Ladies and gentlemen, how would you like it yourselves?' . . . 'Tootle-Tootle' should apply to the daily journals for a redress of his alleged grievances. He is dreadfully annoyed, he says, by a 'distinguished fustler' who lodges in his vicinity, and whom he describes as sitting at the window day and night, 'rolling down his nether lip, and spitting into the side-hole of a hollow cylinder, which continually discharges water at its nether end!'

**HARPER'S 'SCHOOL DISTRICT LIBRARY.'** — A mere reference to this invaluable series, is all that has yet appeared in the **KNICKERBOCKER.** We purpose now to make our readers aware of its distinguished merits, and the advantages which it presents for the easy acceptance of millions of young persons in our American schools. Three series have already appeared; and so widely popular have they become, from their excellence and astonishing cheapness, that a fourth has been demanded, and is now in active preparation. In their subjects, thus far, they embrace history, voyages and travels, biography, natural history, the physical sciences, agriculture, manufactures, arts, commerce, belles-lettres, the history and philosophy of education, etc. The first series consists of fifty, the second of ninety-five, and the third of an hundred volumes, neatly printed and bound; and yet each series, in a handsome library-case, may be obtained for **TWENTY DOLLARS!** — and single volumes for thirty-eight cents! The annals of book-making afford no instance of similar cheapness, when the execution and excellence of the works are considered. Hon. JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State, and superintendent of Common Schools, has recommended them to every school-district in the state of New-York; and other states throughout the Union are following the example of our own. 'The introduction of libraries,' says Mr. SPENCER, in a letter to the publishers, 'is a new and highly valuable feature in the system of popular education. The character of the books which you have published for this purpose, and their exceedingly low price, will facilitate the establishment of these libraries throughout our country. I can safely recommend your whole collection, as superior to any other for the same purpose within my knowledge. While you have consulted novelty in having some original works, you have not sacrificed utility, but have studied to promote it. The cheap price at which it is afforded, is I believe entirely unparalleled. No person who purchases it, either for a district circulating library or for his family use, will ever regret the bargain. There is not a book in the collection which would not adorn any private library.'

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE MISSISSIPPI.

Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide  
Has dashed me on the sawyer.

BRAINERD.

THE North American continent, in its impenetrable forests, its fertile prairies, its magnificent lakes, its variety of rivers with their falls, is the richest portion of our globe. Many of these wonderful exhibitions of nature are already shrines where pilgrims from every land assemble to admire and marvel at the surpassing wonders of a new world. So numerous indeed are the objects presented, so novel and striking is their character, that the judgment is confused in endeavoring to decide which single one is worthy of the greatest admiration; and the forests, the prairies, the lakes, the rivers, and falls, each in turn dispute the supremacy. But to us, the Mississippi ranks first in importance; and thus we think must it strike all, when they consider the luxurious fertility of the valley through which it flows, its vast extent, and the charm of mystery that rests upon its waters. The Niagara Falls, with its fearful depths, its rocky heights, its thunder, and 'bows of promise,' addresses itself to the ear, and the eye, and through these alone impresses the beholder with the greatness of its character. The Mississippi, on the contrary, although it may have few or no tangible demonstrations of power, although it has no language with which it can startle the senses, yet in a 'still small voice' it addresses the mind, with its terrible lessons of strength and sublimity, more forcibly than any other object in nature.

The name *Mississippi* was derived from the aborigines of the country, and has been poetically rendered the 'Father of Waters.' There is little truth in this translation, and it gives no idea, or scarcely none, of the river itself. The literal meaning of the Indian compound *Mississippi*, as is the case with all Indian names in this country, would have been much better, and every way more characteristic. From the most numerous Indian tribe in the South-west we derive the name; and it would seem that the same people who gave the name to the Mississippi, at different times possessed nearly half the continent; judging from the fact that the Ohio in the north, and many of the most southern points of the peninsula of Florida, are from the Choctaw language. With that tribe the two simple adjectives, *Missah* and *Sippah*, are used when describing the most familiar

things ; but these two words, though they are employed thus familiarly when separated, when compounded, form the most characteristic name we can get of this wonderful river. Missah, literally *Old big*, Sippah, *strong*, OLD-BIG-STRONG ; and this name is eminently appropriate to the Mississippi.

The country through which this river flows is almost entirely alluvial. Not a stone is to be seen, save about its head waters ; but a dark rich earth 'looks eager for the hand of cultivation,' and in its wildness sports with its own strength ; for vegetation lies piled upon its surface with a luxuriant wastefulness that beggars all description, and finds no comparison for its extent, except in the mighty river from which it receives its support. This alluvial soil forms frail banks to confine the swift current of the Mississippi ; and as might be imagined, they are continually altering their shape and location. The channel is capricious and wayward in its course. The needle of the compass turns round and round upon its axis, as it marks the bearings of your craft, and in a few hours will frequently point due north, west, east, and south, delineating those tremendous bends in the stream which nature seems to have formed to check the headlong current, and keep it from rushing too madly to the ocean. But the stream does not always tamely circumscribe these bends : gathering strength from resistance, it will form new and more direct channels ; and thus it is that large tracts of country once on the river, become inland, or are entirely swept away by the current ; and so frequently does this happen, that 'cut-offs' are almost as familiar to the eye on the Mississippi as its muddy waters. When the Mississippi, in making its 'cut-offs,' is ploughing its way through the virgin soil, there float upon the top of this destroying tide thousands of trees, that covered the land, and lined its carving banks. These gigantic wrecks of the primitive forests are tossed about by the invisible power of the current, as if they were straws ; and they find no rest, until with associated thousands they are thrown upon some projecting point of land, where they lie rotting for miles, their dark forms frequently shooting into the air like writhing serpents, presenting one of the most desolate pictures the mind can conceive.

These masses of timber are called 'rafts.' Other trees become attached to the bottom of the river, and yet by some elasticity of the roots they are loose enough to be affected by the strange and powerful current, which will bear them down under the surface ; and the tree, by its own strength, will come gracefully up again, to be again engulfed ; and thus they wave upward and downward with a gracefulness of motion which would not disgrace a beau of the old school. Boats frequently pass over these 'sawyers,' as they go down stream, pressing them under by their weight ; but let some unfortunate child of the genius of Robert Fulton, as it passes up stream, be saluted by the visage of one of these polite gentry, as it rises ten or more feet in the air, and nothing short of irreparable damage, or swift destruction ensues, while the cause of all this disaster, after the concussion, will rise above the ruin as if nothing had happened, shake the dripping water from its forked limbs, and sink again, as if rejoicing in its strength. Other trees will fasten themselves firmly in the bottom of the river ; and their long trunks, shorn of their limbs,

present the most formidable objects to navigation. A rock itself, sharpened and set by art, could be no more dangerous than these dread 'snags.' Let the bows of the strongest vessel come in contact with them, and the concussion will drive through its timbers as if they were paper; and the noble craft will sometimes tremble for a moment like a thing of life, when suddenly struck to its vitals, and then sink into its grave.

Such are the 'cut-offs,' 'rafts,' 'sawyers,' and 'snags' of the Mississippi; terms significant to the minds of the western boatman and hunter, of qualities which they apply to themselves and their heroes, whenever they wish to express themselves strongly; and we presume the beau ideal of a political character with them, would be one who would come at the truth by a 'cut-off,' separate and pile up falsehood for decay, like the trees of a 'raft,' and do all this with the politeness of a 'sawyer,' and with principles unyielding as a 'snag.'

The vast extent of the Mississippi is almost beyond belief. The stream which may bear you gently along in mid-winter so far south that the sun is oppressive, finds its beginnings in a country of eternal snows. Follow it in your imagination thousands of miles, as you pass on from its head waters to its mouth, and you find it flowing through almost every climate under heaven: nay more, the comparatively small stream on which you look, receives within itself the waters of four rivers alone; Arkansas, Red, Ohio, and Missouri; whose united lengths, without including their tributaries, is over eight thousand miles: yet this mighty flood is swallowed up by the Mississippi, as if it possessed within itself the very capacity of the ocean, and disdained in its narrow limits to acknowledge the accession of strength.

The color of this tremendous flood of water is always turbid. There seems no rest for it that will enable it to become quiet or clear. In all seasons, the same muddy water meets the eye; and this strange peculiarity, associated with the character and form of the banks, strikes the mind at once as the dark-sediment which has for centuries settled upon the river's edge, and thus formed the 'ridges' through which it runs; or in other words, it has *confined itself*: and in this we behold one of its most original features. On the Mississippi we have no land sloping down in gentle declivities to the water's edge; but a bank just high enough, where it is washed by the river, to protect the back country from inundation, in the ordinary rises of the stream; for whenever, from an extensive flood, it rises above the top of this feeble barrier, the water runs down into the country. This singular fact shows how all the land on the Mississippi, south of the thirty-fourth degree of latitude, is liable to inundation, since nearly all the inhabitants on the shores of the river find its level, in ordinarily high water, running above the land on which they reside. To prevent this easy and apparently natural inundation, there seems to be a power constantly exerted to hold the flood in check, and bid it 'go so far and no farther;' and but for this interposition of divine power, here so signally displayed, the fair fields of the south would become sand-bars upon the shores of the Atlantic, and the country which might now support the world, would only bear the angry ocean wave. Suppose, for an instant, that an universal spring should beam

upon our favored continent, and that the thousands of streams which are tributary to the Mississippi, were to become at once unloosed : the mighty flood in its rushing course would destroy the heart of the north-western continent. But mark the goodness and wisdom of Providence. Early in the spring, the waters of the Ohio rise with its tributaries, and the Mississippi bears them off, without injuriously overflowing its banks. When summer sets in, its own head waters about the lakes, and the swift Missouri, with its melting ice from the Rocky Mountains, come down, and thus each, in order, makes the Mississippi its outlet to the Gulf of Mexico. But were all these streams permitted to come together in their strength, what, again we ask, would save the Eden gardens of the south ?

In contemplations like these, carried out to their fullest extent, we may arrive at the character of this mighty river. *It is in the thoughts it suggests*, and not in the breadth or length, visible at any given point to the eye. Depending on the senses alone, we should never think of being astonished, or even feeling the least degree of admiration. You may float upon its bosom, and be lost amid its world of waters, and yet you will see nothing of its vastness ; for the river has no striking beauty : its waves run scarce as high as a child can reach : upon its banks we find no towering precipices, no cloud-capped mountains. All, all is dull — I might say tame. But let us float day after day upon its apparently sluggish surface, and by contemplation and comparison, once begin to comprehend its magnitude, and the mind is overwhelmed with fearful admiration. There seems to rise up from its muddy waters a spirit, robed in mystery, that points back for its beginning to the deluge, and whispers audibly : ‘I roll on, and on, *altering*, but *not altered*, while time exists !’ Here, too, we behold a power terrible in its loneliness ; for on the Mississippi a sameness meets your eye every where, without a single change of scene. A river incomprehensible, illimitable, and mysterious, flows ever onward, tossing to and fro under its depths, in its own channel, as if fretting in its ordered limits ; swallowing its banks here, and disgorging them elsewhere so suddenly, that the attentive pilot, as he repeats his frequent route, feels that he knows not where he is, and often hesitates fearfully along in the mighty flood by the certain lead ; and again and again is he startled by the ominous cry, ‘Less fathom deep !’ where but yesterday the lead would have gone down ‘where never plummet sounded.’ Such is the great Aorta of the continent of North America ; alone and unequalled in its majesty ; proclaiming in its course the wisdom and power of God, who only can measure its depths, and ‘turn them about as a very little thing.’

T. B. T.

## A GREAT MISTAKE.

SINCE fools alone ALL things believe  
 In cloister hatch'd, or college,  
 Some, by believing NOTHING, think  
 They're at the height of knowledge.  
 Some truths ABOVE our reason, we  
 Reject not, but receive :  
 AGAINST all reason, infidels  
 Unnumbered lies believe.

## F O U N T A I N   I N   T H E   D E S E R T .

He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out: they ran in the dry places like a river. — *PSALMS.*

## I.

He spake, and from the barren rock  
A crystal fountain burst;  
Streams through the arid desert ran,  
To slake the traveller's thirst:  
Oh! joyous shouts were borne to heaven,  
For that new type of mercy given.

## II.

They drank — the way-worn host of God,  
And every languid eye  
Looked bright again, as stars gleam out,  
When shadows have passed by:  
How grateful to the burning brow,  
Was that cool fount's luxuriant flow!

## III.

Oh! deemed they not its worth beyond  
The costliest diadem;  
Could aught of finest gold compare,  
Or pearl, or lustrous gem,  
With those pure bubbles, as they broke  
All glist'ning from the desert rock!

## IV.

Love burned anew, and notes of praise  
Arose to Abraham's God,  
While yet again their pilgrimage  
With cheerful feet they trod;  
Onward, a chosen, joyful band,  
They hasten'd to the promised land.

## V.

Behold! a better fount appears  
'Mid life's drear wilderness;  
Whence streams of living water flow,  
The thirsty soul to bless:  
Forth from a rock it issues free,  
And boundless as eternity.

## VI.

The fever'd spirit, sore oppressed  
With earthly wo and care;  
The weary, and the guilty too,  
May find refreshment there:  
Hope springs and blossoms like the rose,  
Where this celestial fountain flows.

## VII.

And oh! can aught exceed its worth,  
Bright gems, or purest gold;  
Seem not the choicest things of earth,  
Its stores of wealth untold,  
Less than the fading hues of even,  
Compared with this best gift of Heaven!

## VIII.

Come nigh, ye pilgrims, faint and worn,  
For you a fount has burst;  
A Rock is open'd 'mid the waste!  
Come, freely quench your thirst:  
Then as on eagles' wings arise,  
And soar for your immortal prize!



## SPIRIT-LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

## I.

PARTED from thee, as one entomb'd am I;  
 Sweet Summer's balmy blooms no longer cheer;  
 Nor Nature's minstrelsy delights mine ear:  
 The very morning sun shines drearily.

## II.

But when soft Slumber seals each living eye,  
 And sheeted ghosts are from the church-yards streaming,  
 Then does my Spirit, disenthral'd and dreaming,  
 O'er hill and vale to thy dear presence fly.

## III.

Through the forbidden garden fearless going,  
 And through the door that erst was closed to me,  
 I reach the quiet chamber of my Love:  
 And does my Spirit frighten thee, sweet Dove?  
 It is the breath of love that falls on thee:  
 Farewell! I seek my grave: the cock is crowing!

## THE LUNATIC, AND HIS TURKEY.

## A TALE OF WITCHCRAFT.

THE singular superstition still exists, in some parts of the country, of ascribing those terrible affections of the mind, which we see in all the forms of insanity, to the agency of witchcraft. More than one instance has come to the knowledge of the writer, within the last twelve months, and in this gay metropolis, where the inmates of the family afflicted appeared most devoutly to believe that their sick friend was actually bewitched by some foul and malignant demon of the air. Experiments have been tried, to detect the malicious hag who haunted the bedside of the suffering patient. Sentries have been set over his chamber, and silent watches kept in 'the witching hour of night,' in the hope of intercepting the stealthy visits of the witch:

'Who chooseth solitaria to abide  
 Far from all neighbors, that her devilish deedes  
 And hellish arts from people she might hide,  
 And hurt far off, unknowne, whomever she envyde.'

When these experiments failed, and we have yet to hear of the first that has been successful, others equally profound and philosophical have been resorted to. The blood taken from the arm of the patient by his physician, has been covertly placed in some secret closet upon the topmost shelf, to dry away, under the belief that the health of the old witch would from that hour begin to fail, and that she would infallibly die, the moment the process of evaporation ceased. Another

mode of operation has been, to open the ashes upon the old-fashioned hearth, and pour in the sick man's blood, some expert dame standing ready, with heated shovel, to stir up the embers, under the belief that the witch, whoever or wherever she might be, would get a terrible scorching by the operation.

A singular instance of this species of credulity occurred a few years since in the town of D———. A laboring man, the father of a family in humble circumstances, was attacked with a slight disease, which after several weeks of illness terminated in a fixed insanity. The patient was quite harmless and inoffensive, but singular in all his proceedings, and generally wild and incoherent in his conversation. The family, one after another, from certain strange noises they had observed, and the mysterious conversations which they imagined the lunatic to hold with some invisible being, came to the conclusion that he was actually bewitched. All the minor remedies for witchcraft were speedily resorted to. Horse-shoes were nailed over every door in the house, and nails, in the form of the cross, driven into the thresholds. Pins were plentifully stuck into the crevices of the windows, and the shovel and tongs carefully placed crosswise upon the hearth-stone, at the raking up of the fire. But all to no purpose. The sick man was still a lunatic, and no clue could be obtained to his supposed tormentors.

Affairs remained in this situation for several weeks; one friend and another friend advising to this experiment and to that, as their imagination prompted; when a consultation of certain wise old ladies of the neighborhood was held, and, after due deliberation, a bold step decided upon against the enemy. On a Sabbath, after the conclusion of the afternoon service, some fifteen or twenty ladies, of the most knowing class, proceeded direct from the church to the house of the lunatic, and the good deacon of the parish also made it in his way to be present. What sort of amulet or charm each buxom dame wore about her person, does not appear; but the deacon took special care to be duly fortified against the wiles of the adversary, by a miniature copy of the Bible snugly stowed away in one pocket, and a book of psalms in the other. On assembling together at the house, a long and interesting conversation ensued on the subject of witchcraft and evil spirits in general, each one present having some startling illustration to offer in support of the common opinion. The deacon was especially eloquent in denouncing the wickedness of all such as sold themselves to the Evil One, for the purpose of tormenting their fellow creatures, and brought up as many instances of their ultimate detection and miserable end, as served to heighten the faith of all present in the success of their immediate undertaking.

The form and particulars of the whole ceremony having been settled, operations were now commenced. A huge blazing fire was kindled in the fire-place; which, by the way was one of those old-fashioned wide and capacious fire-places, which would take in, at a single mouthful, the whole of a New-York 'load' of wood; after which the most ominous silence was preserved by all present, who were waiting until the last rays of the setting sun had been lost among the shadows of evening. At the proper time, on a concerted signal, the carcass of a lamb, which had just been slain, and its heart

and entrails laid open, was brought into the room; the heart of which was immediately stuck full of pins, and the body then placed upon the fire, where it was consumed. The sick man, during all this process, was locked into a distant room, and one or more of the party set to watch his motions through the key-hole of the door, during the time occupied in the sacrifice. This ceremony and sacrifice, however, proved utterly fruitless. There was no change for the better in the condition of the lunatic.

A few days after this, he commenced employing himself in walking back and forth constantly across the door-yard in front of his house. This practice he continued for weeks, following it all the day, and only prevented during the night, by the interference of the family, who literally forced him into the house, until he had worn his path as smooth and uniform as the pavement. It so happened, that among the fowls of the barn-yard was a veteran old bruiser, who, from his many battles and bloody encounters, his perpetual strut and gobble, had become the acknowledged leader of his flock. No one was even bold enough to 'follow in his footsteps.' This old turkey-cock, observing the daily walk of his master, took it into his sapient head that he would follow his example; and it is a fact, that for days and weeks, the old turkey-cock continued to walk by the side of the lunatic, facing about whenever he did, and imitating, as far as possible, his step. The family drove him away repeatedly, though against the entreaties of the lunatic, and once shut him up for a whole week, with the design to break off the singular connection, but all to no purpose. The moment the turkey was let loose, he again entered the course with his master, and walked as long as he did.

Here was food for the lovers of the marvellous. Men, women, and children, came from a great distance, to see the lunatic and his turkey. Frequent councils were held upon the subject; and it was at length solemnly decided that the turkey should suffer death. He was accordingly soon after beheaded, and his body submitted to the flames. Still the poor lunatic grew no better; on the contrary, he had formed a sort of attachment for the companion of his walks, and bitterly lamented his loss.

The experiments of the good dames of the neighborhood, however, did not stop here. They resolved on one more trial to exorcise the fiend. They accordingly again assembled at the house of the lunatic, with the deacon at their head. The physician was sent for; and on his arrival, he observed that an unusual number of persons were assembled. He noticed also that a brisk fire was blazing in the oven, and that the most reserved manner was adopted by all the circle around. Passing into the sick man's room, and examining his situation, he determined upon bleeding him, after having been urgently pressed to do so by several of the family. After attending to this operation, he handed over the vessel containing the blood to one of the company. The physician concluded to watch by the bedside of his patient during the night. In the course of two or three hours after the bleeding, he was roused from a dose into which he had fallen, by a loud report, as of a loaded musket in the adjoining room; and, on going out, discovered a thick smoke issuing from the mouth of the

oven, and extending itself in black wreaths upward, and along the ceiling. There sat the good deacon, with Bible open upon his knees; and some half score of old ladies were seated in grim silence around the room. On inquiring the cause of this singular scene, the doctor ascertained that the blood of the lunatic, which a few hours before he had taken from his arm, had been poured into an earthen jar, which was then hermetically sealed, and covered with small pieces of silver; after which it was placed in the oven. As soon as the contents of the jar became sufficiently rarefied, it exploded, with the effects above stated.

For a long while after this, the old ladies who officiated on this singular occasion, used to tell of the strange noises they heard overhead on that night; and some of them actually believed they had got the better of the adversary, especially as it soon became noised abroad that an old woman living in an adjoining town, and long suspected of witchcraft, actually died on that eventful night. The poor lunatic, however, was never the better for these kind but mistaken efforts in his behalf, and in a few months after died. J. B. M.

*Geo. Benjamin Paulding (?)*  
LINES TO A HEN.

'HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert.' SHELLEY.

Thou art a 'bird' a pretty bird, thou amiable hen,  
And a 'spirit' too thou hoverest about the barns of men;  
A meek and quiet 'spirit,' thou art rather seen than heard,  
And I love thee for thy gentleness, thou sweet domestic bird!

A child of industry and peace thou dost appear to be,  
And scratching on the world for food, is world enough for thee;  
There's judgment in thy countenance, there's shrewdness in thine air,  
And the innocence of chickenhood is ever lurking there.

Philosophy is thine, sweet bird! and it shows thou art no fool,  
That eclectic-like, thou gatherest thy creed from every school;  
In joy an epicurean, when corn and oats abound,  
Resigned as ever Plato was, when clouds and storms surround.

In sunshine, like Diogenes, thou baskest in the beams,  
And calm as light from heaven above, thy self-complacence seems;  
Or like the stoic stalking forth with proud and lofty air,  
Thou tread'st the earth with scornful step, as far beneath thy care.

Thy voice is somewhat clamorous: but while most other birds  
Pipe out their soft and love-like notes to sentimental words,  
I like the plain statistical remark by thee that's made,  
To indicate to all around that thou an egg hast laid.

Thy gentle voice, too, oft is heard, entreating from the mud,  
For thy chickens some of them to come, and light upon a bug;  
And at eve, like private curfew-bell, thy tongue is oft unloosed,  
To bid the chicks to blow out lights, and come with thee to roost.

And now, as thou to roost dost go, with all thy chicks so brave,  
Calm as the glorious sun doth set beneath the ocean wave,  
My song I cease, my harp I hang, like Jews' by Babel's stream,  
No more thy praise to echo forth, bird of my sweetest dream!

IL. PENSEBROO.

## E M I G R A T I O N .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SUNDAY IN LONDON.'

In every-day conversation, in politics, and in business, how often do we hear of emigration! Emigration! It is a word that brings with it a host of second-hand, ready-made opinions; and to the people of this country any realization of the meaning of the word appears so very useless and gratuitous, that if American dictionaries were to be published without it, the omission might not be detected, at least for some time to come.

'What is the good of emigration?' is a question little likely to be correctly answered by any of the parties immediately concerned. Ask the emigrant, and his answer will be according to his previous education and preconceived views. Ask the ship-owner: he will tell you that the passenger trade helps his calculations on the 'main chance' considerably. Ask the packet captain; he will tell you that passengers are a set of helpless lubbers, but that they are generally made of the right sort of stuff, and are well calculated to become good citizens. Answers equally characteristic would be received from all persons connected by business with such a system of emigration as that now in progress between Europe and America. The moral bearings and tendencies of this erratic movement of population are so important and elevated, that we cannot reasonably require an expanded view of them from those whose time is occupied in the performance of the classified duties of their respective stations. It is only by making a study of the entire subject of emigration, that one can expect to arrive at all the points afforded by such a wide field of observation. To arrive at correct impressions of emigration, we must endeavor to discover the motives of those who emigrate.

The joyous-hearted and patriotic Irishman, on leaving the 'boys' who were his companions in old Ireland, must have heaved a sigh when the anchor was heaved for his departure. The Frenchman who takes his leave of all the glory of '*La Grande Nation*,' could only support himself with the consolations of his box of snuff. The meditative and musical German, when he lands in one of our seaport towns, finds himself compelled to mingle in a busy throng, whose individual faces only remind him that he has rudely rooted up all the tender ties of home, language, and goodly fellowship. The British emigrant is comparatively at home in the United States, because of the use of similar language; but to the emigrants from other European nations, the difference of language is a sore trial, and a great draw-back. The honest German, for instance, finds that the sentiments of the heart can only be expressed by years of mutual acquaintance and experience; and knowing that music is the only universal language, he makes all the use he can of it. While inconvenience is being considered, how shall we account for the departure of the Englishman from the land of his ancestors? Your Englishman is such an obstinate, home-loving, petrified personification

of local attachments, that above all other national and notional beings, he is the least likely to emigrate from the impulse of mere fancy. An Englishman will grumble without any reason at all; but when he quits his native land, there must be some most powerful reasons to induce him to commit an act so totally foreign to his nature.

In looking at a party of English agricultural laborers, the observant mind is easily led into an examination of the immediate and remote causes which must have induced such men to leave such a country as England. The examination would be more searching, and the reflections would be more profitable, to those who are acquainted with the bright and the dark sides of English society; because the immense wealth of the upper classes will be found, on due consideration, to be a great addition to their moral accountability. It is manifest, that while the rich have two influences in society, one good and the other evil, the poor can have but one social influence, which must be good, because we cannot accuse them of setting a bad example when they are not regarded as examples. The poor could no more set an example than they can introduce a fashion. It is the abuse of the mighty power and influence of example for which the rich are accountable. *They* have a great influence, for good or for evil; and upon the discretionary use of this power, depends not only their own temporal and spiritual happiness, but the comfort and moral advancement of all around them. Facts and figures show\* that the value of the agricultural products of Great Britain is fourteen times greater than her exports, at the same period that the commerce of Great Britain is greater and more in amount than that of any nation on the face of the earth. These items look well; they show the wisdom of the government in its liberal encouragement of the agricultural interest; they show the generous patronage of the land-owners in their constant pursuit of agricultural improvement; but what can we say of the poor men and patient women who have done all the work? Are they any more comfortable for producing and living near so much wealth? We do not know what to say; we leave wrangling to the politicians. But there must be a great and manifold wrong *somewhere*. The sufferings and endurance of the English poor are so great, that we approach this portion of our inquiry with a presentiment of the awful misery which the truth will disclose.

It is ordained that there shall always be some among us who are poor:† with this fact before our eyes, the wealthy should beware how they allow themselves to place more reliance upon the efficacy of legislation than upon the exercise of the promptings of Christianity. In England, we see millions of men toiling day after day to furnish their distant superiors with the wealth to engender more and more distance between them; so that the rich are not only unacquainted with the wants and feelings of the poor, but in process of time, by the aid of a false-hearted affectation of superiority, they positively refuse to listen to reason, or hear any thing at all relating to the subject; and any person, when in their company, who may have had the temerity to speak of the claims of the poor to the mutual sympathies

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\* See M'QUEEN'S letter to LORD MELBOURNE.

† 'The poor shall never cease out of the land.' DEUTERONOMY.

of humanity, might just as well have gone round and trod on the toes of the 'ladies and gentlemen' present. It is true that there is an abundance of charitable societies in England; it is true that a great deal of absolute good is done by those who are fond of exhibiting their benevolence, and playing upon the feelings of the poor at the same time: but it is also true, that nearly all the kindly offices of humanity are delegated to poor-law commissioners, or their agents, who contract to do all the sympathizing in a whole 'union' of parishes, for the solid equivalents of good salaries, with 'coals and candles' included. This delegation of sympathy is carried to such a formal extent, that the upper and the lower classes are more and more divided, and consequently less and less able to appreciate the social attributes and qualities of each other.

To American readers, this picture of English society may appear harsh and exaggerated; but indeed, the few among the rich who really use their wealth understandingly, are so scattered, that it could be only at a very large meeting of the 'respectability,' where there would be any chance of meeting with one person who does not consider the mere mention of the possibility of poverty as a 'decided bore.' For this reason, among all classes of society in England, it may be observed, that ungraduated sympathy is discarded as 'positively vulgar;' while the spirit of exclusiveness is harbored and cherished in the heart, as if it really were something that would prove to be a rock of consolation in the trials of life or the struggles of death. How much mankind are liable to be deceived in their estimation of what is supposed to make a nation 'great and glorious,' may be seen in the legislative oppression which must have been exercised to first brutalize and then drive away Englishmen from the 'stately homes' of their forefathers. This legalized oppression comes from the spirit of exclusiveness, and that spirit comes from the 'property and respectability' of the country, whence proceed the laws of the land and the manners of the people. If the poor, in their turn, are selfish, reckless, and immoral, *who are to blame for setting the example?* Perhaps this is a digression, and perhaps it is not.

The history of mankind furnishes abundant proof that the road of human progress is paved with the toils and trodden-down aspirations of generation after generation. From this it is very evident that all the stages of improvement can only be accomplished by the process of making a discriminating use of our knowledge. Knowledge comprises both good and evil. Wisdom discriminates, and is only good. How many bright men have been deceived by the supposition that 'knowledge is power,' without reflecting that uncontrolled power is a dangerous companion! We see also, in our own day, that the chimerical attempts at 'human improvement' which are contended for by the opiniatory cut-throats of the age, are almost invariably unproductive or impracticable, because the state of society at the time will not admit of such lop-sided progress, and is unprepared even to converse upon some of the subjects which society-tinkers are so fond of agitating. There is, however, a negative utility in this agitation, which proves that all things, even folly and fanaticism, may work together for the good of man. Antagonist principles in the body politic are as useful as antagonist muscles in

the human frame. Those who have seen the sculptor produce beauty and grace from marble, by means of a repetition of angular surfaces, will be able to form some idea of the real progress which attends the elevation of man to his property dignity. Liberty is too precious to be undeserved, and while a man remains unsuited for liberty, he may be compared to a sinner at the gate of heaven. His mind must be 'born again' in a trusting faith, in practical wisdom, and in the light of truth. Individual improvement is the only true 'improvement' that can prepare us for the spiritualization of humanity.

These reflections bring us to a consideration of the force of circumstances on the character of man. While we are inquiring into what the world ought to be, we must not neglect to notice what it actually is in our own time; for, whatever may be our hopes or our speculations in moral philosophy, the conviction will develop itself, that in all the business of life we have to take the world as we find it. The very structure of society is based upon concomitant circumstances, and great evils cause lesser evils to be tolerated. In submitting to all the wear and tear of feeling attendant upon emigrating from one's native country, we yield passively to the force of circumstances. Thus it will be seen that emigration is one of those secondary influences, by the means of which primary principles are progressively advanced.

For many reasons, then, emigration is in reality an instructive, amusing, and soul-cheering subject for the mind to contemplate. Emigrants now arrive by hundreds of thousands annually. These people are from all parts of Europe, and as each individual leaves a large circle of friends in that thickly-populated quarter of the globe, we may reasonably suppose that this country holds a great claim on the affections of the millions of their countrymen, who, although they may never see the American coast, still regard the United States and its government with feelings of friendship, and hearts full of hope.

Love of country is as sincere a virtue now as ever it was in the days of the Romans or Greeks. We would as soon expect to hear a man speak disrespectfully of his mother as of his native land; but patriotism is only one virtue, after all; and the time has passed by when one virtue would make a hero. Men have learned to see, appreciate, and work out their social destiny. When we leave the land of our birth, it is no proof that we lack patriotism. It rather goes to show, that with all our *amor patriæ*, we also possess overruling feelings and views. In the case of the ignorant man who does not understand the movements in which he participates, the act of emigrating shows that all of us are the agents of more universal and catholic influences than our ancestors, because it must be acknowledged that love of country has been and is now naturally imbibed by the people of all nations, white, red, or black; rich or poor, educated or ignorant. As an evidence that instinctive love of country has not degenerated, we may proudly refer to the American revolution; the dogged nationality of the emigrants from each country; and the every-day evidence of current events. But it requires very little insight into the present state of the world, for us to observe that, although we possess as much national feeling as our forefathers, it is



held in a more charitable and tolerant manner; so that, while each individual retains his or her opinion, we learn to give way, and make allowances for each other, by taking into consideration the circumstances which may have influenced our lives, and our opportunities for observation. In this country, if a foreigner were heard to speak with injustice of his native land, the Americans who heard him would naturally infer that such a man would never be likely to become a good citizen of any adopted country. This illustrates what may be called the universality of nationality; and it is a feeling that is every where respected, because we admire those qualities in others which we believe ourselves to possess. Love of country is one thing, and exclusive love of country is another. This is a distinction with a considerable difference; and this is the nature of the difference between the nationality of the present age and the nationality of the ancients.

Perhaps the only way, next to actual observation, in which the real motives and objects of emigrants might be explained, would be to collate some of the every day scenes of real life among the classes who emigrate, in such a manner as to show the hopes and movements of the parties before and after their arrival in this mighty field of human and divine power, the United States of North America.

It may very readily be conceived that the incidents connected with such a systematic arrival of emigrants yearly, must elicit many traits of human nature, in all its various trials and triumphs. These incidents have been watched for many years by those who have mingled much with the steerage and the cabin passengers of life; and, as such indications of the heart are generally honorable to mankind, useful for reflection, and instructive in the lessons which they teach, it is quite probable that we may, in some future numbers, tag a few of them together, in a sort of carcanet of the pearls of humanity.

*Wm. Pitt Rivers*

S O N N E T.

AMBITIO multos mortales falsos fieri subegit; aliud clausum in pectore, aliud promptum in lingua habere; amicitias, inimicitiasque non ex re, sed ex commodo mutare; magisque vultum, quam ingenium bonum habere.

BALLAD.

WHEN shall the free in name, be free indeed?  
Nor thou, my country, blush to own us sons,  
In whose degenerate bosoms coldly runs  
The blood of heroes whose immortal meed  
Was benison of trampled millions freed?  
Blind slaves of this or that discordant clan,  
We sink the patriot in the partisan,  
And shout when friends, not principles, succeed.  
With sword and shield our fathers met the foe;  
With tongue and pen we battle with our brother,  
And madly strive to stigmatise each other  
With uncouth names, worn threadbare long ago,  
In alien clash of whig and tory creed:  
O when shall free-born men be free indeed!

W. P. P.

## P O L I T I C S :

AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR: BY FLACCUS.

'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' — JOHNSON.

MY DEAR MECENAS: in this noisy time,  
 When party-chorus drowns the song of rhyme,  
 When the wide strife of busy patriots, prone  
 To push their country's welfare, and their own,  
 So stuns, that lyres the loudest to our ears  
 Would murmur softly as the hymning spheres,  
 What hope has mine, the faintest of the train,  
 To wake and win a hearing for its strain?  
 But *thou* wilt list, however rude my skill —  
 Above the strife we'll hold communion still:  
 Watch undisturbed the raving crowd the while,  
 And smile, where shame forbids us not to smile.

From the high watch-tower of thine elbow-chair,  
 Survey the land — behold the conflict there:  
 The same as ever in free states abides:  
 Two broad divisions take contending sides,  
 The *Ins* and *Outs* — for such their titles still,  
 Disguise, miscall them as their holders will.  
 The *Outs* combine the spoils of power to gain,  
 The *Ins* are leagued as firmly to retain.  
 Assailants those, defenders these we find:  
 They sound their war-cries, and the battle's joined.  
 The *Ins* besieged the 'vantage-ground maintain —  
 They must be ousted ere their foes can gain;  
 But with assailants glows a hope, a zeal,  
 An active spur, their rivals never feel.  
 The *Ins*, their hot besiegers to annoy,  
 Proclaim them plunderers, banded to destroy:  
 The *Outs* declare the land about to sink,  
 Law, justice, freedom on destruction's brink;  
 Our wealth, wives, fire-sides, children, all at stake;  
 Shakes with the din the land — so let it shake:  
 'T is scene for laughter rather than for fear;  
 Such blustering tempest sweeps the sky more clear.  
 'T is like the strife of Law's fierce brotherhood,  
 Whose fruit is truth, the nation's heartiest food.

Now patriots swarm: oh, happy, happy land!  
 Such hosts of brave defenders to command.  
 They err who hold that dangers chiefly breed  
 Spontaneous patriots at their country's need;  
 For most we find the precious crop increase,  
 When sleeps the nation in the arms of peace.  
 Thronged e'er, as now, such numbers ready-made,  
 Their darling country — and themselves — to aid?  
 Speak Muse! — how now! — response I vainly seek:  
 The jade so titters that she cannot speak.

'T were well indeed did partisan excess  
 Beyond fair courtesy no farther press;  
 But the low arts now growing into use,  
 Demand severe chastisement of the Muse.  
 Parties are courtiers to the people-king —  
 Each seeks the shelter of the sovereign's wing:  
 Should one win favor by a fawning bow,  
 His foe supplants him by a stoop more low;  
 Both hope to find by flattery's readier clue,  
 The grace alone to honest service due.

No fouler maxim 'scaped the devil's lair  
 Than this, that 'all in politics is fair':  
 That men in crowds may stoop to deeds of shame,  
 Which singly done, would blast the fairest fame:  
 Lone hearts, that quake by spectral shame assailed,  
 When backed by numbers, meet the ghost unquailed.  
 As if disgrace that would alone appal  
 By others shared were no disgrace at all:  
 Fierce partisans with this unholy cry,  
 Rush to the fight and every weapon ply—  
 No means too base that win the victory:  
 Uphold for office to the giddy mass  
 The most obsequious of the servile class;  
 From crawling creatures choose their candidate,  
 Since worms for gudgeons are the surest bait.  
 And slanderous charges of corruption wide,  
 Reckless of truth, they hurl from side to side;  
 With taunts so filthy that they soil alike  
 The lips that cast them with the heads they strike.  
 Peace to all such!—the muse disdains her wrath  
 To waste on reptiles that beset her path.

But were there some whose lofty shining name  
 Their country blazons on her lists of fame,  
 With honor pure, with genius like the sun  
 That warms and quickens all it shines upon,  
 Whom our proud hearts when civil tempests chafe,  
 As beacons hail, and feel the state is safe;  
 Should such, ambitious blindly of disgrace,  
 Stoop from their height to seek or hold to place,  
 And yielding country at a party's call,  
 Grant to the half what should be given to all,\*  
 And plunging reckless in the muddy tide,  
 Rush on—our pity who were once our pride—  
 No matter whither, so themselves but ride;  
 Slaves, by their myriad masters' will assigned  
 Tasks most revolting to the lofty mind;  
 To quit the bench, the senate, for the field,  
 For self the arms of eloquence to wield;  
 Blushing, to vaunt their merits through the land,  
 And sue for praises which they should command:  
 The friends of peace—the flames of strife to light:  
 The people's guides—to lead them from the right:  
 To rouse the passions which they should allay,  
 To cloud the visions they should light with day:  
 And, hardest service for a generous foe,  
 To hide all merit which their rivals show:  
 Neglecting country often in her need,  
 Before a rival's measure shall succeed.  
 Oh! sad decline—oh! fatal barter base!  
 When Freedom's champions honor yield for p'ace:  
 What doom to sullied greatness shall we deal?  
 Enough reproach!—they need it not who *feel*.  
 The muse forbears, when conscience' self shall scourge  
 With lash more sure than satire's skill can urge:  
 To such, defeat can scarcely add a sting,  
 And triumph's tide flows bitter from its spring.

Time was, the highway up to public fame  
 By honest hearts was travelled without shame;  
 But who would now a road so miry tread,  
 To win dishonoring laurels for his head?  
 For me, Mecænas, if the choice were mine,  
 Albeit unfit in such career to shine,  
 Albeit too glad to win the humblest fame,  
 I would not seek what must be sought through shame.

---

\* \* And to party give up what was meant for mankind.—GOLDEN RULE.

If I must sell my freeman's right of speech,  
 Nor hold a thought save what my masters teach;  
 For grudging votes play beggar where I can,  
 And stoop to all that misbecomes a man;  
 If I must balk my rival in the race,  
 By every artifice uncourteous, base;  
 Conceal the good, exaggerate the ill,  
 And though convinced keep unconverted still;  
 If I must, losing, pour on him that beat  
 Slanders most coarse, for ruffians only meet;  
 Or, winning, vainly boasting of my crown,  
 With scoff unmanly foully tread him down;  
 And, more than all, if I must basely part  
 With every stay that props the manly heart,  
 Respect, pride, conscience, justice, honesty,  
 And though a freeman be no longer free;  
 If such the route the dupe of fame must stray,  
 Oh! lead me, Heaven! some safe, inglorious way;  
 Yes! better linger in my lowly sphere,  
 Than purchase honors at a price so dear;  
 Yes! better rest an humble son of rhyme,  
 With spurring wish, but halting power to climb;  
 With dogging critics yelping at my heels,  
 And all the pangs the poet *dreams* he feels:  
 Not wholly cheerless, while a page is free  
 Where I, Mécénas, may commune with thee.  
 Where, though the loud world haply scorns to hear,  
 A friendly few still lend a willing ear:  
 Oh! sure the bard not wholly chants in vain  
 That finds one worthy listener for his strain.

Adieu! my friend; although my anxious mind  
 Much to condemn, and more to pity find,  
 I am no croaker, for I feel too sure  
 New habits will prevail, and times more pure:  
 Deem me the last, whatever tempests wear,  
 That of our brave republic would despair.  
 Yes! though her frame should tremble to its base  
 With the rude struggle of the game for place,  
 Though the mad waves clash eager to o'erwhelm,  
 Still would I hope, while Freedom kept the helm!  
 Our fathers' blood still courses in our veins,  
 Our fathers' banner streams above our plains:  
 Let but a foeman's footstep print the sand,  
 I *know* one thrill would quiver through the land;  
 I *know* the ranks now face to face that brawl,  
 Would, opening sudden at the trumpet's call,  
 Wheel to the foe with undivided front,  
 Blent on the instant for the battle's brunt.  
 And our proud stars, that sleep in silver haze,  
 When peace o'erpowers them with her moonlight blaze,  
 In war's eclipse would kindle on the eye,  
 And cheer the nations as in days gone by!

## V O L T A I R E .

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF ONE OF HIS WORKS.

COULD Reason with a scornful laugh be bribed,  
 Won by a jest, or by a jeer proscribed,  
 A sneer the touchstone, ridicule the test,  
 His page the brightest shines, if not the best;  
 But, foiled by ТАУТН, these twinklers fade away,  
 As minor stars before the lamp of day.

## MY FIRST PARTY.

WAIT DOWN BY THE SUFFERER, AS SOON AS HE GOT OVER IT.

'CHARLES, you must go with me to Mrs. Brown's to-night.'

'Me! Why, Ellen, you know——'

'That you 'have never been to a party before,' I suppose. So much the more reason why you should go now. Here you are, eighteen years old, and half through college. It's high time to make a beginning.'

'I do n't know what under heaven I should do there.'

'What all the other young men do; talk to the ladies.'

'I'm afraid I could n't do much *that* way. To tell you the truth, I have n't 'small talk' enough to go to a party.'

'Vastly complimentary! But suppose you pull down your towering intellect a little, and condescend to lay aside your books for one night, and mingle with us ordinary mortals, on a footing of equality. It won't do you any *serious* injury.'

'But, Ellen, I have no invitation.'

'Because, Mrs. Brown did not know that you were here. If she had heard of your arrival in town, she would certainly have sent you one. Do n't you remember she gave you a general invitation last winter?'

I was not altogether convinced by this logic; but my cousin was determined to take no excuse. Finding escape impossible, I resigned myself to my fate, and went to Stewart's for a pair of white kids.

Parties and balls have always been my especial detestation. I have often wondered why they were invented; and after many profound cogitations on the subject, could only find these two reasons; first to enable ladies and gentlemen of fashion to kill time; and secondly, to afford a sort of market, where young women may be shown off to the best advantage, and young men most readily entangled in the snares of Cupid and Hymen. Now, touching the first of these motives, I never find the hours hang heavy on my hands. '*Ars longa, vita brevis.*' 'Art is long and time is fleeting,' as LONGFELLOW translates it; and I have always quite as much to do as I can conveniently manage. With respect to the second, I have never been matrimonially inclined; and least of all just now, when it requires all my energies to support my single self. Heaven knows what I should do with a wife and two or three small——. But I am digressing. Suffice it to say, I have no earthly motive to go to parties of any kind, except it should be the supper; and that, to use a common but expressive phrase, 'do n't pay.' But I write of a time when I was younger. I had not then 'seen the folly' of the thing; and I consented in despite of my better judgment.

The eventful hour of my 'first appearance' drew nigh. I arrayed myself for the nonce in a full-dress suit, with pumps and silk stockings. I abominate pumps. They seem to have been invented on purpose to cripple the wearer. If they are tight, you are kept in continual torment; if loose, they threaten to slip off every moment;

and you are forced to manœuvre about in them like a cat shod with walnuts. The man who first introduced dress-boots, deserves to be enrolled among the benefactors of the human race. But at this time, they were not generally worn; so I crammed my feet, as I have said, into a pair of pumps. Having performed my ablutions with the most scrupulous care, and ascertained, by divers surveys, that I was 'comme il faut' in every respect, I emptied about half the contents of a bottle of Cologne upon my white 'kerchief, took a moderate draught out of the same, (I mean the bottle,) by way of inspiring myself with a little Dutch courage, and then drawing on my new gloves, I sallied forth.

Now behold us, myself and cousin, descending from the dressing-room to Mrs. Brown's well-filled parlor. I heartily wished myself safe home again; for in spite of the Cologne, I felt a sort of all-over-ishness which, as the novel-writers say, 'can be more easily imagined than described.' It was not modesty, nor bashfulness: these are commodities with which I was never overstocked. I could even then, at an examination, rattle off an extempore translation of a passage which I had never before seen, with such rapidity as to puzzle the professor completely; or hold a half-hour's altercation in the recitation-room with the tutor, on the proper reading of a line in Homer; and since that time, I have delivered lectures, addressed political meetings, called on very particular friends to borrow money; and performed various other acts, which require an extra quantity of brass. It was the sense of utter unfitness for my present situation, of being completely *ineptus*, as the old Romans used to call it; it was the consciousness of being as much out of my element as a shad would be on the top of a church steeple. I hate to be a cipher any where: here I was the veriest of ciphers.

We had exchanged the usual civilities with our hostess; my cousin was surrounded by a group of beaux, and I stood still and silent, without the slightest idea of what was to be done next. A young man approached in a claret-colored coat, yellow gloves, and blue cravat. He was one of those cousins or nephews who are always at hand, on such occasions, to make themselves 'generally useful.' Mrs. Brown introduced him: we bowed and shook hands, after the most approved fashion.

'Do you dance, Mr. Cebe?'

'Ye — es, that is — I believe I know how.'

'Let me have the pleasure of introducing you to a young lady,' quoth he; and taking possession of my unresisting arm, he dragged me through the crowd, half across the room, and presently came to a sudden halt in front of a Miss, apparently some fifteen years old.

'Miss Cleveland, allow me to have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Cebe.'

'Good evening, Miss Cleveland,' said I, executing a bow with all the grace I could muster. Off shot my evil genius in the yellow gloves, leaving me *sub cultro*.

Miss Cleveland murmured something in reply which I did not hear; then she looked down at her feet very sentimentally, and presently the 'little foot moved' à la Eve Effingham. *Prenez garde!* I am getting on dangerous ground. The amiable Mr. Effingham may

prosecute me next. Well, if he chooses, let him 'bring on his bears' as soon as he pleases: I can be heard of at any time through my solicitor, D. D. Dominus, Esq., New-Haven. I can tell him one thing, however, beforehand. He won't find me worth powder and shot. I am only an hundred and twenty-five dollars worse than nothing, and live in daily fear of being compelled to 'absquatulate,' or 'Swartwout,' or whatever else the reader may choose to call it; I am not quite sure which is the most fashionable name for this very fashionable act.

But *revenons à nos moutons*; (a quotation more than usually applicable here, for we were a very *sheepish* looking pair;) Miss Cleveland continued to contemplate her shoes with remarkable assiduity; while I, to keep her company, took a comprehensive survey of my pumps. In this situation we stood for some minutes; I waiting very politely for the lady to open the conversation; but finding no indications of such a disposition on her part, I at length made a desperate attempt.

'Very warm evening, Miss Cleveland.'

Miss Cleveland replied in the affirmative.

'But it was warmer yesterday,' continued I, vigorously following up my first movement.

The lady assented to this proposition likewise.

There was another long pause. I began to feel fidgetty. My ears, which I felt growing red, were stunned by the incessant clatter of tongues every where around me. The more I desired to say something, the more I did n't know what to say. At last, an idea flashed across my mind, and was instantly pressed into service.

'Have you seen the exhibition of the National Academy, Miss Cleveland?'

'No, Sir, I have not!'

This was a complete damper. I was utterly nonplussed. Happily, at this moment was heard the welcome call: 'Gentlemen, take your partners for a cotillion.' I led off Miss Cleveland to her place, trying to recollect as much as I could of 'the steps' which I had learned three years before at school.

Jingle, jingle! went the piano. 'Forward two!' quoth the M. C. *pro tem*; and off started the dancers. I believe I trod on my partner's toes occasionally, and once or twice came near running over a very small young lady who was my *vis-à-vis*. But on the whole, things went off 'as well as could be expected.'

'Any thing for a change,' as the vagabond said, when they took him to the watch-house. The company decided that it was too warm to dance, (I had been of that opinion for some time previous,) and determined to have a little music, by way of variety. Accordingly, demand was made on a young lady, who, after declaring, first, that she never sung; secondly, that she did n't know how to sing; and thirdly, that she had n't practised for six months, finally marched up to the piano in grand style. I took Miss Cleveland 'in tow,' as a sailor would say, and sauntered in the same direction, on the principle of what mathematicians call 'the sufficient reason,' namely, because there was no particular motive for my going any where else. The fair performer, after turning over about two dozen songs, at last succeeded in finding one to her taste. My eye was accidentally

caught by the title. To my great surprise and gratification, it was neither '*Di Piacere*,' nor '*Tu Vedrai*,' nor any other fashionable Italian — melody, I suppose I must call it — but a beautiful Scotch ballad.

The diffident *artiste* commenced. There is an old adage about 'not hallooing,' etc., and never was it more forcibly exemplified than in the present instance. As it has been said of Carlyle and his imitators, that they write German with English words, so it might be said of this young lady that she sang Italian with Scotch words. She lengthened out the sweet strains, as if she never could have enough of them, like a fly crawling through a pot of honey. Annoyed beyond measure by the performance, I leaned against a corner of the wall, and sought the last refuge of the miserable. But a 'coy dame was sleep to me.' I could command only a reverie.

I was awakened by a grand crash. A young lady, with any amount of mouth, and a very small quantity of nose, was doing execution on the unfortunate instrument, at the rate of twenty-knots an hour, and letting loose upon society a vast number of words in some unknown tongue, pitched in the shrillest possible treble; while a young gentleman in two waistcoats, with one side of his collar standing up and the other turned down, and his mouth awry with musical intensity, was accompanying her in the very deepest kind of bass. I listened out of pure astonishment, and soon distinguished the words, '*Dore, dove, dove, il mio valor*;' (I am not sure that I have spelt the words correctly,) repeated again and again, *iterum, iterum, iterumque*, in the loudest conceivable tone, amid terrible thunderings of the piano.

Now it is not surprising, that hearing these words so often repeated, I should have felt some curiosity to learn their meaning. '*Il mio valor*,' I conjectured to mean either 'my valor' or 'my value;' most probably the former, since the value of such a performance appeared to me exceedingly trifling, whereas the valor required to execute it before so large an audience might be considerable. But '*dove*' — what could that mean? I looked anxiously around, in hope of discovering some one from whom the desired information might be extracted. To my great relief, I recognized two old school-mates whom I had not before observed.

'Good evening, Johnston! How are you?'

'Good evening! Glad to see you here.'

'Can you tell me what *dove* means?'

'*Do vay*? (he knew rather *less* Italian than I did,) why, 'go away!' to be sure.'

Not feeling quite certain of the correctness of this version, I applied to the second.

'Ah, Smith, how are you? Can you tell me what *dove* means?'

'Do — ve? I believe it is the Italian for dove.' And with this lucid explanation, I was obliged to rest content.

The duet, like all other sublunary things, came to an end in course of time. Supper soon followed, during which I enjoyed some sensible conversation concerning old times with my two friends; but as soon as we had imbibed the necessary quantity of refreshment, they carried off, or were carried off by, their respective ladies. Some one else had made away with Miss Cleveland, and I was left to my own



resources. First, I stood still in one corner for a few minutes; then I walked over to another, and stood there; next I tried to listen to a song which 'was being' murdered, but the instinct of self-preservation soon compelled me to retire to a respectful distance. Then I trod on a lady's toe, and begged her pardon for so doing. Even this little incident afforded me great relief.

Suddenly a fan was dropped. I sprang forward like a young comet, nearly demolishing an exquisite who was advancing, with the same object, seized the fallen article, and presented it to its fair owner. But at that moment I was sensible that something about me had given way. Partly concealing myself behind a window curtain, I endeavored to reconnoitre the extent of the 'damages.' My worst apprehensions were realized! I had ruptured my coat, from under the right arm half way across the back. Governor Marcy's immortal *untalkaboutables* were not a circumstance to it!

'Well,' thought I, '*Tempus est cundi*,' as the Grammar has it; it's time for me to be off!' And without bidding good-bye to any one, I manœuvred myself out of the room as quickly as possible, and started with rapid march for home, leaving my cousin to be escorted thither by some one of her many beaux. Though I had left before any one seemed to begin to entertain an idea of going, it was past twelve when I reached my comfortable dormitory. It took me a very little while 'to peel,' and snugly ensconce myself between the sheets.

Next morning I was awakened by our Irish waiter making a variety of noises in the room. I rubbed my eyes, and stared at him vacantly.

'Breakfast is ready, Mister Charles.'

'Well, Patrick, tell them not to wait for me: and — I say, Patrick!'

'Yes, Sir.'

'You need n't put any thing by for me: I sha' n't want it.'

#### AUTUMN EVENING.

'WHILE autumn winds are at their evening song.' — BYRON.

##### I.

THE maple on the hill is red,  
The ash is yellow in the vale;  
Far off the wild-wood bird hath fled,  
Admonished by the fitful gale.

##### II.

The harvest fly no longer sings,  
The flocks abroad no longer roam;  
The joyful farmer grateful brings  
His heavy loaded harvests home.

##### III.

The evening fire burns bright and clear,  
While round it gather sire and child,  
Oft listening, with attentive ear,  
To ballad old or legend wild.

## SONNET:

PRESENTED WITH THE FLOWER 'FORGET-ME-NOT.'

PENSEZ À MOI: but not in hours of glee,  
 Nor when bright sunshine glitters on thy way,  
 And Hope is gath'ring, like some honey-bee,  
 Sweets from all flow'rs; nor when soft glances lay  
 Their spell upon thy spirit, while there play  
 Love's music-tones around thee; nor when gladness  
 Makes home within thy heart, dispelling sadness,  
 And bubbling like some fountain into day:  
 But when, though distant, there shall come again,  
 Like dark-wing'd messengers of stern decree,  
 Hours of long-suffering, nights of lingering pain,  
 And strange looks greet thee; when thou long'st to see  
 The glance of eyes long thought of, but in vain —  
 Kind friend, sweet sister, think thou *then* of me!

S. S.

## RECOLLECTIONS ABROAD.

## THE CATHEDRALS OF SAINT DENNIS AND SAINT GENEVIÈVE, PARIS.

OFTEN in passing through the narrow streets, I go into the old churches, with their ornaments dimmed by time, yet endeared and rendered beautiful by the recollections of ages. Indeed, I seldom if ever pass one of these old and noble edifices, which man has reared for the service of his Maker, without entering it. If I find it to be an old and favorite acquaintance, I loiter along its walls and by its altars, until I can carry away with me the recollections which its holy enclosures have suggested. I am led insensibly to admire the equality with which all men are received into these temples of religion; where he who feels that he is one of the least in human society, can yet approach the society of his God, unabashed by feelings of inferiority. These pillars, this fretted vault, were made for him, as well as for his most exalted fellow mortal.

I cannot help thinking that the Roman church has been wise in introducing into her public temples those beautiful works of art, which please the taste of the refined, and are at the same time equally calculated to operate on the imaginations of the common people. The stained glass windows, portraying the histories of the apostles and holy men who have lived awhile on earth; the paintings and statuary, which reveal to your memory some noble traits of character or of action; the architecture elaborately chiselled into the rude forms of early art; all operate powerfully on my feelings, and impress me with the belief, that the associations which they suggest are not wholly useless.

In my rambles, a few evenings since, I chanced to pass through the street which contains the cathedral church of *SAINTE GENEVIÈVE*. This ancient pile is called after the patron saint of Paris, and has the honor of enclosing her remains. It was toward night as I entered. A few devotees and idlers were around, strolling under the picturesque arches, and lengthened halls, in the architecture of the

olden time. Many of the poor of the neighborhood were at their devotions on the cold stone floor. They had come in, in the evening, after the day's work : some were looking up silently at the altar, with their hands clasped and pressed upon their breasts ; others were murmuring their prayers with down-cast eyes, and an evident sincerity, which contrasted strongly with the tattered garments of the worshippers. Their poverty had forbidden them to pay the few sous which are asked for a chair, and they were kneeling in the open space before the altar, or around the railing ; the men in their laboring dresses, with their caps on the stone floor by their side ; and the women in such finery as the poor can afford, with their hair tastefully arranged under the neat head-dress peculiar to the lower orders of Paris.

The time and circumstances were favorable to their devotions : men were retiring from the busy day's toil, and the hum of the city was fast subsiding without. The last rays of the sun were streaming in rich lines through the stained glass windows, set in heavy architecture, dim with age, and time, and dust ; but like the moonbeams mentioned by Shelley, the tints were such as have 'no comparison on earth.' Nothing in all the early branches of curious skill, is full of more mysterious association than these heavy cathedral windows, adorned by an art whose history is not known. They speak to us of the hands which have so richly blended nature's light and shade, and which for so many ages since have lost their cunning : even the holy deeds which their delicate art has revealed to our times, had their commencement many ages beyond theirs ; and he who fashioned these imaged histories, viewed their story through the same lengthened vistas of time, through which we are now gazing upon the efforts of his skill.

The evening shed a dim religious light on the old paintings in their antiquated frames, and by its faintness one could only see the outlines of the figures, kneeling, or in acts of mercy, or at the stake, or on the cross. I have a respect, amounting almost to veneration, for these old and mouldering cathedrals. So many generations have worshipped in them ; so many centuries have rolled over them, and over the dust of the commanding spirits who sleep beneath their vaults ; so many tempests have swept by, in the social system of human government ; while the rage of man, excited in revolutions, has spent its fury in desecrating their walls and ornaments : for at the present day, in the capital of France, amid monuments which national pride should take care to preserve, the bars of a prison have been reared at the windows of her holy temples, to keep their sacred contents from destruction ! Strange that they are not exempt from the excesses of infuriated men ! The very steps in front of the church of St. Roche have perhaps had more human blood spilled on them than any spot of the like extent in Europe.

Never have my feelings of respect and veneration toward inanimate objects been more strongly excited, than in the Cathedral of St. Dennis — the oldest of France, its first stone having been laid about the year three hundred. Here are nearly all the monuments and ashes of the kings of France, from Clovis downward ; and here is the oldest monument in the kingdom, having been finished about

the year four hundred; and beside it, sculptured on his tomb, with hands folded on his breast, and legs crossed, is *CLOVIS*, the great King of France of the fifth century. His bones were in the stone coffin below; but in the time of the revolution, were, with those of the other kings, thrown into a ditch immediately outside the church. They have since been collected, and are deposited now within one of the crypts. One experiences a strange feeling of sorrow, in standing by the ashes of the kings who have lived a thousand years ago; and who once trod within these walls as we now tread them, and who adorned this old and venerable church, which they knew was to be the burial-place for them and their successors.

I shall forever retain a vivid recollection of my first visit to St. Dennis. The sun was shining brightly, and the thousand rainbow hues from its stained glass windows came streaming through; painting the rich crimson and purple colours, with the same beauty that six hundred years ago filled the eye of the beholder. Here rests the body of *LOUIS XVIII.*; to the left, below the heavy architectural window of a former age, composed of the purest white marble, and of a chisseling and delicacy that one would think ivory alone could take, is the tomb of *Francis the First*. You will admire the history of his battles, in their representations cut around the cornice in the marble, and the beautiful proportion and whiteness of the pillars supporting the arched stone. You will scarcely think that all this is two hundred years old; and lightly and with reverence will you step up, where, on a marble couch, is the naked and wasted figure of the dead warrior. He is represented as on his death bed:

‘Ere yet Decay’s effacing fingers  
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers.’

A repose rests on those features, that in all likelihood they never knew in life. Disease and age have worn down the body; yet, in the stern and finely chiselled forehead, nose, and lips, you can trace the remnants of the subtle and wise warrior; and in the development of the muscles of the arm and chest, the sculptor has well represented the physical strength of him whose lance was more dreaded than that of any knight of his time. In the features may be discerned a strict resemblance to the original portrait in the Louvre; although the one is represented in full and jovial health, and the other with the pall at hand for the burial; the eyes closed, and the head and lower jaw fallen back, as if the King had at that moment ceased to live. Opposite, on her sculptured couch, lies *CATHARINE DE MEDICI*. You imagine a breath would disperse the light fleecy drapery thrown over, but not concealing, her form. This veil has been as much admired as any effort of modern sculpture in Europe. You almost press forward, to be fully assured that your eyes have not deceived you, in imagining that stone has been spread out so like the folds of a mantle — covering only to betray the figure of her who sleeps beneath. I struck with my cane the stone coffin of *CHARLEMAGNE*, till it rang, and echoed again and again through the vaulted cloister; and I stood above the marble slab under which are *LOUIS XVI.* and *MARIA ANTOINETTE*. . . . The church of St. Geneviève, or St. Etienne

du Mont, as it is often called, was built about the year 1000, though many additions and improvements have since been made. Its architecture is of a kind which almost defies description, and its walls are covered with devices of art as curious and as dissimilar. Nothing can be more picturesque than the square, bold, tower, of the fifteenth century, springing up at one of the turrets, by the main entrance. Its construction is exceedingly aerial and grotesque; and from the want of a similar one on the opposite side, has a most original and not unpleasant effect. I have heard it compared to a grenadier at his post, with his musket springing up lightly into the air by his side; and indeed, the tower bears about the same proportion to the building, as the musket to the soldier. The architecture of the interior of the windows and of the buttresses is of the kind seen so often in many of the French churches, built between the ninth and fifteenth centuries: each improvement in the edifice, which has taken place since its foundation, corresponds with the style of architecture in fashion at that era.

I passed slowly around the altar, and came at last to the spot where sleep in holy peace the remains of Sainte Geneviève. A stone coffin, plain and unadorned, contains the holy relics. They are venerated by the religious of Paris, as the ashes of their guardian saint. Not an hour passes, but many a taper, placed burning on her tomb, by poor and unknown hands, expresses the mysterious devotion of her worshippers. A rough stone slab, inserted in a pillar beside it, tells the visiter, in characters nearly obliterated by time, that she does not cease to watch over and protect her holy city; that twice she has saved it from destruction; and that even now she ceases not to intercede for it with her prayers. She died in the year 512, and was buried in the church which formerly was on the site of the Pantheon. When that was torn down, to make way for its sumptuous successor, the remains were removed to their present situation.

Many lights, placed as bright offerings to the saint, were burning on the spikes from the rude iron railing around the coffin; and the persons standing near, had the solemn air of those who feel they are within hallowed enclosures. The spot was worthy of the remains; for it was dimly lighted in the remote corner in which it was placed; the window, high up, throwing the light rather over than upon it, and giving a becoming shade to objects so revered. I paused for a long time, looking at the persons who ever and anon came up with their pittance for a taper; laying it down in silence on the table, where they were sold; taking up the light, and placing it with reverence on the tomb; and then after a few minutes' pause, retiring backward; crossing themselves the while, and bowing as they went away. This was continued during all the time of my stay. Among the number, I saw but one man place his taper on the tomb; yet I count it an honor to woman, that even in religious zeal she is ever the foremost: conscious that all of life is placed on that die, she makes a passion of her very religion, and unwaveringly 'goes onward to the end.' Leaving the old church, you drop a few sous into the laps of the poor women, old and decrepid, who are seated at the door; and the fervent tone of the '*Merci, bien Monsieur,*' will gratify your heart, as the pittance will theirs.

H.

## GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

... 'On, pass not thou my grave,  
Without a thought whose relics there recline.' *BRAUN.*

SWEET lady, rein thy steed, nor press  
O'er hill and vale so swiftly now;  
Here pause, and let the wind's caress  
Bring coolness to thy cheek and brow;  
And ne'er have summer breezes brought  
Coolness to cheek more fair than thine;  
To brow which bears the stamp of thought  
More nobly press'd by hand divine!

Is it not joy, e'en for a day,  
To steal from crowded streets away;  
From peopled scenes, which oft impart  
A bitterness to mind and heart?  
Is it not joy, to come and look  
On page so bright of Nature's book?  
A portion of the living scroll  
Which here her gentle hands unroll,  
To glad the eye and warm the soul.  
With thee I gaze on earth and skies,  
On earth of green and skies of blue,  
And on the tranquil wave, where lies  
The semblance of the two!  
We see afar, a city rear  
Its spires, bright with morning's ray;  
While barks appear and disappear,  
Like meteors shooting far and near,  
Across the quiet bay.  
We stand upon the gentle hill  
Which bears the name of Him\*  
Whose fame, a star, will shine forth still,  
When other stars are dim.  
And, as we breathe the balmy air,  
Or look on smiling skies above,  
Oh, let our hearts the influence share  
Of that bright spirit, dwelling there,  
Whom Man should learn to love!

Spirit of Nature! she who brings  
Beauty to all created things;  
Yon glorious sun that hangs on high,  
And pours its warmth o'er earth and sky,  
'Tis Nature bids it shine!  
'Tis Nature kindles stars by night,  
'Tis she that gives the purer light  
That dwells in eyes like thine! [pride;  
Well may those eyes glance round with  
We stand where heroes stood, and died;  
Died, in the noblest cause  
That ever bade a freeman's brand  
Forsake the scabbard for the hand,  
And win the world's applause!

'Tis hallow'd ground on which we gaze:  
Each wood, each hill, each glen,  
Lives in the record of those days  
Which 'tried the souls of men.'  
This fairy scene, so quiet now, [low,  
Where murmuring winds breathe soft and  
And bright birds carol sweet,  
Once heard the ringing clash of steel,

The shout, the shriek, the volley'd peal,  
The rush of flying feet!  
Heav'n, for purpose hid from men,  
On Freedom's banner frown'd;  
A gallant army's wreck was then  
Strew'd o'er this broken ground.\*  
E'en on the spot where now we stand,  
Perchance a warrior fell,  
Saw the sword leave his nerveless hand,  
Beheld his life-blood dye the sand,  
And breath'd a sad farewell  
To that lov'd home, whose echoes caught  
The weak expiring strain,  
Half pray'r, half curse, of one who fought  
And bled, alas, in vain!

Recall that word: oh, ne'er in vain  
Doth Valor's blood bedew the plain!  
It proves a fertilizing rain,  
When pour'd forth by the free;  
Or lost or won the holy strife,  
Each drop that falls will yield new life  
To Freedom's sacred tree!  
Fed by the life blood of the brave,  
Triumphant still that tree will wave;  
Lift its broad branches to the sky,  
And striking deep its roots, defy  
War's tempest, as it howleth by!  
Enough for him whom Heaven's call  
Brings on the battle field, to fall,  
That fame will wreath his brow:  
His name a holy thing be kept  
In human hearts; his death be wept,  
And mourn'd, by such as thou!

Peace to the dead of other days,  
Who sleep in glory here;  
To them I bring my mite of praise,  
A trifle, yet sincere.  
To build the column of their fame,  
One stone I fain would lift;  
What feeling heart the wish will blame,  
Or blame the humble gift?

How much of Nature's fostering care,  
Sweet lady! hath been Greenwood's share,  
Thine eyes may see, while glancing still  
From hill to vale, and vale to hill:  
Yet, let us own that something too  
To human mind and means is due.  
The wandering paths that wind and creep,  
Now o'er the mountain's rugged brow,  
And now where sylvan waters sleep  
In quiet beauty, far below:  
Those paths which many a lengthen'd mile  
Diverge, then meet, then part once more,  
(Like those which erst in Creta's isle,  
Were trod by fabled Minotaur.)

\* THE battle of Long Island was fought upon  
the ground now covered by the Greenwood  
Cemetery.

Will furnish proof, not vain, that Art,  
To grace this scene, hath done her part.\*  
And when the rose and violet bloom,  
And breathe their sighs of sweetness here,  
And humble grave and marble tomb,  
Deck'd with their funeral wreaths, appear;  
When cypress tree or willow green,  
(Types of the unforgetting soul,)  
Throw a soft shadow on the scene,  
To tinge and harmonize the whole;  
Well may we deem no garden e'er  
Beneath the summersky was spread [here  
With charms more rare than those which  
Shall grace the Garden of the Dead!

The dead! and who and what are they?  
Hearts that throbbed but yesterday;  
Hearts who to-day know joy or sorrow,  
Perchance will be the dead to-morrow!

October 3, 1840.

To each in turn there comes a breath,  
A whisper, from the voice of Death;  
It falls on heedless childhood's ear,  
And heedless childhood must obey;  
It speaks to age, and age must hear,  
Mount the pale courser, and away!

Full soon life's pilgrimage is o'er:  
Full soon we tread the silent shore,  
Which all must tread in turn;  
Oh, let us hope that those we leave  
Behind us here, awhile may grieve  
O'er buried Friendship's urn!  
Think of the dead; and when the spring,  
With all 'its birds upon the wing,'  
And all its flowers, appears —  
In silence to our tombs repair,  
And bring their choicest garlands there,  
And bathe the turf with tears!

J. E. A.

## HOW TO COOK A BLACK-FISH.

BY JOHN WATERS.

### PART FIRST.

COURTEOUS and gentle Reader, before the retina of whose philosophic vision this correctly printed page of our favorite journal now presents itself, didst thou ever partake of a thoroughly well-dressed black fish? I anticipate thine unhesitating, but perhaps incautious, answer: 'Certainly, most certainly.' Then let me tell thee, that at the moment when thy fork was flourished for the first time over the happy plate, in the centre of which lay that delicious portion, the star of thy destiny was in the ascendant, and that the day itself should henceforth be to thee an *alba dies* in the history of sublunary enjoyment!

'To live with fame  
The gods allow to many; but to *dine*  
Upon a well cook'd black-fish is a blessing,  
Jove, among the choicest of his boons, reserves,  
Which but on few his sparing hand bestows!'

My lamented friend, the late Alderman B —, once observed to me, that although the market abounded in them, 'his youth was gone before he knew what that fish was!' 'I was staying,' said he, 'at —, on Long-Island, at a farm house, surrounded by a shady orchard, with the barn-yard within a few steps, so that you could always hear from the hen herself the right time to get a fresh egg. We had got down from town in the afternoon, had had a charming ride, the weather warm, but not uncomfortable; the night fine; my room was on the lower floor, with the window a little up, and we all breathing blossoms! Should you not have thought I could have slept soundly? Sir, there was a cock in the barn! — a pretty bird, but a wonderful noisy one. If he had cried fire! I suppose I should have slept on; but making such an unaccountable noise, such as I was no

\* It is to the taste and skill of Major DOUGLAS, the most accomplished of engineers, that Greenwood owes this beautiful adaptation of road and paths to its undulating grounds.

wise used to in the night, I was forced to get up; and so we got the people up, and I took an uncommon early breakfast. I did not, upon the whole, regret it, when I was seated upon the stoop with my segar, and the morning breaking beautifully all around, with a slight movement upon the surf as if there had been a wind in the offing, and the smoke rising up by the side of some dark rocks upon the curve of the shore in the distance. The farmer said that the fishermen were preparing their breakfast; and as I had finished my segar, and wanted a walk, I thought I would go down and see what sort of fare they were making it of. It was a pretty long pull, so that they had nearly finished before I arrived. They asked me if I had come to breakfast? They were in a nook of the rocks, with nothing but a few coals of fire, a square bit of board, a small tool-box, a paper of salt, a roll of fresh butter, a biscuit or two, a pepper-castor, and a basket of black-fish; but they were so pleasant that I hated to say no, and so I said yes. The head man — they were all three nice, young, handsome fellows, I wish they had all three been my sons, and I could not help telling them so at the time — the head man chose a fish out of the basket; it had an eye like a seal, and a skin as black as a wolf's throat; rich pouting lips, and almost as thick down at the lower dorsal fin as he was across the shoulders; it was a pleasure to look at him as he lay quite satisfied like in the hands of a man that knew how to take hold of him; he breathed a breath or two, and each time such gills! If ever you have seen a pomegranate in your life opened in the heart, you know the true color of the gills of a first rate black-fish.

The skipper laid him upon the board as if he had been helping himself to jelly, so balanced and quiet was his one hand, while with the other he took up his knife. There's a natural division in the middle of the upper jaw of a black fish, just broad enough for a sharp knife to enter; he touched him there with the edge, and before you could say Jack Robinson, the fish was cut down the back to the flapper of the tail, the board turned over, and he opened, tacked and toasting, inside outward, before the coals. As soon as he was done, the fisherman took a small piece of the yellow fresh butter and spread it over the fish, threw a cast of black pepper over him, and 'your fish is ready,' said he.

'Some salt,' said I.

Yes, but eat your salt always in crystals, and put it on the last thing, otherwise it is salt-water, and not salt that you take into your mouth; remember that all your life.'

'Well, Alderman, did you eat the fish?'

'The fish! I scooped two of them out of their jackets, and I have been growing fat from that day.'

But, is this the way to cook a black-fish? Gentle reader, it is not; it is *a* way, but it is not *THE* way. Then what is the meaning of all this cock and bull story about a barn and an alderman? It is merely to introduce you to the fish, which I propose to teach you how to cook.

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PART SECOND.

I HAVE endeavored to impart to the aspirant after culinary happiness some idea of the more striking and ostensible characteristics of



the individual Black Fish: the soft, deep, mazy eye; the luxurious and pouting lips; the peculiar thickness across the lower dorsal fin; the pomegranate gills, and the blackness of the skin, which should designate the object of his choice.

The scene is in one of our own markets: the contract is closed; the fish is found to weigh four pounds and a half; scaled; opened in front about three inches; drawn; and cleansed by one, and see that it is not more than one, rapid immersion in pure water; and Mr. Fishmonger, not being one of the Alderman's Long-Island friends, takes me up incontinently a clumsy sail-needle, and is upon the point of ruining all our hopes, by inserting a tarred string through the lower jaw. Had he accomplished this, vain were all our subsequent exertions! Not all the waters of the multitudinous seas, nor all the spicy perfumes of 'Araby the blest,' could have removed, however they might possibly overwhelm, the effects of his incaution. Latterly indeed some of our marketmen have provided themselves with white strings purposely for this fish, which is a great improvement upon past usage; but far better is it if your fish can be brought home without any string, in a nice napkin, and laid folded in the covering unbruised, upon your white dresser table, in the light and cheerful kitchen, where I will now suppose it to be.

And now, fair ruler of the destinies of dinner! (for if thou beest a man I have no sympathies toward thee,) smoke-compelling Betty, Mary, or whatever else may be the happy appellation in which not only thou but all of us rejoice, thou hast lying extended before thee one of the most delicately absorbent substances in nature, imbibing flavor from every thing which surrounds it, whether of adverse or of propitious tendency; subject, as Warren Hastings said of the tenure of the British possessions in India, alike 'to the touch of chance, or the breath of opinion.'

Thou hast it, my choice Mary! The small, deep stew-pan — with its thin cullender or strainer, on which the fish is to be lowered to the bottom, that it may, when stewed into soft delight, be gently raised again, without injuring its integrity of form — glows with brightness in front of thee! Thy vigorous arm of mottled red, thy round wrist, and small compact fingers grasp the sharp pointed knife with which thou followest the rude course of the saw-like weapon of the fish-dealer, to complete his endeavor, and satisfy thyself that not one scale remains around the head, the fins, the tail.

Now tail and fins are nicely shortened in their termination, not hacked off. A little salt is thrown over the fish, merely to *harden* and *not salt* it, and it lies two hours for this purpose. It is then scored, that it may not break when it swells, and browned well upon the gridiron: from which it is carefully taken up, and laid to repose upon a bed of nicely peeled and very fresh mushrooms, daintily spread over the strainer.

While the fish was hardening, Mary has had a communication from up stairs. An extra bottle of the Chateau of twenty-five had been unavailingly opened the day before, to tempt a total temperance friend who had arrived from the country. Good part of it remains, and at this moment it is decanted into the stew-pan; the freighted strainer descends into the wine; and the fish, entirely immersed in the ame-

thystine element, regrets no more its loss of life, of liberty, and youth. A white onion or two is sliced into rings, that fall as decorations over him; a few berries of pepper thrown in; six cloves; two blades of mace; an echalot, if you think proper; and cayenne or not, according to your taste. The stew-pan is then covered, and a careful, slow, epicurean simmer completes the work.

At dinner the best friend you have in the world is offered, but declines, *the head*; you refresh your thoughts with all that can be recollected of Gall and Spurzheim, and gelatinize your way neatly but scientifically through bumps, indications, and developments.

But my friend WATERS, where are we to get mushrooms? Beautiful inspiration whom we call Woman, whose smile can obliterate every disappointment in life except a bad dinner:

‘Quand on n’a pas ce que l’on aime,  
Il faut aimer ce que l’on a.’

You will find in article number four hundred and thirty-nine, Harper’s edition of Kitchener’s Cook’s Oracle, the best recipe for making the double catsup, or, as he calls it, the dog-sup, and this is your substitute. Use substitutes. Take a bottle of Medoc instead of Chateau Margaux, or use beef gravy instead of either, only realize that we have in the Black Fish or Tautog from April to October, an unfailing solace against many of the cares of every-day existence.

The most judicious comment that any foreigner has made upon our national character is, that we neglect and overlook our real advantages, while we pique ourselves upon those which we do not exclusively possess. Let not this be said of us in reference to this precious offering of the ocean to our happy shore.

#### PART THIRD.

#### SONG

OF MARY THE COOK-MAID TO THE BLACK FISH, WHILE SIMMERING IN CHATEAU MARGAUX.

Full fathom five thy father floats,  
With all his school around;  
O’er the blue wave, the fisher boats  
Reach now an anchorage ground:  
See, see! — ’t is cast!  
The boats are fast —  
The anchors ground; the school is found  
At last! at last!  
The school is found at last!

The morning breaks with clouded light,  
But gay are fishers’ looks;  
And all with dew their decks are bright,  
And countless are their hooks:  
See, see! — ’t is cast!  
The boats are fast —  
The anchors ground, the school is found  
At last! at last!  
The school is found at last!

No ravenous shark with monstrous throat,  
No porpoise that way wends:  
But o’er thy race from fishers’ boat  
The baited line descends:

See, see! — 't is cast!  
 The boats are fast —  
 The fish-leads sound, the school is found  
 At last! at last!  
 The school is found at last!

In health, in sport, in deeps profound,  
 Thine artless race delight;  
 But the rich baits that hang around,  
 Tempt fish by fish from sight:  
 See, see! — 't is cast!  
 The tide is past —  
 Late wears the day, the anchors weigh  
 At last! at last!  
 The school is caught at last!

But mourn not thou that swim'st in wine,  
 For those who breast the wave;  
 One common fate marks ours and thine,  
 The groundling or the brave.  
 See, see! 't is fate!  
 Some glittering bait —  
 The camp, the state, gold, love, fame, hate,  
 Teach all too late,  
 They can't resist a bait!  
 A bait! a bait!  
 We can't resist a bait!

## THE MYSTERIOUS HOMICIDE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF LAUNCELOT LINNER, CLERKE.

It was late in the afternoon of a genial spring day, that a noble-looking Spanish cavalier was seen riding into a quiet little village, snugly nestled in a valley at the foot of the mountains that stretch along the western borders of the province of Valencia. The sun, which was just retiring behind the tops of the mountains, left the valley immediately at their base in a melancholy shadow; while he cast upon the vast plain beyond, a rich and vigorous glow, which showed that he was not yet setting, nor shorn of his splendor, amid the golden and rose-colored haze upon the western horizon. The cavalier rode slowly on through the village, casting a benignant smile upon the urchins, who, attracted by his splendid dress, ran along by his side to gaze upon him; and passing through the principal street, took a narrow road that wound up the side of the mountain, to an antiquated castle, which stood beetling upon an eminence, overlooking the vast plain, and the village sleeping below.

As he approached the castle, it was evident that at first he was regarded as a stranger; but no sooner had he doffed his Spanish hat and sweeping black feathers, displaying his high and expansive forehead, and his noble and benevolent features, than he was recognized by the old seneschal as his long-expected master.

'Ah, Seignior,' said the faithful old servant, 'long have my wearied eyes strained themselves down this winding road, looking for your return to this retreat of your ancestors, and right jealous

have I been of the attractions of the lowland estates, that have kept you so many years from us. Your honored father never left the castle three months together.'

'True, good Gomez,' said the master, 'but he was of a moody temperament, and preferred these wild rocks and forests, to the sunny plains; but whether I prefer them or not, I must now perforce make the best of this rude retreat, for all the rest of my rich inheritance is gone from me; but I trust not without making many a heavy heart lighter, and smoothing the rugged path of life to many a suffering pilgrim.'

The good old seneschal seemed hardly to comprehend his master's meaning, and a few words of explanation may be necessary for the reader.

Don Vincente de Raymond, at the early age of twenty years, came into the possession of one of the richest inheritances in all Spain. He was an only son; and his father, a morose, retiring, and penurious man, had lavished all the affections of a soured and disappointed heart upon this darling object, and had bestowed upon him all the advantages of a perfect education and princely accomplishments. Don Vincente, after the death of his father, as if proud of exhibiting the most striking contrast of character, moved in the gayest circles of Madrid, and was not only most prodigal in his personal expenditure, but most beneficent in his largesses and charities. By degrees, either through satiety or some other cause, he became less self-indulgent, but at the same time more and more generous to others; till at last all Madrid was ringing with the praises of the young cavalier's wonderful self-denial, and still more wonderful munificence. His whole delight appeared to consist in giving, and his whole time was absorbed in seeking out objects of charity. Even the beautiful and accomplished Donna Xilia de Toranti, who at first had captivated his heart, now seemed to have lost her power over him; and numerous other lovely damsels, who could not fail to be struck with his fine person, and romantic generosity of character, tried all their arts of captivation in vain. In short, his generosity became a kind of monomania; and although at first indulged in some measure no doubt from love of admiration, it now assumed the character of a ruling passion. His fortune melted rapidly away before it, and in a very few years, while he was yet quite a young man, he found himself deprived of all his estates, except one on the mountains, and was brought to a stand by his inability to find a purchaser for that remote relic of his vast patrimony. This crisis, however, did not seem to cause him to reflect on his actual condition; but he at once resolved to retire to that estate, and find there a new field for his active and extraordinary benevolence. As he had no longer the means of founding convents, and supplying the luxurious but necessitous extravagance of his peers, he thought he might discover in these remote regions, and among these humble villages, a theatre for the exercise of his ruling passion, adapted to his altered circumstances.

No sooner, therefore, had he established himself in his new situation, than he proceeded to make himself acquainted with the condition and wants of all the good people of the village and neighbor-

ing hamlets. In such small communities, the minutest actions of each member are known and canvassed by all the rest; and it required but a few acts of generosity on the part of so prominent a personage, to spread his notoriety and fame as extensively among these villagers and peasants, as the squandering of his immense estates had done at Madrid. Rumors of his boundless wealth were circulated abroad, and the people, whose wonder was aroused, and whose imaginations became highly excited, began to fancy that they had but to wish for any blessing, and it would at once be supplied by the good Don Vincente.

Things were in this condition, and the whole country was resounding with the praises of the benevolent Don Vincente, when the public ear began to be occupied by other equally extraordinary circumstances. The passage across the mountains, near Don Vincente's castle, was a great thoroughfare, but led for several miles through gloomy forests, and wild, rocky, and uninhabitable wastes. This region in former times had been a famous resort of bands of robbers; but of late years, by the vigilance of the alcaides of the neighboring villages, and the aid of a small body of troops furnished by the government, had ceased to be infested by these outlaws, and was considered safe for travellers by day or by night. Within a short time, however, several remarkable robberies, and some murders, had been perpetrated in this rude and benighted region. The good Don Vincente appeared very much distressed at these extraordinary occurrences, and took an active part, such as became his benevolent character, in the efforts to discover the cause, and to put an end to the enormities. His high rank, and the exalted reputation which he enjoyed, gave him great influence; and the measures taken to attain these objects were entirely of his dictation. One day, while he was on a visit to the alcaide of the village, the worthy Pietro d'Almanzor, to consult upon some steps which he advised should be taken in reference to this subject, he fell into conversation with the magistrate's son, Ferdinando d'Almanzor, whom he had observed to be of a melancholy turn of mind, and whose interesting appearance altogether had attracted his regard, and excited his sympathies.

'I pray you, tell me, my young friend,' said the kind Don Vincente to the disconsolate youth, 'why it is that you always wear so sorrowful an aspect, and that you resist my solicitations to know the cause of your grief, so that I might perchance have it in my power to relieve it.'

'Alas, no, Signior,' replied Ferdinando, 'bountiful as you are, you have not the ability to aid me, and I would not afflict your generous heart with a fruitless recital of the sources of my unhappiness.'

'Nay, but I insist,' said Don Vincente, 'that you tell me, for you can form but a very inadequate estimate of my means of assistance, or the fertility of my resources.'

'True, Signior,' replied the youth, 'but it is not money that can help me, but power over the will of others; and I fear me, with all your kindness of heart, and powers of persuasion, you can do little for me.'

'Say not so, Ferdinando,' responded Don Vincente, with a benignant smile; 'know you not that my influence through the whole

country around is unbounded, and that I have already laid almost all the people under obligations to me ?

‘Well, then,’ exclaimed Ferdinando, with a sigh, ‘I will tell you my story, though with little hope that you can in any way extricate me from my difficulty.

‘You know the excellent widow Isabella D’Estremar, and her daughter Julia, who reside in the little white cottage, embowered in the orange grove by the narrow path near the foot of the mountain, and not far from your castle. I have seen you there once or twice, and have often heard them both speak in the most enthusiastic terms, not only of your general benevolence, but of your especial kindness to them in their humble though not entirely destitute condition. They were formerly in better, although not affluent, circumstances, during the life of the father and husband; and Julia had received the education and accomplishments appropriate to her sex and station. Soon after their retirement to the little cottage, I was pursuing my sports upon the mountains, when I came to a rivulet that ran brawling and sparkling down a wooded ravine, rejoicing in its own liquid music, and its covert of trees, like a wild bird warbling in its green protecting bower. I paused to enjoy the sweet sounds that seemed attuned to a harmony in my own bosom, amid the solemn stillness of the mountain height, rendered more impressive by the gentle shadow that brooded over its steep declivities, and the intense sunshine that slept upon the plain below.

‘I loved such scenes with an absorbing but undefined passion, and my whole soul was gushing with sweet but inexplicable emotions. While under this magical influence, and just as I was penetrating the covert of trees to the rivulet, I beheld seated upon the opposite bank a beautiful maiden, with a book in one hand, which she was reading, and the other slightly raising her garments from the water, while she bathed her naked foot, of snowy whiteness and exquisite proportions, in the cool and gurgling stream. A sudden thrill penetrated my bosom, that made my heart beat audibly, and I stood for a few moments perfectly entranced. As soon as I could in the least command my overpowered senses and scattered reflections, I determined not to surprise her, or make her aware of my presence, until she should change her position. After waiting in perfect silence some minutes, persuading myself in the mean time, with much difficulty, that she could not hear the throbbing of my heart, she removed her foot, that seemed like white marble dropping crystals, from the sparkling water, and covering it, arose, apparently to depart. Though determined not to let her retire without seeing me, when I made the attempt to discover myself I seemed rooted immovably to the spot, and could scarcely command strength enough to break a twig, whose rustling betrayed my approach to the startled damsel. The spell being now partly broken, my limbs recovered their functions, and I rushed toward her, reaching forth my arms, and imploring her not to be alarmed. As she turned her face toward me, hesitating whether to stop or go on, the rich auburn hair fell over her glowing cheeks and snowy shoulders, and from beneath their covert her dark flashing eyes poured their light with double fascination into my enraptured heart. You may say, perhaps, that it was this exquisite combination

of sweet natural influences which I had been enjoying, that rendered my heart at that moment so susceptible to her charms: perhaps it was so; yet you need but to know Julia D'Estremar, for it was she whom I had thus met, to feel that she is in all respects worthy of the intense love which I so suddenly conceived for her.

'I was not long in making known to her the emotions of my heart, nor in securing the entire affections of her own; and as my father had always been exceedingly indulgent to all my wishes, I saw no bar to my complete happiness. Judge of my surprise and grief, then, when I tell you, that when, with an exulting and confident heart, I went to that parent, hitherto so kind, to inform him of my bias, and reveal to him my wishes, I received his severe reproaches and flat refusal! He ridiculed what he called my silly romantic adventure; said Julia was poor, and unfit to match with a young man of my pretensions; and finally concluded by saying, that I must instantly abandon all future intercourse with her, for he had provided a match for me in the daughter of an old friend of his, a rich merchant of Tarragona, on the other side of the mountains. Indeed, so determined and precipitate is my father in this business, that, although it is now but three days since he first was informed of my ill-fated passion, he has already despatched a messenger to Tarragona, to request Don Antonio Tamara, the rich merchant, to bring his daughter Inez to the church at Bexar, to be married to me to-morrow. In fact, Don Antonio is doubtless now on his way hither, with his daughter and her rich dowry, and will reach here across the mountains early in the morning. You see, then, good Seigneur, that I have great cause for unhappiness, inasmuch as I have to choose instantly between disobeying the kindest of parents, with the loss of my inheritance, and marrying one whom I cannot love, with the loss of one who is the idol of my heart.'

'Indeed, my good young friend,' said the sympathizing Don Vincente, 'you *are* in a strait, to be sure; but think you it is the poverty of Julia alone that prevents your father giving his consent to your marriage?'

'This at first was no doubt the only cause,' replied Ferdinando; 'but perhaps he has committed himself so far with Don Antonio, that he will now persist on that account.'

'Well, Ferdinando,' said Don Vincente, 'perhaps, after all, Don Antonio may be detained, and not arrive to-morrow; and if so, I will contrive some way to break off this unlucky engagement. How large was the dowry that Don Antonio was to give with his daughter?'

'Ten thousand dollars,' replied Ferdinando.

'This is a large sum, in the present state of my finances,' said Don Vincente, musing; 'but take comfort, Ferdinando: if all the other difficulties can be mastered, I will raise the same sum for a dowry to your beloved Julia.'

'Noble benefactor!' exclaimed Ferdinando, 'I cannot accept so heavy an obligation from you, even to gain so rich a prize.'

'Nay, I shall not ask your leave,' said Don Vincente, smiling; 'it is Julia that is to accept the gift, not you.'

So saying, the good Don Vincente left the young lover, half hoping, half despairing, and made his way to the castle.

Night soon closed in, and heavy black clouds were drifting rapidly through the sky, at intervals covering and revealing the crescent moon, while the sultry wind howled around the battlements and towers of the castle, and the tops of the forest trees. It was a dismal night, and occasionally, as if by convulsive fits, the pattering rain, which fell in heavy drops, pressed from the clouds like big tears from some suppressed agony, rustled mournfully among the forest leaves, or beat fitfully against the bald projecting rocks.

Don Antonio Tamara pressed his daughter closer to his bosom, and cast frequent glances back upon his servant, who rode close behind, well armed, as the howling of the wind seemed to increase, and they approached the more desolate and gloomy passes of the mountain.

'Keep a good look out, Pedro,' said Don Antonio to his servant, 'and be ready with your pistols at a moment's warning; for I hear there have been of late frequent attacks of robbers upon wayfarers on these wild mountains, notwithstanding all the efforts of the worthy Alcayde d'Almanzor, and the good Don Vincente, to suppress them. Do not tremble so, Inez; I really do not suppose there is any danger, and no doubt the rumors are much exaggerated.'

Thus saying, Don Antonio and his little party descended a declivity in the rough road, into a kind of ravine, overhung on each side by large masses of rock, covered with a thick growth of dark evergreens, and presenting in every aspect a very forbidding appearance.

Don Antonio kept a sharp look-out, for he felt more apprehension than he was willing to acknowledge; and at a slight turn in the road, he thought he discovered some object moving among the clefts of the rocks above and just before him. He stopped suddenly, to assure himself of the fact, but all he could see was an indistinct, dark mass, which appeared immovable, and which he concluded must be the shadow of a rock, or tree, or cloud, to which the turn in the road, or the fitfulness of the moonlight, had given the appearance of motion. Thus assured, he proceeded a little farther, still keeping his eye fixed on the suspicious-looking object, when suddenly he saw the gleam of the moonlight upon some weapon, and in an instant, the flash of a pistol threw a lurid glare through the ravine, and its sharp, spiteful sound reverberated among the hills. The warm blood gushed from the bosom of Don Antonio upon his daughter, who sat on the horse before him, and the animal was plunging with fright, when the dark figure jumped from the cliff into the road, seized the rein, and supporting the relaxing frame of the father, and the fainting form of the daughter, he gently laid them both upon the ground. All this was done with such rapidity, that the astonished Pedro, who rode up behind, had a pistol at his breast before he had time to discover what had happened.

'Peace, slave!' said the robber; 'I would not take human life unnecessarily; and I will spare yours, if you will promise me straightway to take this young damsel back to her home. All I wish is the money your master brought with him.'

Pedro was not a coward, but he had not self-possession to prepare



himself for danger in time, and his life was at the mercy of another, before he could collect his scattered senses. Seeing his young mistress had fainted, and was lying on her father's bleeding bosom, with the struggling moonbeams rendering her pale face still more pallid and death-like, he promised every thing the robber required, gave up his weapons, and betook himself to assisting his captor in restoring her consciousness. While they both were thus engaged, stooping over the fair unconscious being, the mask which the robber wore partly fell off from his face, and gave Pedro a glimpse of his features. He hastily restored it to its position, but a glance taken at such a moment could not fail to make a deep impression. The robber was most assiduous in his efforts for the restoration of the maiden, and having finally succeeded, he placed her back upon the saddle, and turning their horses' heads the way they came, he bade both mistress and servant God speed to Tarragona. Much did the daughter plead for her father's body, but the bandit said they should not encumber themselves with it that night; but if they would send for it the next day, they would find it near the spot, carefully protected against farther injury. After Pedro and his mistress were fairly out of sight, the robber proceeded to gather up his booty, and rapidly disappeared through a by-path across the mountain.

Early the next morning, the alcaide began to prepare for the arrival of his friend Don Antonio, and for the approaching nuptials of his son. The day wore away till past noon, but brought no tidings of his friend and the bride with her rich dowry, and the worthy magistrate began to feel somewhat nettled and impatient. The good Don Vincente had been some time in the village, and foreseeing what would be the feelings of the alcaide at this apparent slight and delay on the part of the rich merchant, thought it a good time to address him in behalf of Ferdinando and Julia. He had called at the widow's cottage, on his way to the village in the morning, and bestowed upon the fair Julia the same dowry that Don Antonio had promised to give his daughter. The alcaide entertained the highest respect for Don Vincente; but when he saw him coming, he supposed that the benevolent cavalier was going to trouble him about the old business of the robbers, and he did not feel in an humor for it just at this moment, when his mind was agitated by the non-appearance of Don Antonio. But Don Vincente knew very well what was passing in the mind of the worthy magistrate, and had sufficient sagacity to approach him with the most adroit and skilful address. He began by complimenting him upon the tact and judgment he had discovered in forming so advantageous an alliance for his son, and was indignant at the suspicion that had begun to be whispered about in the village, that the rich merchant was after all going to jilt them. He continued, by discussing various little points of etiquette and ceremony proper to be observed on such occasions, and occupied some time in general and desultory conversation; and finally, after the impatience of the magistrate began to assume the character of indignation, he ended by adroitly insinuating, that there were other as good matches for his son as that with Don Antonio's daughter; and that for one, he should like to see the rich merchant mortified

by forming another as good an alliance for the young and gallant Ferdinando.

The alcaide, whose ruling passion was pride, and whose wrath waxed fiercer and fiercer every moment, began to feel almost willing in his heart that his son should marry the poor widow's daughter, in order to avenge his old friend's neglect; and was of course very easily persuaded to consent to it, when he found that she had a dowry of ten thousand dollars. Don Vincente, finding his triumph complete, hastened to the young lovers, and communicated his success, while the liveliest emotions of joy swelled his heart, and beamed in his open and benevolent countenance. The twain were at once united in wedlock; and it was universally remarked, that it was difficult to determine who were the happiest, the kind Don Vincente, or the youthful lovers.

As soon as the murder and robbery of the rich merchant Don Antonio was bruited abroad, Don Vincente hastened to the alcaide, manifesting the greatest consternation at the event, and the deepest interest in putting an effectual stop to all farther outrages of the kind. He offered at once to arm his servants and retainers, and to post them himself every night, as a patrol, under his own particular supervision, at the most dangerous passes of the mountains. The worthy magistrate was overwhelmed at this act of patriotic generosity; and as the troops of the government were at a great distance, and much needed in other quarters, he thankfully accepted the proffered aid, and vested Don Vincente with full power to protect the whole mountain region. He entered at once upon the discharge of his new duties with great zeal. He posted a great number of his retainers, thoroughly armed, at such parts of the mountain passes as he thought most needed protection, with strict orders for none of the parties to leave their posts, under any circumstances, even though they heard firing in other directions, lest the discipline and order of his arrangements should be disturbed. Thus night after night did he establish the patrol on the mountains, and was often observed himself to go from post to post, frequently depriving himself of sleep all night, in his zeal to render his plan of protection complete. But notwithstanding all these efforts and plans, the robberies and murders continued to increase in frequency, and the whole matter seemed involved in the most impenetrable mystery. Although the posts were changed nearly every night, the perpetrators appeared to know, as if by intuition, the parts that were left unguarded. In one or two instances, the noise of the affray between the robbers and the travellers was heard by some of the patrolling parties; but as it was beyond their beat, and the sounds might proceed from another patrol, their instructions from their master precluded their interference.

The mystery grew more extraordinary every day, and various conjectures were made as to the cause, by different persons, according to their fancy, their temperament, or their respective degrees of sagacity and information. Some of the more ignorant and superstitious began to surmise that some evil spirits, or perchance the Evil One himself, haunted the mountains; others, more enlightened, considered that they must be in human shape, as the tracks left behind exhibited no obliquity: some, who possessed fertility of invention,

supposed that they must have dens in caverns in the mountains, whose entrance was so concealed by rubbish, or other means, as to elude the search; while a few were bold enough to assert that the robbers must be some of their own fellow citizens, inasmuch as none others could anticipate so exactly all their movements, and as particularly, on one occasion, on the night of an extensive robbery, an individual in a disguise was pursued as far as the castle, and only escaped by dropping his mask, which he did in such a way as led his pursuer to suppose that he had jumped with it down a very steep precipice, while in fact he escaped under cover of the night, and the delusion of his stratagem, in a different direction. The mystery was now assuming a very painful aspect. Neighbors began to suspect each other, especially where there were any family feuds: circumstances in the conduct of individuals began to be closely scrutinized, and strange inferences were drawn from actions before perfectly harmless: a great many were brought before the alcaide on suspicion; and though they were always discharged for want of proof, still the mere fact of being arraigned on such charges, created heart-burnings and enmities, that destroyed the peace of the hitherto quiet and happy village.

The benevolent Don Vincente did all he could to soothe these natural outbursts of human passions, and was particularly industrious in trying to allay the universal suspicion that now began to get afloat, that the robbers were citizens in disguise. His largesses and benefactions were if any thing greater than ever, and there seemed no end to his vast resources for purposes of benevolence. But this created less wonder among the mass of the people, as they were ignorant of the fact that he had squandered away his other estates, and still supposed he received from them a large portion of the means he lavished upon others with such noble and extraordinary bounty.

In the mean time, the worthy Alcaide Pietro d'Almanzor sickened and died, and his son Ferdinando succeeded him in his magisterial office. Though young and inexperienced, Ferdinando prosecuted the investigation into the outrages upon the mountains with more energy and vigilance than his father. He caused several villagers, and even some retainers of Don Vincente, to be arrested and brought before him, on the charge of being concerned in these daring infractions of the public peace. Among the latter, was Don Vincente's porter, near whose lodge had been found a mask, dropped one night by the robber, in his hurry to escape pursuit. The interest created by these proceedings was intense throughout the whole surrounding country. The young alcaide held a court of investigation almost every day in the village; but although much testimony was taken, little light was thrown upon the mysterious affair. On one occasion, however, more than usual interest was manifested. It was rumored that Pedro, the servant, who was with Don Antonio at the time he was waylaid and murdered, was to be examined, and the court-room was filled with anxious listeners. Among the rest was the alcaide's young and beautiful wife, who sat near her husband, and directly in front of the witness. Pedro gave a circumstantial account of the attack upon his master on the mountains, as above detailed, and was proceeding to give a minute description of the person and

appearance of the ruffian who perpetrated the horrid deed, when the court was interrupted for a moment by the entrance of Don Vincente. He pressed through the crowd, bowing and smiling kindly upon all, and receiving on all sides the strongest manifestations of favor, passed by near the witness, Pedro, and was proceeding to take his seat by the side of the alcayde, when a sudden exclamation of surprise and horror arrested the attention and thrilled the bosoms of all present. It proceeded from Pedro, who stood pale and trembling, with his eyes half starting from his head, but fixed upon the calm countenance of Don Vincente, half shrinking from the object, and returning quickly again to it, as if by some horrid fascination.

The agitation of the witness threw the whole court into confusion, and created the more astonishment and concern, that no one could discover any adequate cause for such extraordinary emotion. As soon as the alcayde had somewhat recovered from his surprise, he demanded of Pedro the cause of his agitation : but it was some time before he could be made to comprehend that there was any one present except Don Vincente. As soon, however, as his eye wandered from the one object, and he saw other faces around him, he exclaimed, with great vehemence, and in a tone of deep horror, pointing to Don Vincente, '*There is the murderer of my master !*'

The whole assembly rushed forward, as if with one accord, to seize the base traducer of so much virtue ; and Pedro would have been torn to pieces on the spot, had not Don Vincente himself interfered, and waving his hand to command silence, exclaimed slowly :

'My friends, peace ! Heed not this poor man's delusion. He doubtless means well, but has been deceived. Let us proceed in the examination.'

'I will at once,' said the alcayde, 'if you desire it, send this base slanderer to a dungeon, instead of seeking any more information from one so little entitled to credit.'

'By no means,' replied Don Vincente ; 'I insist that you proceed with the examination. It is possible that some fancied resemblance, which has led the witness to make this egregious mistake, may lead to the detection of the true offender.'

'Well, as you please,' said the alcayde.

'After you caught an accidental glimpse, as you say, of the ruffian's face, what happened next ?' inquired Don Vincente.

Pedro began now to recover his self-possession, and to perceive that he had placed himself in a very unpleasant situation. He possessed considerable natural shrewdness, when not overcome by his excessive timidity ; and reflecting that at least his person was protected from violence by his very position, he felt reassured, and answered Don Vincente's questions with so much firmness and precision, that the latter evidently appeared less inclined to go very minutely into particulars. Pedro's tongue, however, had now got fairly loose, and ran over the subject as briskly as his eye did over the person of Don Vincente. Suddenly his eye was arrested by the hilt of Don Vincente's sword ; but going on with his testimony, he said :

'To go back a little with the story : when the robber first fired from the shadow of the rock, and leaped down upon the path, as I

told you, he hit against the rock, and struck something which glittered as it fell from his person, and which I picked up; *and it fits here!*"

So saying, and sudden as a flash of lightning, he seized Don Vincente's sword, placed a kind of gold button upon the hilt, and thrust it immediately before the face of the alcaide.

The boldness of the deed, the suddenness of the action, and the palpableness of the evidence, perfectly overwhelmed Don Vincente, and threw the alcaide and all the assembly into the utmost consternation and horror.

Donna Julia, dissolved in tears, rushed to her husband's feet, imploring mercy for their benefactor; and all present, on their knees joined in the petition, for there was not one who had not experienced his kindness and generosity. Each one had some noble deed of the good Don Vincente to recount to the alcaide: some insisted that such a man could not have been guilty of murder; others thought that if guilty, he should be pardoned for the good he had done; and all agreed that, whether guilty or innocent, the alcaide, of all men in the world, should be the last to feel any doubt how to act in such an emergency. Thus pressed on all sides, his wife weeping at his feet, and all his friends and neighbors joining in her entreaties, the poor alcaide was sadly perplexed what to do; although his conscience told him he should merge the friend in the judge, and forget his private obligations in his public duty. While thus wavering, and overwhelmed with perplexity and grief, he was relieved in some measure by Don Vincente himself, who, recovering from his confusion, and assuming his usual calm and placid manner, thus addressed the assembly:

'My friends! — for I have some title to call you such, notwithstanding the confession I am about to make — I pray you listen calmly to what I have to say, and if you cannot pardon my acts, you can at least appreciate, for you have felt, my motives. The impulse of benevolence was natural to my heart, and grew into a passion by indulgence. As long as my fortune lasted, I indulged it without reserve; but the very cause that exhausted the one, added fuel to the other. I found myself almost penniless, but with habits of munificence which assumed the character of a morbid passion, without the means of gratification. Madrid, the scene of my triumphs and my enjoyments, became irksome to me; and thinking that perhaps the income of my estate here on the mountains might afford me the means of indulging my passion proportionate to the simple wants of the objects around me, I came here unconscious of the fatal violence of the flame that was consuming my bosom, and unsuspecting that the desire for doing good could become so uncontrollable as to lead directly to the perpetration of evil, and smother every principle of conscientiousness in the feeling of benevolence. But such, unfortunately, is human nature: impulses are stronger than principles; and when the former have vanquished the latter, they fall into conflict with one another. It is not until the internal fires of the earth have burst the restraints that nature imposes, and rush forth through the superincumbent crust in volcanoes, that the ferocious conflict of the elements commences; until then, how

harmless, and how unconscious are we even of their existence, while above them, the calm sunshine sleeps upon green bank, quiet lake, and lovely flower! It was your hand,' continued he, turning to the alcaide, 'that helped to break through the restraining crust of my heart; not, as you supposed, to let forth sweet waters, but fatal fires to consume and destroy. Your sorrows excited my sympathies to such a pitch, that I could restrain them no longer; and impelled by an unconquerable desire to relieve them, at all hazards, I conceived the project of furnishing Donna Julia with the requisite dowry, and removing her rival at a single stroke. The idea being conceived, impulse bore down reflection; and indeed I had no time to reflect. Don Antonio was on his way to claim your hand for his daughter. Strange infatuation! The thought of promoting your happiness so completely engrossed me, that I was totally insensible to the misery I was inflicting on others, and the crime with which I was polluting myself. Carried away by this impetuous passion, it was I that murdered Don Antonio, and robbing him of his money, furnished Donna Julia next morning with her dowry. I see you all shrink from me with mingled incredulity, pity, and horror. I could expect but this, so soon as my conduct should be known. All I ask is, that in condemning me you impute my crimes to their true cause.'

Don Vincente sunk back in his chair, covering his face with his hands, while his bosom heaved with contending emotions. He remained silent for some moments, while the bystanders gazed in each other's faces in silent amazement.

The alcaide broke the painful silence, by saying that his own feelings, if not the law, put this case beyond his jurisdiction; and Don Vincente, seeing how much he was affected and overcome by his grief, offered of his own accord to surrender himself up to the higher authorities of the kingdom.

The next day Don Vincente was sent with an escort on his way to Madrid, there to receive his trial; but he was not doomed to witness his own disgrace amid the scenes of his former glory; and even the last act of his life was destined to exhibit the ruling passion strong in death. On his way to the city, the horse of his guard became fractious, while passing down a narrow path on the side of a mountain, with a frightful precipice yawning below; and Don Vincente riding up to his assistance, was himself unfortunately plunged with his horse over the fearful chasm, and both were instantly dashed to pieces.

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#### COMPENSATION.

Those who on Fancy's pinions soar  
Triumphant o'er their kind,  
Oft to that venturous pennon join  
A judgment weak, or blind:  
Like those seraphic forms that stand  
Before the King of kings,  
So these, whene'er on Truth they gaze,  
Their eyes veil with their wings.

## THE SUMMER DAYS ARE ENDED.

'SUMMER is gone! — the summer days are ended!'

A voice mysterious struck my wakeful ear,  
As o'er the hills and through the vales I wended,  
Rejoicing in the glory of the year.

I paused to listen to that plaint of sadness;

It was the wailing of the Autumn-wind:

Quick fled my breast its airy joy and gladness,

And sorrow, cloud-like, brooded o'er my mind.

Wide spread the scene: beauty was still around,

And more than beauty; for the glowing earth

In regal crimson and in gold was bound;

And evening's colors of ethereal birth,

Were dull, compared with lowly shrub and tree,

Whose hues gushed forth, a fount of harmony.

I looked into the heavens, and they wore deep,

Deep as the soul; unfathomed, save by God;

A lonely cloud the western gate did keep,

As the tired sun Night's dusky threshold trod.

The Autumn sky, spotless and pure, is fraught

With melancholy: wild and wandering Thought

Pierces the vault; and Beauty does but veil

The shoreless sea, where Doubt and Wonder sail.

There can be gloom in palaces of splendor —

Sorrow may dwell the brightest smile beneath;

So Nature throws a gorgeous robe around her,

When chilled by Winter's sudden grasp of death.

The daylight vanished from the mountain's head;

The round moon shone upon the waving woods,

And all was silent, save the voice that said,

With mournful cadence, like far-falling floods:

'Summer is gone! — the summer days are ended!'

Ere with slow feet my homeward path I wended.

A few short days had passed, and forth once more

I ventured for the fresh and healthful air:

I trod the hills and valleys as before;

The vales were cheerless, and the hills were bare:

The wintry blast,

With ruffian hands, had torn

The robe that Earth had worn;

In fragments cast

It on the miry ground, the floods;

And ruthless shook the loud-lamenting woods.

The floods were riotous, and spread

Their greedy arms o'er grassy plains —

Tore from the husbandman his harvest gains,

And foaming, tossing, swiftly sped

Down the terrific steep,

And plunged in Ocean's all-devouring deep.

Cease! cease, proud Floods! your laughter,

Your sorrowing shall come after!

Stern Frost shall forge your chain:

See now upon the wingéd North he comes,

Strong, strong as Death! Your struggles vain!

As ghosts unblest among deserted tombs,

With long, low-smothered groans, shall ye complain!

From the dusk glen up starts the hoary Cliff,

Like a grim giant from his gloomy lair,

Waked by some fiendish scream,

Heard in his horrid dream,

Shakes from his brow the dark dishevelled hair,  
 And stares around, with icy horror stiff:  
 For round its granite head the winds are shrieking,  
 The old oaks on its breast are harshly creaking;  
 Their leaves and clinging branches torn,  
 Through air tempestuously borne:  
 From every dell and rock a voice is breaking:  
 'Summer is gone! — the summer days are ended,  
 And o'er the earth the cold dark months descended!'

Yes, they are gone! Summer and Autumn too!  
 But shall I therefore sigh the winter through?  
 Bears he no chaplet on his frosty brow?  
 Unfading Ivy, thou dost surely know,  
 And faithful Evergreens, his temples bind;  
 Pluck them, and cast thy sorrows to the wind!  
 Beside the hearth, when winter winds are wild,  
 Domestic peace, and love, and friendship mild,  
 Those *evergreens*, shall bloom; they flourish best  
 When by the storm heart nearer heart is prest.  
 Wait God's own seasons; it would be a curse,  
 Perennial Summer: Winter is the nurse  
 Of Virtue: 't is the hour to intertwine  
 Holy affections, and to look within  
 The soul; to strive to win from Time  
 A wreath that withers not by change of clime.

PICTOR.

## LIMNINGS IN THE THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

### THE LUGUBRIOUS FAMILY.

IF I were ambitious of soaring to immortality on the wings of a *system*, I would base a treatise on the proposition that the Mournful and the Dolorous is the natural state of the human mind. But fortunately, no such labor is required at my hands. Even a casual observer can detect the germ of sorrow in the expanded lips of Laughter itself. The sudden relapse to a state of quiescence, if not of melancholy, indicates that the effort is against the current. The defenders of the opposite theory — for strange to say, such Quixotic specimens of humanity *have* existed — may indeed quote the Bard of Avon to fortify their position:

'Ye that have tears, prepare to shed them now!'

thus intimating the idea that some *preparation* is required, before the salt tears can be induced to perform their office.

'If it were my cue,' I could write volumes in proof of the vulnerability of the sublime bard in hazarding such a sentiment; but demonstration was ever my evil genius. Like CHRISTOPHER NORTH, (may his shadow never be less!) I have lived and grown corpulent and famous on assertion, while my antagonists famish and decline upon demonstration. Therefore misery is 'native and to the manor born;' and I defy the Balaks of Philosophy to assault the Gibraltar of



my position. The retired tobacconist who placed on the panels of his chariot the motto '*Quid rides*,' was more of a wag and a philanthropist than he has credit for. His was doubtless a veiled effort to throw a ray of merriment over the gloom of humanity, by anticipating the vulgar error which would detect the supposed aptitude of the allusion in connection with his discarded pursuits. Viewed in this aspect, the widow Naomi Wimple, and her interesting family, eminently fulfilled their destiny.

Hers was no fitful and evanescent sorrow, born of caprice and betrothed to circumstance. While the frivolous sons and daughters of Adam around her donned and doffed their griefs, like the sables which the liberated heir displays in public, but repudiates in private, the woes of the Lugubrious Family were perennial. Embodying in themselves the elements of a mighty system in metaphysics, no key of human sorrow was too elevated or depressed to be performed on their gamut. Equally effective in the varied phases of misery, they excelled in the musical, the melancholy, the mournful, the doleful, the hypochondriacal, the convulsive, and the agonizing: thus while one branch of the family tuned her pipes to the lachrymose, others thumbed the sentimental, or sobbed the hysterical. The widow Naomi Wimple, as the revered head of the Lugubrious Family, was expected in all cases to give the cue, while the Misses Dorothea Wimple, Saloma Wimple, Penelope Wimple, and Arabella Wimple, never failed to respond, each in her own peculiar way.

Of this interesting family, but one remains to be noticed, namely, Frank Wimple, who, I grieve to say, was a stray sheep in the flock; a hopeless prodigal, a spendthrift, who contrived to dissipate more substantial sorrow in an hour, than the thrift of the Lugubrious Family could amass in a calendar month. While Mrs. Naomi Wimple was in the midst of her distressing revelations — revelations which served to elicit the convulsive throes of Penelope, the river-like tears of Dorothea, the heart-rending sobs of Saloma, and the sentimental sighs of Arabella — the rebellious Frank was ever planning some counterplot, some ambushade, wherewith to overthrow the fair fabric which the Lugubrious Family reared to departed worth or existing suffering. This saucy scion of a melancholy race, in defiance of the ties which should have bound him to his kindred, entertained the auditory of the Widow Wimple with the opinion, uttered in an under tone, that it was worthy of remembrance that the woes of his maternal parent came in a water-spout, those of Penelope in a thunder-gust, the griefs of Dorothea in a thaw, the distress of Saloma in a volcano, and the melancholy of Arabella in a white-squall. These, and other unfilial and undutiful givings-out, sorely interfered with the well-arranged misery of the Lugubrious Family; causing the said Frank to be considered an unfortunate *attaché* of the domicile.

Among the topics of discussion which developed the master-passion of the Widow Wimple, that which treated of the virtues of her 'dear departed husband' was predominant. The deceased spouse of the lorn widow was the fulcrum, the lever, the pully, by which her miscellaneous sorrows were elevated to the notice of her auditory: his memory served as a letter of introduction to bereavements which, without such formality, could not legitimately be deemed fit

subjects for the condolence of the Lugubrious Family. In truth, the visible presence of the buried majesty of Denmark was not of more vital importance to the plot of 'Hamlet,' than the 'dear departed husband' of the widow Naomi Wimple in evolving her numerous distresses. That the 'dear good man' was worthy of remembrance, is attested by the fact, that on his death-bed he professed the utmost resignation to the will of Providence, declaring with his latest breath that he considered the 'valley of the shadow' a desirable retreat from the cares, and vexations, and annoyances of his earthly pilgrimage!

The education of the Widow Wimple having been unfortunately neglected in early life, her language not unfrequently put at defiance the laws of Lindley Murray; while words of new coinage, terms of queer import, and strangely-wedded similes, floated through her conversation in 'most admired disorder.' But with the junior branches of the family, in the female line, the case was far otherwise. For them the whole range of dolorous literature had unfolded its ebony treasures. The Sorrows of Werter were quoted by Penelope, by the quarto; the Pains of Imagination were reeled off like yarn from a spinning-jenny by Dorothea; the gloomy imaginings of Monk Lewis formed the staple of Saloma's conversation; and Sterne's 'Poor Starling' could n't get out of Arabella's head day nor night. The sentimental Arabella was, *par excellence*, the literary member of the family circle, whose gentle sighs were usually the forerunner of a quotation from some favorite author. Like the chemist who distils poison from simples, our sentimental young lady succeeded in turning the tables on the merriest troubadour of the age, by seizing on the slightest glimmerings of despondency which threw their shadows across his sunshine, and passing them through her mental laboratory, until they assumed the very livery of despair. Thus joyous, glorious Tom Moore, who never grieved over any ill that 'flesh is heir to,' nor dreamed of regret, except at the disappearance of the last flask of Rhenish at a feast, was nevertheless dragooned into the service:

'Thus ever from my natal hour  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 't was the first to fade away.'

The way in which this dolorous quotation was sobbed forth by Arabella, would have awakened the grief of an undertaker while performing the last sad offices for a purse-proud nabob.

The similes of the Lugubrious Family were ever taken from the cenotaph and the cypress. The mournful wail of the wintry winds was music to the ears of the Widow Wimple, and the complainings of the rare old elm which flanked her mansion, as its trailing branches were swayed to and fro, like the tempest-tossed victim of an untoward destiny, furnished the junior members of the family with an army of reasons why the world should be miserable. Did the Spring, robed in verdure, and wreathed with flowers, smile joyously in the sunshine? Alas! the telescope of the Widow Naomi's mind disclosed the distant scene, in which its rifled beauties lay withering on the plain. Did Autumn pour forth its treasures into the lap of

industry, rear its gorgeous banner on the mountain crest, and scatter its ripened fruits on every side! The Misses Wimple invariably directed your attention to the period when the frost would play the mischief with the leaves and shubbery, causing the fruit to decay and grow offensive, if it was not eaten, and still worse if it was! All flesh was to them *hay*, and all beauty the herald of deformity. All joy they consigned to the regions of romance; all happiness belonged to the ideal word, and all grief to the real. For them the rainbow in the heavens was a mockery; but the thunder cloud and the hurricane were the winged couriers of destiny.

In one important characteristic, the mind of the Widow Wimple, and those of her promising family, were worthy of all imitation. She never dealt in the prophetic. Over her, superstition had no power. The causes of her griefs were already in being, and her peculiar skill was manifested in mingling the ingredients. Fortune-tellers, soothsayers, wizards, and dealers in omens, and charms, and love-potions, she held in utter contempt. They but substituted the mockery of wo for the reality — the Possible for the Actual. In the munificence of her phraseology, she termed the results of their art 'the drippings of hictitious sorrow, and not worth titivating about.'

When the Lugubrious Family threw the net of their miseries over the circle of their auditory, the effort to escape through its meshes was eminently abortive. Skilful and practiced in sustaining the narrative of their trials, there was no alternative but resignation. In selecting and managing the accessories of her art, the Widow Wimple's taste savored of the theatrical. In one recess of her parlor stood the arm-chair which her 'dear departed husband' was wont to occupy, shrouded in crape, while in the corresponding niche, the rocking-chair wherein her 'sainted mother' in days of yore whiled away the tedious hours, displayed its sable vestments, stamped with the impress of antiquity. Although the 'sainted mother' of the interesting widow had been gathered to her fathers long before the birth of her daughters, yet these affectionate shoots of the parent stem exemplified the perfection of the 'credit system,' by responding most heartily to the grief of Mrs. Naomi Wimple, whenever allusion was made to the said 'sainted mother.'

On one occasion, when the memory of the 'ancient lady' was thus commented on, Frank inquired, with much gravity, when the Antediluvians flourished; but the Widow Wimple 'could 'nt tell prezactly;' but she remembered hearing something about the family of the Dilooveans, who she 'reckoned resisted before her time!'

Time and distance offered no obstacle to the faithful messengers of the Widow Wimple's griefs. Her lamentations over the woes of a thousand years' standing were equally *piquant* with those elicited by ills of more modern origin; and calamities occurring to the bronzed inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, or the wandering hordes who traverse the wastes of Tartary, took rank with the sorrows of her own circle. Her faith in tales of horror was unmixed with doubt or cavil; and the South Sea bubble promised not a tithe of the return which the capital invested by the amiable widow in doleful speculations secured to its possessor.

Notwithstanding the extent of Mrs. Naomi Wimple's travels in the

regions of gloom, her imagination was incapable of grasping national calamities. The mighty desolation, whose chariot wheels rolled over empires and continents, crushing human life like stubble beneath the heel of the reaper, was too vast for her comprehension. Her *forte* was exhibited in the detail of *individual* suffering. Like the members of the rifle corps, she could load and fire with great rapidity, but the construction of her mental fusil confined each discharge to winging a single object. The solemn gloom caused by a solar eclipse; the heavy shadows sweeping majestically over the landscape; the portentous thunder-clouds, rolling with ponderous energy across the expanse; are not typical of the Widow Naomi Wimple's mind: but the smoke encircling the cottage roof in a damp day, or the fantastic wreaths which the smoker puffs from the narcotic plant, in the midst of his companions, until their precise whereabouts is involved in mystery, are meet emblems of the domestic and social character of her revelations.

The atmosphere breathed by the Lugubrious Family was the very type of humidity. Tears, those mute exponents of sorrow, were ever at command. The paradise of their fancy was encircled by mists, vapors, and noxious exhalations. The sun of their horizon was a dim and veiled luminary, whose flickering beams came with the uncertainty and hesitation which marks the reception of a neophyte in the circles of fashion. The Widow Wimple's disregard of 'book learning' was, on one occasion, exemplified in a manner somewhat ludicrous. A Latin quotation having been introduced by a sedate schoolmaster, who affected a tender regard for the widow, he rather apologized for quoting Latin, it being a dead language. 'Only to think,' responded the revered head of the Lugubrious Family, 'that Latin is dead! — and my poor cousin Timothy, who died last Thursday, thirty-one years, was so detached to him! Why I remember as if it was but yesterday, that Tim said he'd toted five hundred miles to look after him, and spent more than a year in incurring his acquaintance. And, poor soul — so he's dead! How will his affectionate relations feel when they hear he's prefunct?'

'*De-funct*, you meant to say, Ma,' sobbed Arabella.

'*Defunctibus et demendibus*,' said Frank, 'which being freely translated, meaneth, 'Dead and — ahem!'

On closing this pathetic lament over the buried language, the widow resorted to her 'kerchief, and her amiable and dutiful daughters 'did likewise.' The learned pedagogue upon this hemmed and fidgetted, pulled off his spectacles, wiped them, put them on again, and looked up to the ceiling. Frank whistled; Augustus Fitzherbert Jones, an exquisite of the first water, occupied himself in convulsive efforts to thrust his perfumed cambric handkerchief into his mouth; and Tim Wilkins, a favorite of Arabella's, trod on the tail of the cat, which created a most unequivocal caterwauling. This operated like a match applied to a train of gunpowder; for the rebellious handkerchief which Augustus Fitzherbert Jones had forced in 'durance vile,' suddenly burst its prison house, flying out of his mouth with the velocity of a Congreve rocket, followed by such a *roar*, that the watchman in the cupola of the City Hall, albeit a rare sleeper, was aroused to a

muddy consciousness. Frank followed joyfully in chorus. The pedagogue, after turning black in the face, was compelled to succumb, although thereby he jeopardized his expectations; and Tim Wilkins's cheeks backed and filled, until the pent-up laughter rolled forth in torrents. In short, strange as it may appear to the sober-minded reader, the male portion of the domestic circle being fairly 'in for it,' 'burst madly from their spheres,' grasped their beavers as best they might, and entered upon a running fight with the chairs and tables, bumping their craniums against the half-open doors, and tripping their toes in the carpets, by which a part suddenly found themselves illustrating the convenience of a horizontal position; and were in divers other ways impeded in their egress, and maimed in their progress. But like the 'linked sweetness long drawn out' of a ministerial budget, these difficulties at length reached their *finale*, when the party, after performing, in a manner highly creditable, the laughing chorus of devils in *Der Freischutz*, separated to their respective lodgings, impressed with a dim perception of the truth that either they, or some other bipeds, had unwittingly 'made jads of themselves.'

In process of time, the Widow Wimple was gathered to her fathers, and our mercurial friend Frank was compelled for a season to submit to the sway of melancholy. But alas for the mutability of all things earthly! The sentimental Arabella eloped with a strapping subaltern in the dragoons, whose altitude of person was rivalled by the loftiness of his swagger, and the frequency of his oaths; Dorothea *chass   * with a dancing-master to the tune of 'over the hills and far away;' Saloma was wooed and won by a tragic hero of the 'sock and buskin,' whose feigned miseries proved irresistible; leaving Penelope, 'like Niobe all tears,' to do the grievous for the deserted family hearth-stone.

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#### A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

A few years' gone, the western star  
 On his lone evening watch surveyed,  
 Through all his silent reign afar,  
 Nought but interminable shade;  
 From precipice and mountain brown  
 And tangled forest darkling thrown;  
 Save where the blue lakes, inland seas,  
 Light ruffling to the creeping breeze,  
 His trembling beams upon them played,  
 Or where, no tree or summit seen,  
 In one unbroken sea of green,  
 That wild dark shores eternal laved,  
 The prairie's billowy verdure waved.  
 Nor ever might a sound be heard,  
 Save warbling of the wild-wood bird,  
 Or some lone streamlet's sullen dash  
 In the deep forest, or the crash  
 Of ruined rock, chance-hurled from high,  
 Or swarthy Indian's battle cry,  
 Whooped for revenge or victory!

## A M E R I C A .

## AN EXORDIUM FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

## I.

MY COUNTRY ! if unknown to fame, I dare  
 Amid the gathering years my voice upraise  
 For thee and thine in other tones than prayer,  
 Waking long silent musings into praise  
 Of thee and of thy glories, let thy grace  
 Accord me pardon : since no master hand  
 Thy mighty themes on loftier lyre essays,  
 Which treasured long in thought, my heart expand,  
 And burn into my soul, oh thou ! my native land !

## II.

What though no tower its ruined form uprears,  
 Nor blazoned heraldry and pictured hall  
 Waken the memories of a thousand years ?  
 Yet may we many a glorious scene recall,  
 And deeds long cherished in the hearts of all  
 Who hail thee mother ; yet from mountain gray,  
 And forest green, primeval shadows fall  
 On waters blue. The journeying stars survey  
 No lovelier realm than thine, freeborn AMERICA !

## NOTES ON THE NETHERLANDS.

BY CALEB CURRIE.

MANY objects of attention are found in the environs of Amsterdam, among the villages and small towns which abound in this populous region. Excursions to the Texel by the new ship-canal ; to Hoorn and to Naerden on the Zuyder Zee ; and to many other points, which the various means of intercommunication render cheap and easy, will furnish the traveller with much information concerning the peculiarities of the Dutch. It is usual to make an excursion to the town of Zaandam, or Sardam, as it is often called, situated on the opposite side of the Y from Amsterdam, for the purpose of seeing the hut in which Peter the Great lived, when he worked there in 1696, as a common shipwright. This humble dwelling still remains, a monument of the decision of character and perseverance of that extraordinary monarch. It has been restored by direction of his descendant the Emperor Alexander, who visited the spot in 1814, and enclosed to preserve it from further decay. At Zaandam every thing is in the purest style of Dutch neatness and ornament, indicating at the same time the prosperous industry and easy condition of the inhabitants.

But the most curious and characteristic place in this respect, is the celebrated village of Broek, in the district called Waterland, situated a little to the northeast of Amsterdam. The extreme humidity of the atmosphere in all parts of Holland, renders every precaution necessary to maintain cleanliness, and health, and comfort, and this is

particularly the case in the tract of country which lies between the Y, the Zuyder Zee, and the ocean, and which is completely saturated as it were with water. In Broek, however, the principle of neatness is pushed to the degree of burlesque extravagance. The whole village has the air of the little gaudy painted playthings of a toy-shop. The houses are of wood, painted green and white, each standing in the midst of its little garden, with its walks and borders laid out in the most curious and whimsical manner. The pavement of the streets is in a sort of mosaic of stones of different colors, and is constantly kept as neat and clean as possible. A custom prevails here, as in Zaandam, and in other parts of North Holland, of opening the principal door of the house only at the three great epochs of life, baptism, marriage, and burial. No dogs or horses are permitted to pass in the streets. As the gardens consist of a rich black mould that would adhere to the shoes; slippers are placed at the gate, which persons who enter put on for the time. To such an excess is every thing carried, that white curtains are found on the stable-window of many of the barns, which are as neatly painted as the dwelling-houses. Slippers are deposited within the door of the house, for persons, whether visitors or others, to put on when they come in, so as not to soil the carpets or floor. It is even said that the clergyman leaves his shoes at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and puts on a pair of slippers on ascending to the desk. Indeed, had I not received assurance of the truth of the facts from Hollanders who had resided in the village, and who could have no inducement to expose their friends to ridicule by misrepresentations, I should have hesitated to believe in these and other extravagances of the good people of Broek.

I did not visit either of these places, however, in person, but on leaving Amsterdam proceeded to Utrecht by the canal. The *trekschuyt* on this route is drawn by two horses, and travels with uncommon speed, although at a rate of fare somewhat higher than the ordinary boats. The route is considered one of the most agreeable in North Holland, as it begins on the river Amstel and terminates on the Vecht, passing successively through the villages of Ouderkerk, Abcoude, Baambrugge, Vreeland, Loenersloot, Loenen, Nieuwer-sluis with its fortifications and locks, Breukelen, Maarsen, and Zuilen. Several of these are on the Vecht, whose banks are sprinkled with pretty country seats near the water, as I have described them in other parts of Holland. It is stated in one of the books, that near to Utrecht the houses encroach so much on the canal that the horses are unharnessed, and the boat is dragged forward by an old woman. This did not happen when I passed the spot, but the boat was poled along just as is done by the boatman on the Ohio and the Mississippi. Nor if it had happened, would it have seemed particularly remarkable, I had so frequently seen women dragging along the *schuyts* on the canals in various parts of Holland. Indeed the task of attending at the bridges, of raising them when requisite, of taking care of the locks, and the like, appears to be generally devolved upon females.

Utrecht is situated at the confluence of the small river Vecht with the Old Rhine. It is built on a slight elevation, and surrounded by walls, and has existed from the time of the Romans, when it was known by the name of *Ultrajectum* or *Trajectum Ulpii*. In the

middle ages, it was the see of a rich and powerful independent bishopric, whose prelates bore an active part in the wars and dissensions of the times. Formerly it flourished greatly by means of its silk manufactures, which, although they have greatly declined, still subsist, together with fabrics of cloth, muskets, and copper. It also possesses, in consequence of its position, considerable commerce with the interior, by means of the Vecht and the Rhine. Its climate is healthy, owing to the elevation of the ground, and its immediate environs are pleasant, which are among the advantages of its ancient and celebrated University.

The Cathedral of Utrecht consists of a noble fragment, or rather of two fragments, of an edifice, which seems originally to have been one of the finest specimens of church-architecture in the Netherlands, or at least in Holland. It was built in 630, by Dagobert I., king of the Franks, and is called the Domkerk. In 1674, a violent tempest broke down the nave or body of the church, leaving the tower at one end, and the choir and transept at the other, standing uninjured. The fragments having been removed, and the entrance of the remaining part of the edifice walled, a broad street runs between that and the lower, showing the great size of the intermediate part which has disappeared. The tower possesses very great elevation, affording an extensive view over a vast tract of country in every direction. Its bells and its *carillon* are celebrated for their magnitude, and for the excellence of their tones. The choir, which still exists, forms in itself a spacious church, continuing to be used for religious services, and affording an imposing idea of the vastness and splendor of the edifice when it was entire. The cloisters at the side of the church are occupied as the collegiate buildings of the University.

The Stadhuis has a handsome front, but is an irregular building, blocked in with others, and constructed without regard to the rules of symmetry. Nor is there, among the other buildings of Utrecht, any one which merits very particular attention: In the vicinity of this city, however, is the charming village of Zeist, where the Moravian Brethren, so commendable for their benevolent principles of religion, and for their morality, decency, and industry, possess an extensive establishment.

Leaving Utrecht, I took the diligence to Antwerp, by the way of Breda. The road is excellent for the whole distance, except that it is necessary to cross the large rivers in ferry-boats. Until you enter North Brabant, and approach Breda, the road passes through some of the lowest parts of Holland, in the region where the Lek and the Maes converge together, and along the sunken shores of the Biesbosch. It is, therefore, raised far above the surrounding country, sometimes apparently ten feet, and always to a considerable height, because otherwise it would be flooded during the winter, and in the occasional inundations, to which the whole territory is subject. The country is, of course, excessively wet, and the air is constantly filled with the damp exhalations, arising from so large a surface of fresh water, dispersed in rivers, canals, and lakes.

The first town of any note is Vianen, to arrive at which you cross the Lek. The ferry-boat was worked along by means of a



rope, and the mode of doing it was somewhat singular. Several men were employed to move the boat. Each of them made use of a small chain, with an iron plate fastened to the end of it. This chain he slung around the rope, so as to form a kind of knot by means of the plate, and then walked the boat along, holding on the rope by his chain. Vianen depends for subsistence upon the culture of flax, but is beautified by orchards and other rural ornaments in its environs. The ruins of the old castle of Batenstein still remain here, in which Henry de Brederode, the feudal superior of Vianen, held a meeting of nobles in 1566, to concert the means of resisting Philip of Spain.

Soon afterward you arrive at Gorcum, a large town situated at the junction of the Linge with the Maes or Waal, and carrying on a considerable commerce in grain, hemp, butter, and cheese. At this place, you cross the Waal, and arrive at the village of Worcum on the opposite side. Here, about two miles above you on the left, you see the remains of the famous castle of Loevestein, on the point of the island of Bommel, formed by the separation of the Waal into two branches. This now dilapidated castle has often served as a prison of state, and in it Grotius had been confined for the space of three years, when he was set free by the bold and happy stratagem of his wife, Maria de Reigersbergen, who caused her husband to be conveyed away in a box, supposed to contain books, in which she herself had previously entered his prison.

From hence the road passes through the country called the Land of Altena, lying on the eastern shore of the Biesbosch, until you pass another ferry, which brings you to the village of Raamsdork, near the fortified town of Gertruydenburg, which stands full in view on your right as you proceed. Here you enter North Brabant, by a new road leading to Breda, constructed under the direction of Napoleon, and of course a good one, which soon brings you to the large agricultural town of Oosterhout, where the face of the country is entirely changed. It is no longer a low sunken morass, filling the air with perpetual dampness; but, on the contrary, a dry and sandy soil, interspersed with woods of pine, and patches of cultivated land, shows that you have reached a more healthful, if not a more productive, region. You thus arrive at the pretty town of Breda, through its delightful environs, which are in the highest state of cultivation, and justly admired for their beauty.

Breda is watered by the Merk and the Aa, and is well built and strongly fortified, and has obtained the various chances of war common for so many centuries to all the strong places in the Low Countries. It is well known in English history as the place of residence of Charles II., and his little court, in the time of Cromwell. Being a feudal possession of the house of Orange, it has been considerably beautified and improved by that family, who constructed there, in the sixteenth century, the noble castle which is seen on the banks of the Merk. Vestiges of an older castle, founded in 1350, also exist; and the general beauties of the place are enhanced by the esplanade and garden with its grove of trees. The cathedral, a fine edifice with a lofty tower, contains a superb mausoleum of Engelbert de Nassau.

From Breda, a short ride through a country abounding in open moors, pine barrens, and light sands, brings the traveller to Antwerp.

Without proceeding here to give an account of Antwerp, I revert to Rotterdam, for the purpose of describing the direct route from this city to Antwerp, which I took on my first visit to the Netherlands. I left Rotterdam in a steamboat at an early hour in the morning, and sailing up the Maes by the village of Ysselmonde, soon arrived at Dort. The steamboat, like the *trekschuyts*, was ordinary in its appearance and appointments, being destitute of the tasteful ornaments which decorate those of the United States. In proceeding up past Rotterdam, you have a fine view of the regular and slightly buildings of the Navy Yard. In this quarter lay the large four-masted steamboat, called the *Monster*. She was constructed several years before, but owing to her enormously disproportionate length, measuring two hundred and fifty feet from stem to stern, and only thirty-five feet, or about one eighth part at the beams, she hogged in launching, and had never yet been to sea, owing to disputes between the owners and the government, who had contemplated employing her as a packet to Batavia.

In ascending toward Dort, we met or passed many of the huge vessels engaged in the trade of the Rhine. They are heavy misshapen hulks, of three or four hundred tons' burthen, whose place might be advantageously supplied by the substitution of steamboats, steam being so decidedly superior to wind for the purpose of navigating rivers. But the prejudices of the people, and especially the interest of the persons now employed in the trade, had proved, hitherto, an effectual obstacle to the introduction of this improvement. It would seem that the Dutch ministry have no such prejudice against change in some respects, because they have anticipated other nations in trying the experiment of a steam-ship to cross the Atlantic, in the packet which communicates between Holland and her colonies in South America. But there is less readiness for innovation in regard to the internal navigation of the country. Thus the canal-boats have remained the same for a century. A plan was lately attempted to introduce canal-boats with small keels, so as to prevent their making lee-way, but the government set their faces against it as an unsafe innovation. So also the slow and unwieldy craft in question continued to maintain undisputed possession of the commerce of the Rhine.

Dordrecht, or Dordt, as it is commonly called, is strongly situated upon the point of an island formed by the inundation which gave birth to the great lake of Biesbosch. In the Kloveniers-Doelen of this city, was holden the celebrated synod of 1610, which condemned the tenets of Arminius. The position of the city renders it conspicuous from various points of view, in sailing upon the mingled streams which branch out from the Rhine and the Maes in this vicinity. And its buildings, reaching down to the bank of the river, with the imposing mass of the great church rising above them, have a fine effect in the distance, as I have elsewhere remarked. This edifice was erected for Catholic worship, like the other great churches in Holland; and originally dedicated to the Virgin. It is a noble structure, and in addition to its magnitude, and the imposing style of

its architecture, it possesses a white marble pulpit, which is justly esteemed as a very beautiful piece of workmanship. In addition to its other branches of trade, Dordt is celebrated as the greatest timber-market of the country, enormous rafts being floated down to this city for sale from Andernach and other places on the Rhine.

Leaving Dordt, we proceeded by the Kil into Hollands Diep, and passing Willemstadt, proceeding down toward the innermost islands of Zealand, leaving Over Flakkee on the right, and thence by the islands of Tholen and South Beveland, and in sight of Bergen-op-Zoom, into the Scheldt, and to Antwerp.

I had occasion, during the voyage of this day, to be confirmed in sentiments, which had frequently occurred to me before, somewhat at variance with the received opinions concerning the Dutch. One fact, which struck me at every turn in Holland, was their superior temperance, as compared with ourselves. It should be remembered, that in every part of Holland it is difficult to obtain pure water. At Rotterdam it is more tolerable than in the other large cities, being procured by the filtration of the muddy current of the Maes, but even there it is not wholly pure. At the Hague, and at Leyden, and at Amsterdam, it is not only deleterious in quality, but has a bad taste. This circumstance would naturally lead to the more extended use of spiritous liquors, as would also the extreme humidity of the atmosphere, constantly filled with exhalations from the surface of the vast body of fresh water which pervades all Holland. And yet I am well satisfied there is much less of intemperance among the Dutch than there is in some other countries, which have no such plausible excuse for the indulgence of a bad habit. The custom, universal among the better classes, of drinking only light wines at the table, extends even to the ordinary at an hotel; so that any gentleman who should call for brandy with his dinner, would be looked upon as possessing a singular taste, to say no more. And, as I have once before observed, there is no bar-room, with its long array of decanters, at any of the respectable houses in Holland.

Another thing, about which some misapprehension prevails, is the use of tobacco in that country. You see the pipe, to be sure, almost every where; and smoking seems to be as much a matter of course with the male sex at least, as eating. But the degree of annoyance, to which a stranger is subjected by this national usage, is grossly exaggerated in the books. A little toleration should be practised by the traveller toward the peculiarities of the people among whom he happens to be. I uniformly found the gentlemen, whom I casually met in the *trekschuyts*, diligences, and steamboats, particularly sedulous to avoid giving offence to others by the untimely use of tobacco. And they observe, on all occasions, the greatest neatness in regard to it, avoiding to fall into those unseemly practices, which are too often incidental to smoking, and are so much worse than the habit itself. Their pipes are always neat, and often tasteful and beautiful, with porcelain or amber bowls, silver caps and embroidered handles, of highly ornamental appearance. I do not speak, of course, of the practice of individuals in their own families, where, however, if the attentive wife is expected to have in readiness for her husband, on his return home from business, his chair, his slippers, and his pipe,

we need not apprehend that, in the use of the latter, any of the rules of neatness will be infringed.

How far the careful neatness of the Dutch, their constant use of tobacco, or other peculiarities in their manners, may be the result of climate and physical circumstances, I do not stop to inquire, in a mere cursory description of things that are apparent to the traveller; my object being to narrate, and not to discuss. I quit the subject, therefore, with an anecdote, which, although related of a period far removed from the present day, is not the less apt as an illustration of existing customs. The Emperor Charles Fifth, when passing through some village in Holland, manifested to a *notable* of the place a desire to see the apartments of his wife, as a matter of curiosity. The gentleman entreated his imperial master to wait until he had obtained permission of the lady. He hastened to her and communicated the desire of the Emperor. After a moment's hesitation, she cried, 'No, it is impossible; the Emperor would not be willing to take off his boots;' for her principles of cleanliness were too sacred to admit of any compromise with the etiquette of imperial rank. The progress of civilization has greatly diminished the difference which formerly existed in this respect, between the Hollanders and the intelligent classes in other countries; but long after the time of Charles Fifth, the dwellings of the poor in Holland would have put to shame the richest mansions in the rest of Europe. One of those contemporary chroniclers, who have given us so clear an insight into the interior of the palace, says of Louis Fourteenth: '*Le Roi et Monsieur étaient habitués, dès leur enfance, à la saleté de l'intérieur des maisons, en sorte qu'ils ne croyaient pas que cela pût être autrement;*' and this amid all the luxuries and splendor of the Palace Royal and of Versailles.

In describing the towns, as well as the open regions of Holland, I have repeatedly mentioned the verdant appearance of both, as one of the most delightful features of the country. It was the more striking to me, from the general neglect of this particular, in the ordinary husbandry of the United States, as well as in the decoration of the cities. No one can fail to see how much the bright flowering hedges of Holland add to the beauty of the landscape, as compared with the naked stone walls and the mean, coarse fences, which are made to divide the fields in America. The deficiency of agreeable promenades and avenues of trees in and about most of our large towns, is still more to be lamented, especially as a little forethought and care might have given us, in all of them, the same rich shaded walks, and rows of noble old trees, which adorn Rotterdam, the Hague and Harlem. How much soever, in beautifying our cities, we may prize the decorations which are purely the work of art, we should never be unmindful of the bounties of Nature, and of her power to contribute to the same desirable end.

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'ARGUMENT'S SAKE.'

Who thinks as others, and agrees  
With all, finds nought, and little sees:  
Did all accord, then all might stand  
Stock still, and darkness drown the land!

*H. M. Russell.*

TO THE LAND BREEZE.

Tell me, Wind, that, fragrance-laden,  
Glideest through the wildernesses,  
Hast thou met a gentle maiden,  
With blue eyes and raven tresses?  
Singing through the mountain firs,  
Wood and highland half-way over:  
Didst thou kiss a cheek like hers?  
Ha! — thou roguish, airy rover!

Hast thou been where leaves were gliding  
O'er some fountain's star-paved bosom,  
On the silver ripples sliding —  
Sedge and green wood round, in blossom?  
Hast thou stories of the sea?  
Tales to tell where stars are winking?  
Of the woody upland lea,  
And the fields where streams are tinkling?

Chartered by the northern squall,  
Hast thou, where the hills are raw,  
Blown the pine knots in the kraal  
Of the sooty Esquimaux?  
Or hadst thou a gentler birth  
In some glen, 'mid woods Brazilian,  
When the young birds, full of mirth,  
Twittered in Night's blue pavilion?

When upon the matted rushes  
Thou the sweet moonlight wast quilting,  
Mid the grass and water bushes,  
Didst thou see the young waves tilting?  
Or some stormy cape across,  
When the driving snow fell fast,  
Hast thou chased the albatross,  
Screaming in the northern blast?

Wind, that on thy pleasant way  
Through the woods and budding thickets,  
Pipest through the sunny day  
To the birds and mountain-crickets,  
Tell me, tell me, roving Wind,  
Hast thou ne'er known sadder story?  
Raven hair, with sea-weed twined,  
Floats beneath yon promontory!

Diamonds on that snow-white bosom  
Light the coral wildernesses,  
And the red-moss shows its blossom  
Through that fair girl's raven tresses:  
There where ptarmigans are calling,  
Sleeps she, 'neath the summer billow,  
Sea-weeds floating up and falling,  
Glossy green, around her pillow!

Wind, oh Wind! thy voice is dying,  
And thy daily toil is over;  
In the reeds where thou art sighing,  
Sweetly rest, oh mountain rover!  
Thus when life's last pang hath died,  
And this poor heart beats no more,  
May my sin-freed spirit glide  
Gently thus to Heaven's bright shore!

## **The Crayon Papers.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: I send you a few more extracts from my travelling note-books. They are the first sketchings of a series of essays, narrative, descriptive, and characteristic, which I intended to improve and extend at my leisure, but which I have suffered for years to lie neglected among my papers, until the subjects of which they treat are almost out of date. Such as they are, I trust them to the indulgence of your readers.

Your obt. servt.,

—  
GEOFFREY CRAYON.

### PARISIAN SKETCHES IN 1825.

#### ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHARACTER.

As I am a mere looker-on in Europe, and hold myself as much as possible aloof from its quarrels and prejudices, I feel something like one overlooking a game, who, without any great skill of his own, can occasionally perceive the blunders of much abler players. This neutrality of feeling enables me to enjoy the contrasts of character presented in this time of general peace; when the various people of Europe, who have so long been sundered by wars, are brought together, and placed side by side in this great gathering-place of nations. No greater contrast, however, is exhibited, than that of the French and English. The peace has deluged this gay capital with English visitors, of all ranks and conditions. They throng every place of curiosity and amusement; fill the public gardens, the galleries, the cafés, saloons, theatres; always herding together, never associating with the French. The two nations are like two threads of different colors, tangled together, but never blended.

In fact, they present a continual antithesis, and seem to value themselves upon being unlike each other; yet each have their peculiar merits, which should entitle them to each other's esteem. The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and meditation. They are therefore more social and communicative; more fond of society, and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment: even when abroad, he in a manner makes a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve: he moves about shy and solitary, and as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists: they seize upon every good as

it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his habits, and expensive in his enjoyments. He values every thing, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Every thing goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling, and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious dirty stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter. He is good humored and talkative with his servants, sociable with his neighbors, and complaisant to all the world. Any body has access to himself and his apartments; his very bed-room is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from that communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, ensconces himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself; locks the front door; puts broken bottles along his walls, and spring-guns and man-traps in his gardens; shrouds himself with trees and window-curtains; exults in his quiet and privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise, daylight, and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior; yet whoever gains admittance, is apt to find a warm heart and warm fireside within.

The French excel in wit; the English in humor: the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imagination. The former are full of sensibility; easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement; but their excitement is not durable: the English are more phlegmatic; not so readily affected; but capable of being aroused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up and be frothy, the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium, the French kept from effervescence and the English from stagnation, both will be found excellent.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown: he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag is victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest

Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin : a great victory is meat and drink to him ; and at the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured cannon and captured standards, he throws up his greasy cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning, considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbor for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French, in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken ; and John, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.

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THE TUILLERIES AND WINDSOR CASTLE.

I HAVE sometimes fancied I could discover national characteristics in national edifices. In the Chateau of the Tuilleries, for instance, I perceive the same jumble of contrarieties that marks the French character ; the same whimsical mixture of the great and the little ; the splendid and the paltry, the sublime and the grotesque. On visiting this famous pile, the first thing that strikes both eye and ear, is military display. The courts glitter with steel-clad soldiery, and resound with the tramp of horse, the roll of drum, and the bray of trumpet. Dismounted guardsmen patrol its arcades, with loaded carbines, jingling spears, and clanking sabres. Gigantic grenadiers are posted about its stair-cases ; young officers of the guards loll from the balconies, or lounge in groups upon the terraces ; and the gleam of bayonet from window to window, shows that sentinels are pacing up and down the corridors and ante-chambers. The first floor is brilliant with the splendors of a court. French taste has tasked itself in adorning the sumptuous suites of apartments ; nor are the gilded chapel and splendid theatre forgotten, where Piety and Pleasure are next-door neighbors, and harmonize together with perfect French *bienséance*.

Mingled up with all this regal and military magnificence, is a world of whimsical and make-shift detail. A great part of the huge edifice is cut up into little chambers and nestling-places for retainers of the court, dependants on retainers, and hangers-on of dependants. Some are squeezed into narrow *entre-sols*, those low, dark, intermediate slices of apartments between floors, the inhabitants of which seem shoved in edge-ways, like books between narrow shelves ; others are perched, like swallows, under the eaves ; the high roofs, too, which are as tall and steep as a French cocked-hat, have rows of little dormant windows, tier above tier, just large enough to admit light and air for some dormitory, and to enable its occupant to peep out at the sky. Even to the very ridge of the roof, may be seen, here and there, one of these air-holes, with a stove pipe beside it, to carry off the smoke from the handful of fuel with which its weason-faced 'tenant simmers his *demi-tasse* of coffee.



On approaching the palace from the Pont Royal, you take in at a glance all the various strata of inhabitants; the garreteer in the roof; the retainer in the entre-sol; the courtiers at the casements of the royal apartments; while on the ground-floor a steam of savory odors, and a score or two of cooks, in white caps, bobbing their heads about the windows, betray that scientific and all-important laboratory, the Royal Kitchen.

Go into the grand ante-chamber of the royal apartments on Sunday, and see the mixture of Old and New France: the old emigrés, returned with the Bourbons; little withered, spindleshanked old noblemen, clad in court dresses, that figured in these saloons before the revolution, and have been carefully treasured up during their exile; with the *solitaires* and *ailes de pigeon* of former days: and the court swords strutting out behind, like pins stuck through dry beetles. See them haunting the scenes of their former splendor, in hopes of a restitution of estates, like ghosts haunting the vicinity of buried treasure: while around them you see the Young France, that have grown up in the fighting school of Napoleon; all equipped *en militaire*: tall, hardy, frank, vigorous, sun-burnt, fierce-whiskered; with tramping boots, towering crests, and glittering breast-plates.

It is incredible the number of ancient and hereditary feeders on royalty said to be housed in this establishment. Indeed all the royal palaces abound with noble families returned from exile, and who have nestling-places allotted them while they await the restoration of their estates, or the much-talked-of law indemnity. Some of them have fine quarters, but poor living. Some families have but five or six hundred francs a year, and all their retinue consists of a servant woman. With all this, they maintain their old aristocratical *hauteur*, look down with vast contempt upon the opulent families which have risen since the revolution; stigmatize them all as *parvenues*, or upstarts, and refuse to visit them.

In regarding the exterior of the Tuilleries, with all its outward signs of internal populousness, I have often thought what a rare sight it would be to see it suddenly unroofed, and all its nooks and corners laid open to the day. It would be like turning up the stump of an old tree, and dislodging the world of grubs, and ants, and beetles lodged beneath. Indeed there is a scandalous anecdote current, that in the time of one of the petty plots, when petards were exploded under the windows of the Tuilleries, the police made a sudden investigation of the palace at four o'clock in the morning; when a scene of the most whimsical confusion ensued. Hosts of supernumerary inhabitants were found foisted into the huge edifice: every rat-hole had its occupant; and places which had been considered as tenanted only by spiders, were found crowded with a surreptitious population. It is added, that many ludicrous accidents occurred; great scampering and slamming of doors, and whisking away in night-gowns and slippers; and several persons, who were found by accident in their neighbors' chambers, evinced indubitable astonishment at the circumstance.

As I have fancied I could read the French character in the national palace of the Tuilleries, so I have pictured to myself some of the traits of John Bull in his royal abode of Windsor Castle. The

Tuilleries, outwardly a peaceful palace, is in effect a swaggering military hold; while the old castle, on the contrary, in spite of its bullying look, is completely under petticoat government. Every corner and nook is built up into some snug, cosy nestling place, some 'procreant cradle,' not tenanted by meagre expectants or whiskered warriors, but by sleek place-men; knowing realizers of present pay and present pudding; who seem placed there not to kill and destroy, but to breed and multiply. Nursery maids and children shine with rosy faces at the windows, and swarm about the courts and terraces. The very soldiery have a pacific look, and when off duty, may be seen loitering about the place with the nursery maids; not making love to them in the gay gallant style of the French soldiery, but with infinite bonhomie aiding them to take care of the broods of children.

Though the old castle is in decay, every thing about it thrives: the very crevices of the walls are tenanted by swallows, rooks, and pigeons, all sure of quiet lodgment: the ivy strikes its roots deep in the fissures, and flourishes about the mouldering tower.\* Thus it is with honest John: according to his own account, he is ever going to ruin, yet every thing that lives on him, thrives and waxes fat. He would fain be a soldier, and swagger like his neighbors; but his domestic, quiet-loving, uxorious nature continually gets the upper hand; and though he may mount his helmet and gird on his sword, yet he is apt to sink into the plodding, pains-taking father of a family; with a troop of children at his heels, and his women-kind hanging on each arm.

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THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I HAVE spoken heretofore with some levity of the contrast that exists between the English and French character; but it deserves more serious consideration. They are the two great nations of modern times most diametrically opposed, and most worthy of each other's rivalry; essentially distinct in their characters, excelling in opposite qualities, and reflecting lustre on each other by their very opposition. In nothing is this contrast more strikingly evinced than in their military conduct. For ages have they been contending, and for ages have they crowded each other's history with acts of splendid heroism. Take the Battle of Waterloo, for instance, the last and most memorable trial of their rival prowess. Nothing could surpass the brilliant daring on the one side, and the steadfast enduring on the other. The French cavalry broke like waves on the compact squares of English infantry. They were seen galloping round those serried walls of men, seeking in vain for an entrance; tossing their arms in the air, in the heat of their enthusiasm, and braving the whole front of battle. The British troops, on the other hand, forbidden to move or fire, stood firm and enduring. Their columns were ripped up by cannonry; whole rows were swept down at a shot: the survivors closed their ranks, and stood firm. In this way many columns

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\* NOTE. The above sketch was written before the thorough repairs and magnificent additions that have been made of late years to Windsor Castle.

stood through the pelting of the iron tempest without firing a shot ; without any action to stir their blood, or excite their spirits. Death thinned their ranks, but could not shake their souls.

A beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are prone, is given in the case of a French cavalier, in the hottest of the action, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault that his adversary had lost his sword-arm, dropping the point of his sabre, and courteously riding on. Peace be with that generous warrior, whatever were his fate ! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foundering fortunes of his chieftain, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave ! — and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amidst the tempest, unconscious of defeat, than to survive, and mourn over the blighted laurels of his country.

In this way the two armies fought through a long and bloody day. The French with enthusiastic valor, the English with cool, inflexible courage, until Fate, as if to leave the question of superiority still undecided between two such adversaries, brought up the Prussians to decide the fortunes of the field.

It was several years afterward, that I visited the field of Waterloo. The ploughshare had been busy with its oblivious labors, and the frequent harvest had nearly obliterated the vestiges of war. Still the blackened ruins of Hogueuont stood, a monumental pile, to mark the violence of this vehement struggle. Its broken walls, pierced by bullets, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within ; when Gaul and Britain, hemmed in between narrow walls, hand to hand and foot to foot, fought from garden to court-yard, from court-yard to chamber, with intense and concentrated rivalry. Columns of smoke turned from this vortex of battle as from a volcano : ‘ it was,’ said my guide, ‘ like a little hell upon earth.’ Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank, unwholesome green still marked the places where these rival warriors, after their fierce and fitful struggle, slept quietly together in the lap of their common mother earth. Over all the rest of the field, peace had resumed its sway. The thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet’s clangor ; the team slowly labored up the hill-side, once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons ; and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldiers’ graves, as summer seas dimple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried.

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To the foregoing desultory notes on the French military character, let me append a few traits which I picked up verbally in one of the French provinces. They may have already appeared in print, but I have never met with them.

At the breaking out of the revolution, when so many of the old families emigrated, a descendant of the great Turenne, by the name of De Latour D’Auvergne, refused to accompany his relations, and entered into the Republican army. He served in all the campaigns of the revolution, distinguished himself by his valor, his accomplishments, and his generous spirit, and might have risen to fortune and to the highest honors. He refused, however, all rank in the army,

above that of captain, and would receive no recompense for his achievements but a sword of honor. Napoleon, in testimony of his merits, gave him the title of Premier Grenadier de France, (First Grenadier of France,) which was the only title he would ever bear. He was killed in Germany, in 1809 or '10. To honor his memory, his place was always retained in his regiment, as if he still occupied it; and whenever the regiment was mustered, and the name of De Latour D'Auvergne was called out, the reply was: 'Dead on the field of honor!'

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PARIS AT THE RESTORATION.

PARIS presented a singular aspect just after the downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons. It was filled with a restless, roaming population; a dark, sallow race, with fierce moustaches, black cravats, and feverish, menacing looks; men suddenly thrown out of employ by the return of peace; officers cut short in their career, and cast loose with scanty means, many of them in utter indigence, upon the world; the broken elements of armies. They haunted the places of public resort, like restless, unhappy spirits, taking no pleasure; hanging about, like lowering clouds that linger after a storm, and giving a singular air of gloom to this otherwise gay metropolis.

The vaunted courtesy of the old school, the smooth urbanity that prevailed in former days of settled government and long-established aristocracy, had disappeared amidst the savage republicanism of the revolution and the military furor of the empire: recent reverses had stung the national vanity to the quick; and English travellers, who crowded to Paris on the return of peace, expecting to meet with a gay, good-humored, complaisant populace, such as existed in the time of the 'Sentimental Journey,' were surprised at finding them irritable and fractious, quick at fancying affronts, and not unapt to offer insults. They accordingly inveighed with heat and bitterness at the rudeness they experienced in the French metropolis: yet what better had they to expect? Had Charles II. been reinstated in his kingdom by the valor of French troops; had he been wheeled triumphantly to London over the trampled bodies and trampled standards of England's bravest sons; had a French general dictated to the English capital, and a French army been quartered in Hyde-Park; had Paris poured forth its motley population, and the wealthy bourgeoisie of every French trading town swarmed to London; crowding its squares; filling its streets with their equipages; thronging its fashionable hotels, and places of amusements; elbowing its impoverished nobility out of their palaces and opera-boxes, and looking down on the humiliated inhabitants as a conquered people; in such a reverse of the case, what degree of courtesy would the populace of London have been apt to exercise toward their visitors?\*

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\* THE above remarks were suggested by a conversation with the late Mr. CANNING, whom the author met in Paris, and who expressed himself in the most liberal way concerning the magnanimity of the French on the occupation of their capital by strangers.

On the contrary, I have always admired the degree of magnanimity exhibited by the French on the occupation of their capital by the English. When we consider the military ambition of this nation, its love of glory; the splendid height to which its renown in arms had recently been carried, and with these, the tremendous reverses it had just undergone; its armies shattered, annihilated; its capital captured, garrisoned, and overrun, and that too by its ancient rival, the English, toward whom it had cherished for centuries a jealous and almost religious hostility; could we have wondered, if the tiger spirit of this fiery people had broken out in bloody feuds and deadly quarrels; and that they had sought to rid themselves in any way, of their invaders? But it is cowardly nations only, those who dare not wield the sword, that revenge themselves with the lurking dagger. There were no assassinations in Paris. The French had fought valiantly, desperately, in the field; but, when valor was no longer of avail, they submitted like gallant men to a fate they could not withstand. Some instances of insult from the populace were experienced by their English visitors; some personal rencontres, which led to duels, did take place; but these smacked of open and honorable hostility. No instances of lurking and perfidious revenge occurred, and the British soldier patrolled the streets of Paris safe from treacherous assault.

If the English met with harshness and repulse in social intercourse, it was in some degree a proof that the people are more sincere than has been represented. The emigrants who had just returned, were not yet reinstated. Society was constituted of those who had flourished under the late régime; the newly ennobled, the recently enriched, who felt their prosperity and their consequence endangered by this change of things. The broken down officer, who saw his glory tarnished, his fortune ruined, his occupation gone, could not be expected to look with complacency upon the authors of his downfall. The English visitor, flushed with health, and wealth, and victory, could little enter into the feelings of the blighted warrior, scarred with a hundred battles, an exile from the camp, broken in constitution by the wars, impoverished by the peace, and cast back, a needy stranger in the splendid but captured metropolis of his country.

‘Oh! who can tell what heroes feel,  
When all but life and honor’s lost!’

And here let me notice the conduct of the French soldiery on the dismemberment of the Army of the Loire, when two hundred thousand men were suddenly thrown out of employ; men who had been brought up to the camp, and scarce knew any other home. Few in civil, peaceful life, are aware of the severe trial to the feelings that takes place on the dissolution of a regiment. There is a fraternity in arms. The community of dangers, hardships, enjoyments; the participation in battles and victories; the companionship in adventures, at a time of life when men’s feelings are most fresh, susceptible, and ardent, all these bind the members of a regiment strongly together. To them the regiment is friends, family, home. They

identify themselves with its fortunes, its glories, ~~its~~ disgraces. Imagine this romantic tie suddenly dissolved; the regiment broken up; the occupation of its members gone; their military pride mortified; the career of glory closed behind them; that of obscurity, dependence, want, neglect, perhaps beggary, before them. Such was the case with the soldiers of the Army of the Loire. They were sent off in squads, with officers, to the principal towns where they were to be disarmed and discharged. In this way they passed through the country with arms in their hands, often exposed to slights and scoffs, to hunger and various hardships and privations; but they conducted themselves magnanimously, without any of those outbreaks of violence and wrong that so often attend the dismemberment of armies.

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THE few years that have elapsed since the time above alluded to, have already had their effect. The proud and angry spirits which then roamed about Paris unemployed, have cooled down, and found occupation. The national character begins to recover its old channels, though worn deeper by recent torrents. The natural urbanity of the French begins to find its way, like oil, to the surface, though there still remains a degree of roughness and bluntness of manner, partly real, and partly affected, by such as imagine it to indicate force and frankness. The events of the last thirty years have rendered the French a more reflecting people. They have acquired greater independence of mind and strength of judgment, together with a portion of that prudence which results from experiencing the dangerous consequences of excesses. However that period may have been stained by crimes, and filled with extravagances, the French have certainly come out of it a greater nation than before. One of their own philosophers observes, that in one or two generations the nation will probably combine the ease and elegance of the old character with force and solidity. They were light, he says, before the revolution; then wild and savage; they have become more thoughtful and reflective. It is only old Frenchmen, now-a-days, that are gay and trivial; the young are very serious personages.

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P. S. In the course of a morning's walk, about the time the above remarks were written, I observed the Duke of Wellington, who was on a brief visit to Paris. He was alone, simply attired in a blue frock; with an umbrella under his arm, and his hat drawn over his eyes, and sauntering across the Place Vendome, close by the Column of Napoleon. He gave a glance up at the column as he passed, and continued his loitering way up the Rue de la Paix; stopping occasionally to gaze in at the shop-windows; elbowed now and then by other gazers, who little suspected that the quiet, lounging individual they were jostling so unceremoniously, was the conqueror who had twice entered their capital victoriously; had controlled the destinies of the nation, and eclipsed the glory of the military idol, at the base of whose column he was thus negligently sauntering.

Some years afterward I was at an evening's entertainment given

by the Duke at Apsley House, to William IV. The Duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase, stood the colossal statue of the Emperor, by Canova. It was of marble, in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of victory. Over this arm the ladies, in tripping up stairs to the ball, had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

'Imperial Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,' etc., etc.

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V E R S E S

TO A FAIRE PERSONNE, UPON SHORT ACQUAINTANCE.

I MAY not, would not, quite forget  
The hours I passed with thee;  
'T were death to say, 'I love' — and yet  
Silence harder seemeth me.

Ah no! — I never could forget  
Those words of joy, from thee;  
They say, thou lov'st another — yet  
How bright thy beam o'er me!

They say thou art 'a sad coquette';  
Yet how to doubt a smile  
In which Day-dawn and Eve are met  
For Fraud, if this be Guile.

And then thine Eye, of morn's grey hue  
Kindling with beams of wit!  
If it's deep glories prove untrue,  
Let all be false, like it!

*Let all be false!* Alas my heart,  
Comes such a thought from thee?  
Fly, fly, abjure that double part,  
Though bright as Hope it be!

— Ah yes! I ought, I must forget  
The hours I passed with thee;  
Half-lovers were we when we met —  
Such can we no more be!

Forever be forgot, the day,  
The form, the voice, the Eye —  
Since thou thyself art ta'en away,  
Take, take thy memory;

Thy dewy freshness, from my heart; —  
Thy Genius off my mind; —  
The untold grace — the thrill — the dart —  
Leave not a dream behind!

Then, my calm soul, like mountain lake  
The gale hath passéd o'er,  
It's silvery shield at length shall take,  
And Heaven reflect once more.

JOHN WATERS.

## LINES

FROM AN ENGLISH TO AN AMERICAN LADY.

STILL to old England young Columbia turns,  
 Joys with her joys, or with her sorrows mourns;  
 Still with a pious, reminiscent awe,  
 Reverses her Virtues, venerates her Law;  
 Proud of herself, her parent's praise desires—  
 Prosperous and free, yet something more requires;  
 Yearns for her love, nor rests till she admires:  
 Still bears her spleen, still soothes her wayward will:  
 'England, with all thy faults, she loves thee still!'

Be generous, Britain—scorning jealous fear;  
 Your child's loud-sounding fame endure to hear:  
 And mark how those who spurned the servile chain,  
 The heart's soft bondage willingly retain;  
 While every link that private Friendship forms,  
 The Nations' union strengthens, rivets, warms:  
 May never prejudice or party-pride  
 Their happy union weaken or divide!

July 1, 1840.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

## THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

A REMINISCENCE OF A SCENE ON BOARD A SHIP OF WAR.

BY USHER PARSONS, M. D.

'T WAS in a dark, tempestuous night, that the frigate *Guerriere* ploughed her way through the Gulf of Finland, rolling and plunging at the sport of every billow, as it dashed its spray over her deck. The incessant creaking and groaning of the ship's joints at every surge, were occasionally interrupted by the hoarse sound of the officer's trumpet, or the shrill pipe of the boatswain, and the tramp of men running with the halcyards.

'Steward,' said the caterer of the ward-room, as he entered it from deck, 'invite down all the officers of the mess about the galley, and all others that can be spared from duty. Tell them it is Saturday night; and mind ye, have ready the large can of whiskey-punch, piping hot, and materials for replenishing it.'

The social board was soon surrounded, each mess-mate steadying himself in his chair, as the ship rolled from side to side, by embracing a leg of the table between his knees. The customary toast for Saturday evenings, 'To sweet-hearts and wives,' was drunk with the usual sigh of fond recollection; and then followed the enlivening song and mirthful story.

'There is some fun,' said the sailing-master, 'in that pilot who joined us at Copenhagen. If we could but get the Russian down from deck, he would make sport enough for us, in his broken English.'

'We'll have him then,' replied the first lieutenant: 'Steward, ask the pilot to join us; and, look ye, have less noise in that gun-room



when you return.' The ward-room servants, who occupied the adjoining apartment, had evidently followed our example in circulating the Saturday evening glass.

Presently, the rough, weather-beaten pilot appeared at the table, and turning his huge mustaches right and left, to open a way for the glass, he soon made up in speed what he lacked in time; and readily overtook us in the convivial race; nor did he fail to confirm the sailing-master's opinion of his mirth-moving powers. Little did he dream of the transition his feelings were soon to undergo. But I anticipate.

It is very common on board war-vessels, on pleasant evenings, for officers to stand within listening distance of the men about the fore-castle, to over-hear, as it were unobserved, the songs and jests of the jolly sons of Neptune. In like manner, the noise from the servants' room had drawn the purser from the table to listen to their sport. After a time, he returned to the company, with an expression of countenance that betokened astonishment at something he had overheard.

'Gentlemen,' said he, in a low tone, 'one of our servants is a pirate!'

'Pirate!' exclaimed several of the company.

'Yes,' answered the purser, 'a Baratarian pirate, who was convicted, and subsequently pardoned by President Munroe; and he is now giving an account of his atrocities to the other servants.'

'By Saint Nevski!' exclaimed the Russian pilot, 'dat is no vay de Emperor treats de pirates. He vould send dem to Siberia, to be knouted and den hunged!'

'Let us,' resumed the purser, 'have the rascal out here, and make him describe some of his piracies.'

To this proposition all agreed; and John Smith, for such was his name, real or fictitious, was called forth, to entertain us with a story from real life. All eyes were arrested by the expression of his countenance, as he approached the table, and each one would have been slow to suspect him of piracy, so demure and innocent were his looks.

The first lieutenant began his interrogatories in a calm and serious manner, and grave tone of voice, remarking that he wished to know some of the particulars of the piracies committed by him and others, for which he was tried and condemned. With a look of astonishment at our knowing anything of his career, John hesitated to utter a word in reply.

'Go on!' said the lieutenant, 'go on!' we know you have been pardoned, and therefore you have nothing to fear from us. Let us hear the whole story.'

John began, as might be supposed, with a disclaimer of his own guilt, in the outset; alleging his ignorance of the designs of the band with whom he enlisted, until it was too late to extricate himself. He then recounted several of their piratical adventures, some of which were detected, and led to their capture and trial. By this time he had become easy and communicative, and desirous to gratify our excited curiosity and interest in his stories. 'But there was one act,' continued he, 'that never came to light, which was worse than all the rest.'

'Let us have it, John,' rejoined all the company; 'out with it!'

'Well,' continued John, 'it so happened we fell in with a Russian ship, bound to Mexico, and boarded her. The captain, who was a brave fellow, resisted our search for money. We thereupon knocked out his brains with a handspike, and (oh, it makes me shudder to think of it!) we then killed every man on board; and after plundering all we could carry away, we scuttled the ship, and set fire to her.'

'Vot Russian ship vas dat?'" interrupted the pilot, impatient to learn whether he had ever any knowledge of her, or her commander.

'It was, Sir,' replied John, 'the ship Orloff, Captain Nicholas Potowsky.'

'Mine Got!' exclaimed the pilot, with clenched hands, and a quivering lip, 'it vas my brodder! Villain! murderer! — it vas my brodder Nicholas! You shall be put in irons, and hunged, ven dis ship arrives at Cronstadt! I vill see de captain dis very night. O Nicholas! You vas not drowneded den, ship and all, as ve always supposed!'

The pilot now rose from the table to seek the captain, but was unable to pass the sentinel stationed at the cabin door. Meantime, John Smith was hurried down into the coal-pit, in a dark corner of the vessel, and was there confined out of sight, during the pilot's stay on board, which however was short, as we soon landed at Cronstadt. It was reported that he applied to the authorities there to take John out of the ship, but was told that the *Guerriere*, being a national armed vessel, nothing of the kind could be done. John therefore escaped due punishment, till we arrived at the next port, which was in Sicily, where, expecting another trial for his life, he immediately deserted, and was never more heard of.

The striking incidents of this narrative, the reader will perceive, are the perpetration of a murder in the Gulf of Mexico, and its first disclosure in the Gulf of Finland, nearly on the opposite side of the globe; and then to the brother of the victim, by the murderer himself. The whole savors so much of fiction, that the writer thinks it well to state that he was surgeon of the ship at the time, and knows the material facts to be as he has here related them.

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#### LIFE'S MYSTERIES: HOPE AND FEAR.

LINKED, as Mezentius linked the dead and living,  
Twin motives stir and sway the human soul.  
Elastic hope, redeeming deepest dole,  
Fear, haunting highest bliss with faint misgiving:  
Like the sky's glowing arch, pale tints receiving,  
Where from th' empyrean it stoops to earth,  
Hope brightly soars tow'rd Heaven, its place of birth,  
Dimmed, in this lower sphere, by tears and grieving.  
Like the sky's midnight arch, whose earthward gloom  
Scarce the starred zenith leaves in dubious sight,  
Fear flings its shadow over things of light,  
Even to the radiant life beyond the tomb.  
Death, bringing wo or joy, the tie shall sever,  
Bid one immortal live, one die for ever.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CLOCKMAKER: OR, THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAMUEL SLICK, of Slickville.  
Third Series. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THERE is naturally much that is coarse in this volume; for Mr. SLICK's style is proverbial for being 'nervous, but inelegant;' yet there abound the redeeming features of plain-speaking in behalf of the right and in condemnation of the wrong, and satire of follies and abuses, political, religious, and social, for which our author is so distinguished, and which go far to redeem the faults of occasional exaggeration and grossness. Having, in our notices of the two volumes which preceded the present, taken occasion to remark somewhat at length upon the characteristics of Mr. SLICK, we shall infer that our readers are not unacquainted with his 'domestic manners,' and proceed to select a few passages from the volume before us; commencing, as applicable to this legislative period, Mr. SLICK's first speech in the legislature, upon the poll-tax:

'So I ups and says, Mr. Speaker says I, (Lord how thick my tongue felt; it seemed to grow too thick for my mouth, like the clapper of an old horse,) let me propound this resolution, sir, said I; all men are free and equal. No one doubts it, Mr. Slick, said an old member; no one denies that; it's a truism. I did'n somehow expect that interruption; it kinder put me out, and I never got a-go'in' altogether right again arterwards, for I lost my temper; and when a man ain't cool, he might as well bang up his fiddle, that's a fact. Have I freedom of speech, sir, said I, or have I not; or is that last rag of liberty torn from the mast of the constitution too? I stand stock still a-waitin' for your answer, sir. Oh, sartain, said he, sartain; you may talk for ever, if you like: go on, sir; only no man doubts your proposition. It's a lie, sir, said I, it's a lie writ—. Order! order!—chair! chair! says some. Knock him down!—turn him out!—where did you learn manners? says others. Hear me out, says I, will you? and do n't be so everlastin' fast: what's the use of jumpin' afore you come to the fence. It's a lie written on the face of the constitution. Oh, oh! says they, is that it? Yes, says I, it is, and contradict it if you darst. We are not free, we are slaves: one half of us is tyrants—unremorseless, onfeelin', overbearin' tyrants, and vile usurpers; and the other half slaves—subject, miserable, degraded slaves. The first argument I advance, sir, is this—and the cold in my nose began to tickle, tickle, tickle, till I could n't hold in no longer, and I let go a sneeze that almost broke the winders out. Oh, Lord, what a haw! haw! they sot up. The first argument is this, sir: and off went both barrels of my nose agin like thunder: it fairly raised the dust from the floor in a cloud, like a young whirlwind in the street afore rain. It made all spin agin. Why, he is a very ring-tail roarer, says the members; a regular sneezer; and they shouted and roared like any thing. I thought I should a-died for shame one minit, and the next I felt so coonish I had half a mind to fly at the Speaker and knock him down. I did n't jist cleverly know what to do, but at last I went on. Did the best blood of the land flow for forty shillings? Was Benker Hill fought out to loosen British chains, merely to rivet American ones? Was it for this the people died covered with gore and glory, on the bed of honor? Was it the forty shillings alone that fought the revolution, or the Polls? I am for the Polls. Taxation and representation should go hand in hand, and freedom and equality likewise also. How dare you tax the Polls without their consent! Suppose they was to go for to tax you without your consent, why who would be right or who wrong then? Can two wrongs make a right? It is much of a muchness, sir—six of one, and half a dozen of the other.

What's that feller talkin' about? says a member. A vote to help the Poles agin' Russia, says the other: what a cussed fool he is! It put me quite out, that, and joggled me so, I could n't make another line straight. I could n't see the Speaker no longer, for my eyes watered as if I had been a stringin' lions for a week, and I had to keep blowin' my nose the whole blessed time, for the cold in it corked it up as tight as a bottle. Who calls them fools? says I: who dares insult free citizens because they are not forty shillings? You could n't treat them wus if they was nasty, dirty, displeasable niggers, and yet you boast your glorious constitution. Will any member answer me this? Have they blood in their veins?—and if they have, it must be free blood; and if free, it must boil. (Tickle, tickle, goes my hoscis agin, and I had to stop to sarch for my nose-rag.) The honorable gentleman, says some feller or another, for most on 'em were strangers to me, means a blood puddin', I suppose. Ah! I thought I should have gone ravin' distracted mad. I knew I was talkin' nonsense; that I had run off the tracks with all steam on, and was a-ploughin' thro' the mud in the fields like any thing. Says I, I'll have your blood, you scoundrel, if you dare to say that

agin', see if I do n't, so there now. Oh dear, such shoutin', and rearin', and clappin' of hands I never heard: my head run round like a spinnin' wheel; it was all burr, burr, burr, buzz, buzz, buzz. I bit in my breath to keep cool; I felt I was on the edge of a wharf, and only one step more was over head and ears chewallop in the water. Sam, says I to myself, be a man; be cool—take it easy: so I got off agin, but I was so confused I got into my other speech on agricultur' that I had learned by heart, and mixed the two together all in a ravel. Thistles, says I, is the bane of all good husbandry. Extricate them from the land; they are usurpin' the places of grain, and all Slickville will be filled with Poles. If they have no voice in this assembly, how can you expect them to obey the laws they never made. Compel folks to cut them down in the full of the moon, and they 'll all die; I have tried it myself with universal suffrage and the ballot.

Well, artillery is nothin' but a popgun to the noise the members now made—it was an airtquake tipped with thunder and lightning. I never heard nothing like it. I felt I was crazy; I wished I was dead a'most, or could sink through the floor into the middle of the sea, or any where but where I was. At last cousin Woodberry took pity on me, and came over to where I was, and said, Sam, said he, set down, that's a good feller; you do n't know what you are a-doin' off! you are makin' an ass of yourself. But I didn't hear him. Confound you! said he, you look mean enough to put the sun into eclipse, and he laid hold of the skirts of my coat, and tried to pull me down; but instead of that he pulled 'em right off, and made an awful show of me. That sot me off agin, quite ravin' as bad as ever. I won't be put down, says I, Mr. Speaker; I fight for liberty and the Poles; I stand agin' the forty shillings. Unhand me, you slave! said I, touch me not, or I'll sacrifice you on the altar of my country; and with that I ups flat and knocks Woodberry over as flat as a pancake, and bolts right out of the hall.

'But I was so blinded with the cold in my head and rage together, I could n't see no more than a bat, and I pitched into several members in the way out, and 'most broke their necks, and my own too. It was the first and the last of my speech-making. I went by the name, for years afterwards, in our town, of 'Free-and-equal Slick.' I wish I could wipe out that page of my follies from my memory, I tell you; but it's a caution to them that navigate in politics, that's a fact.'

It is 'associations' like this, which led a friend of ours to remark, that he had had three events of honor in his life; he had seen his name in print in the list of letters at the post-office; had seen it signed to a call for a political meeting, to 'put down bribery and corruption,' without his consent; and went once to the legislature, as a member from the city!

The 'soft sawder,' or flattery, for which Mr. SLICK was so famous, having been exposed in a previous volume, he complains to Judge HALIBUTON that he has taken away his occupation:

'I did a't think you would go right away and publish; but you did, and it put people on their guard, so there was no doin' nothin' with them for some time hardly; and if I went to say a civil thing, people looked shy at me, and called out, 'Soft sawder.' Well, what does I do? Instead of goin' about mopin' and complainin' that I was too knowin' by half, I sot myself about repairin' damage, and gitten up something new; so I took to phrenology. 'Soft sawder' by itself requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a white-wash brush as thick as porridge; others won't stand it if it ain't laid on thin, like copal, and that takes twenty coats to look complete; and others, agin, are more delicate still, so that you must lay it on like gold leaf, and that you have to take up with a camel's hair brush, with a little pomatum on the tip of it, and hold your breath while you are a-spreadin' of it out, or the leastest grain of air from your nose will blow it away. But still, whether laid on thick or thin, a cute person can tell what you are at; though it tickles him so while you are a-doin' of it, he can't help showin' how pleased he is. But your books played the divil with me; folks wouldn't let me do it at all arter they came out, at no rate; first civil word always brought out the same answer. Ah! now, that's your 'soft sawder'; that won't do.'

Mr. SLICK seems to have no great reverence for delegations, political or otherwise. His allusion to that wooden-headed and disorganizing Scotch coward, M'KENZIE, is equally just and felicitous:

'Delegations are considerable nice jobs for them who want a ride across the Atlantic at the public expense, for nothin'; for demagogues, place-hunters, and humbugs that want to make the satissies stare when they get back, by telling how big they talked, and what great things they did, to the great people and to the big-wigs to home. I did this—I did that—and so on. That's what Mackenzie did when he told his folks to Canada, when he returned from delegatin', that he seed the King, who was very civil to him, and took a glass of grog with him; and told him he was sorry he couldn't ask him to dine with him that day, for the Queen was very busy, as it was a white-washin' day to the palace, and they was all in hubbub. For, Mac., said he, (smilin' like a reel salt water sailor), these leetle things, you know, must be done for kings as well as subjects, and women is women, whether their petticoats are made of silk or cotton, and the dear critters will have their own way—eh, Mac.! Our washin' we put out, but house cleanin' must be done in the house or not done at all, and there is no two ways about it: you understand one, Mac.! Tell my people, when you return, if my governors don't behave better, d—n 'em, I'll laug one or two of them as an example! Good bye, Mac. And some on 'em was fools enough to believe the goney and his everlasting lockrums, that's a fact.'

The 'Clockmaker' will afford both entertainment and instruction, if rightly appreciated, and will well repay perusal.

**MERCEDES OF CASTILE: OR THE VOYAGE TO CATHAY.** By the Author of 'The Bravo,' 'The Last of the Mohicans,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 492. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE receive these volumes while the sheets of this department of the *KNICKERBOCKER* are passing through the press; and find leisure to give them but a hurried perusal, and space only to record briefly our first impressions of their character. But we have read them with sufficient attention to be enabled with pleasure to declare, that Mr. COOPER has at least renounced his recent track; and that, taking the voyages and discoveries of COLUMBUS as his ground-work, he has with some skill combined with their poetical and exciting matériel the elements of a tale, which awakens the curiosity of the reader as to the result of the work. The picture of Columbus struggling with adverse circumstances and overcoming them, and his bearing, alike on the voyage and when its mighty ends were accomplished, is less felicitous than the descriptions of sea-scenery, in which Mr. COOPER stands unrivalled. We shall endeavor, in a subsequent number, to embody a sketch of the under-plot and accessories of the narrative, and to acquaint our readers with some of the more prominent personages of the work.

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**AROUND THE WORLD: A NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE IN THE EAST INDIA SQUADRON, under COM. C. READ. By an OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.** In two volumes. pp. 680. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS.

WE have had latterly no lack of works kindred in character with the volume before us; but there is so much of nature and life in the descriptions of our young author, and so little ambition of literary display, beyond an entertaining record of interesting facts and amusing incidents, that, could we be sure of a continuation of such works as 'Around the World,' we should be glad to welcome the threatened 'increase of books of the sea,' which has been feared by some of our contemporaries. Aside from the lively pictures of China and the Chinese, just now themes of so much interest, to which the latter portion of the second volume is devoted, we are treated to pleasant descriptions of life at sea, as well as piquant sketches of rambles on shore, at the various points touched at by the *Peacock* and *Enterprise*, in the expedition under the command of Com. KENNEDY. We regret our inability, in this all-devouring number of a closing volume, to present several interesting extracts which we had pencilled for insertion; including a sketch of Sabbath schools at sea; a sunset in the Levant; an excursion around and within the walls of Canton, etc. To these portions, as well as to the entire work, we invite the attention of our readers. They will find the volumes, or we greatly mistake, among the most entertaining publications of the season.

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**FIRST PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY:** For the use of Schools, Academies, and the Lower Classes of Colleges. By JAMES RENWICK, LL. D., Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry in Columbia College. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS treatise deserves a higher rank among works on the science of chemistry, than its modest title would lead the reader to suppose. It possesses a clearness of arrangement and perspicuity of style, unsurpassed by any volume on the subject; while the numerous practical and familiar illustrations, accompanied by numerous engravings on wood, render the subject matter perfectly clear to the scholar: and thus is obviated one great difficulty encountered in entering upon the study of this science. For these reasons, it seems well calculated for a text-book for colleges and schools, and we have no doubt of its general adoption as such. It has added much to the high reputation of the author, as a scholar and man of science; while the neatness of its execution does equal honor to the enterprising publishers.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**EDITOR'S DRAWER.**—In closing the last number of the sixteenth volume of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, it is meet that we should revert to our 'Drawer,' which is again overflowing with communications, in prose and verse, several of which await insertion, while very many have been reserved for extracts, and for comment, for various merits, or for occasional defects of matter or style. We proceed to a consideration of such as we can find present space to publish or discuss; reserving the remainder for another and early occasion. The following, from a new correspondent, we heartily endorse; and must desire that the writer will continue his intercourse with our readers.

### DIATRIBE AGAINST SCRAPMONGERS.

Among the lawless bands of useless characters which are ever loitering like camp-boys about the great literary army, pillaging, ravaging, and committing all kinds of disorder, there is one class, Mr. Editor, far more insufferable to me than the demi-savans, the mock-orators, the stage-ranters, or the postasters: I allude to the Quoters, who daily grow in number and consequence, and threaten to beset every road which leads to the mind of the great class of readers. Quoting is even becoming fashionable among those who do not profess it as an art. I have remarked many shocking instances of it, from the clergyman's text-woven sermon, down to the Sophomores' exhibition production. It abounds in Fourth-of-July orations, and obtains largely in lectures. As far as my limited observation goes, an inverse proportion can always be made between the number of quotations and the weakness of the article.

The quoter is prosaic decidedly: in verse he would be a plagiarist, or would publish *centones*. He writes not from an idea. He seeks not for truth. He is guiltless of invention. He is ever on the look-out for a quotation, as a sportsman is for game; and when he sees one, in glancing over a penny magazine, or in idly turning the leaves of a 'Curiosities of Literature,' with what delight he bags it, and matches it with others tortured from the same work, or from recollections of newspaper mottoes! These rear his fabric. The quotation is not employed to illustrate a conception, but as a nucleus about which common-places may be clustered. When you take up such a production, your eye is at first struck by a wilderness of commas, plentiful as in a Turkish manuscript. When you examine it, what a farrago! Authors of all nations, crammed from dictionaries and American Readers; the immortal great, and the damnable small; bright thoughts, odd quips, witty turns, glued together in scraps; the writer's own bearing to the whole about the same proportion that the thread bears to the patches in the comfortable bed-quilts of a New-England housewife. The quilt material and the quilt apiritual are equally somniferous.

Nay, so eager are the quoters in pursuit of game, that when an experienced gentleman of the tribe inserts a sentence of his own, *faits de mieux*, he always claps two or three of the longest or shortest words into quotation-marks, with the addition, 'as old CHAUCER tells us,' or 'as fine old BEN JONSON says;' and knowing as little of the inside of their works as the school-boy does of his eternal 'Locke and Bacon, Bacon and Locke,' he cheats his reader by forging an endorsement on his own nonsense.

'But why so bitter?' you will ask. Because I detest pretension, and am almost driven to extremity by reading their pert and slipshod use of names which know them not; because they sin, inasmuch as they usurp the place of better men, besetting the ante-chamber, when they belong to the kitchen; because they hover around us in such bodies, that we have no time to get at originals, and are obliged to take a villanous hash instead of a noble sirloin. Even now, as I write, methinks I see between me and my book-case, dozens of blue devil 'pencilings,' sketches, 'confessions,'

smirking and smiling toward me, and bowing me gracefully away from my dear old friends. By Heaven, I will not endure it! I look to you for redress; and would respectfully suggest a method for purging the town of these nibbling vermin; a method effectual without being tyrannical, and purely democratic.

For the other day, rising from the perusal of some such trash, I came suddenly upon a troop of quoters making merry among themselves with the shades of stale puns and fishy jokes: 'Look ye,' I cried, indignantly addressing one of them, 'will you inform me what author has had the honor of furnishing you with that hackneyed line you jot down so often:

'On the light fantastic toe?'

'To be sure,' he answered pertly; 'it was Pope!' 'Indeed! And you, Sir; where did you get

——— 'Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise?'

'From Milton' (rather hesitatingly.)

'Milton, thou dolt! — 't is Gray's. Ho! there, Mr. Moralist, that I see sneaking off, confess that you did not know that Vanvenargues was the author of this maxim with which you have embellished your last three essays:

'Le sentiment de nos vœux les augmente?'

'Vanvenargues,' replied he, miserably mispronouncing; 'I thought it was some Frenchman.' Some Frenchman!

*Revenons à nos moutons*, is another phrase which all use, and which none of them, I will venture to say, can trace to its origin. As I have heard many queries concerning it, and have never seen an explanation, it will perhaps be doing them a kindness to disclose the fact. It is well known, that in the happy days of Arcadia, French was the fashionable language; and equally matter of fact, that the shepherds and shepherdesses often neglected their flocks, and strayed away together in the woods, in the most sentimental manner. And it is recorded, that whenever in these excursions the gentle shepherd, presuming on the strength of his affection, took greater liberties than the gentle shepherdess thought it becoming or maidenly to permit, she always put a stop to his advances by a 'Come, Sir! — revenons à nos moutons;' which of course broke up both the walk and the sentiment. 'Let us come back to our sheep.' You, O Editor, influenced by these observations, must publish an edict, or call it a bull, if you please, as you are Diedrich's viceroy, bearing for title, *THE BULL SUUM CUIQUE*, and setting forth:

'Be it ordained, that no writer within the jurisdiction of this chair, shall quote, when said quotation does not add to the force of his remarks, by the grace of expression, or by the authority of the name; and that all quoters shall in every case annex the author and the work from which they cite, or insert them in a note at the bottom of the page.'

This covers the whole ground. They will wince under it, and perhaps swear a little. The old journeymen will have to give up the trade, and then young apprentices can look up authorities. In a word, as many good consequences will ensue, as the Hampshire Farmer predicted in his 'Rejected Address,' (which I have in my head, but can not in conscience quote;) but above all, your infallibility as KNICKERBOCKER will be firmly and unalterably established.

If the following did not come from an old and favorite correspondent, we should consider it a smuggled advertisement. But we are bound to say, that it is what it purports to be, the tribute of a grateful wight, who loves that good old English word *comfort*, and all that it inherits, and fervently detests its opposite, however plausibly embellished. 'Get one at once,' he says in his note; 'you will find one at any of the hardware and French dry-goods' importers, jewellers', book-stores, druggists, barbers, and fancy-stores; for they are spreading like a contagion.' To all which we answer, that since we removed half a whisker at a clip, some years ago, in our first unassisted attempt at achieving a shave, the razor is a condemned instrument in our eyes.

'DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: Don't you remember that your worthy progenitor speaks of old Governor RISING's beard — what an 'iron harvest' it was, for weekly reaping? Well, Sir, I am a distant descendant of that valiant officer; and have good reason to know, from my own sad experience in chin-reaping, that some apology is due to his memory, for the treatment which he bestowed upon PETER STUYVESANT's messenger, the musical VAN CORTLAND. Old Mr. KNICKERBOCKER says, that he called upon the Governor one morning, while he was straddling in the attitude

of the Colossus of Rhodes, before a bit of broken looking-glass, shaving himself with a villainously dull razor, and that the afflicting operation caused him to make a series of horrible grimaces, and to eye him askance over his shoulder, every now and then, with a kind of snarling grin on his countenance; and that finally he pulled Anthony's nose, and sent him back with a very rude message to the valiant Peter the Headstrong. Now, with his blood issuing in globules from his smarting face — refusing to be dried up — spouting out as from the many-headed Hydra — who can blame his hasty anger, and contemptuous bearing? Sir, I contend that had he possessed such a razor-strap as I have been using for the last three weeks, KNICKKASOCKKA's History would have closed with the peaceful acceptance of Hard Koppgip Piet's terms. Many strops there have been, since his day, which could never have effected this result. But '*Chapman's Metallic Razor-strop with Four Sides!*' . . . A thin-faced man, with a brown coat, brought me one a week ago last Monday. He said but little. 'Try it,' said he, 'and in a week I will call for the pay.' He was a little bald, perspired freely, and seemed of a benevolent turn of mind. He left me. He has never called for his pay; but it has been ready for him eight days. I have never seen, *never*, such an instrument as this strop. The inventor should have a fund made up for him by the wives of such petulant husbands as shave themselves. It is an infallible recipe for ill-nature, before and after shaving. No wonder that from employing two hands in their manufacture, the inventor has been compelled to increase the number to more than three-score. Napoleon of the Strop! — all-conquering Benefactor! Pray, dear OLD KNICK, if you love me, let me, through the pages in which I have labored aforesaid — and you have said 'to edification' — '*tell Chapmans to grow!*' Such a practical philanthropist cannot exaggerate his claims upon a suffering public.

THE first canto of an original poem entitled '*Tecumseh*' has been laid before us for examination; and if we may infer that the writer increases in excellence as he advances, or even sustains his wing, we may well believe that his will be 'no middle flight.' He has imagination, fair descriptive powers, and an ear for the music of verse, as two brief passages from his poem, '*A Picture of the Past*' and '*America*,' in preceding pages, will verify to the reader. We hope to see '*Tecumseh*' find an early publisher. Apropos of verse. We have many poetical articles on file, some of which are not inferior to the best modern productions of our native writers; many of them possess great merit in parts, but not in their entire form; while others are of that description which 'neither gods nor men are said to permit.' From this last class, we select a single example, reserving its fellows for the flames. It is entitled '*The Brothers' Duel*,' and is altogether a most *killing* piece of doggerel. It depicts, with inimitable bathos, a small family, one after another, inquiring for their father, who has fallen in a duel with his brother. Listen! '*Hats off in front!*'

'Where is my father? — mother, tell!"  
The infant boy did ask,  
She could not speak; her bosom's swell  
Provd' it too great a task.

A noble youth, bu't in the room —  
Wild flowed his glossy hair;  
He ask'd, while *avering* his doom,  
Where is my father — *where!*

The mother rose, without a word —  
She led them all in, where  
Stretched laid a corpse upon a board;  
There is your father — *there!*

While tears, and sobs, and whisp'ring word,  
Made known the horrid tale:  
'His own, his only brother's sword  
Was drawn — *your father fell!*'

Since the '*Mournful Lamentation*' for the young man who died from the bite of a rattle-snake, 'on Springfield's mountain,' we have encountered nothing richer than this. The reader shall judge between the 'poets':

'On Springfield's mounting there did dwell  
A likely youth, and known full well;  
Leftenant Carter's ondy son,  
A likely youth, nigh twenty-one.

'He went on-to the mounting high —  
A rattle-snake he did espy!  
And all at once he then did feel  
That *p'ison critter* bite his heel!"

The victim departs for home immediately, under great concern of mind in relation to the reptile's attack:

'Crying aloud, all as he went,  
Oh *cruel-cruel sa-ar-pent!*'

Would the reader believe, that scarcely better lines than those first quoted above are written every week in some section or other of our country, by persons who really deem them poetry? And yet, from our editorial experience, we may safely assume that such



is the fact. Reserving for a future 'drawer' a consideration of many of the second class of poetical articles to which we have adverted, we conclude for the present with the following simple and fervent invocation from one of a gentle sect, for a blessing upon his cousin — surely he 'did love her once' — a fair Quaker girl, who is taking upon herself the marriage-vow. 'Poor blessing,' he says :

Poor blessing from a powerless lip!  
Yet may it prosper thee,  
Even as the smallest drops of dew  
Support the honey-bee.

I know not, and may never know,  
Who standeth at thy side,  
Triumphant in his love, to claim  
My cousin for his bride :

But if I knew him, I would dare  
Address his happy heart:  
'Kings might be proud to wear the gem  
Whose chosen lord thou art.

True, no long line of haughty sires  
Have borne her humble name;  
They slumber in their nameless graves,  
Unknown to wealth or fame.

No fertile lands she calleth hers,  
Nor India's gold or pearl;  
She stands before thee all she is —  
A simple Quaker girl.

With dove-like eyes, and ruby lip,  
A fair and placid brow,  
Whose gentle sweetness ever smiles  
Even as it smleth now!

No gems are on her simple dress,  
Nor in her braided hair,  
Yet sweet simplicity and grace  
Out-shineth diamonds there.

And underneath that simple robe,  
A woman's heart beats high,  
Ready with thee, through future years,  
The good and ill to try.

All gentle in its loveliness,  
And in its weakness strong;  
Resigned the ills of life to bear,  
Patient to suffer wrong.

A faithful heart, whose walls of love  
'T was thy blest lot to find;  
Whose hidden springs of tenderness,  
Thy kindness will unbind.

And thou hast won her for thine own —  
She is thy gentle bride!  
She leaves her childhood's happy home,  
And clingeth to thy side.

Sad is her father's heart to-day;  
Unbidden tears will rise,  
Before the evening's sun shall set,  
To dim her sister's eyes.

Her timid thoughts will almost ask  
If this be happiness?  
The bursting of the heart she feels  
Beneath their last caress.

Oh! soothe her, cherish, and protect,  
And never let her say,  
Even in the very smallest thing,  
She mourneth for this day!

We derive the subjoined communication from a capable writer, whose enthusiasm in favor of the skill and talents of his own countrymen, is characteristic of every right minded and hearty *American*. Would there were more such among us :

#### CLOSE OF THE FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

On the evening of the 29th of October, the Thirteenth Annual Fair of this Association was brought to a close, by reading the award of premiums, followed by an eloquent and appropriate address from its distinguished president. An immense throng were present, including a goodly number of estimable mothers and fair daughters, who pressed to witness the closing scene. I would premise, that I was almost a daily visitor of the magnificent display; which comprised numerous animals; bees in new and greatly improved hives; vehicles, machinery, inventions, fabrics, improvements, embellishments, imitations; in short, every thing that could gratify the eye and the imagination. The horticultural articles were of the noblest kind, and were not the least interesting part of the exhibition. They proved incontestably that our soil and climate are not surpassed for the production of the finest fruits, vegetables, and flowers.

It was remarked by some visitors, however, that the number of articles was less than at the preceding Fair. There may be truth in this; but it can be considered no disparagement, it being understood that numerous articles, calculated to make trouble, without producing any corresponding benefit, were prudently rejected. But when we take into view the many specimens of great and acknowledged utility, several of which were new inventions of the highest value, and bear in mind, too, that many of the fabrics bore the gratifying evidence of extraordinary improvement in design and execution, it was easy to perceive, that any diminution in number was more than counterbalanced by proofs of superior usefulness and elegance, which were every where visible.

But notwithstanding the gorgeousness and richness of the exhibition, when confined to valuable inventions, and to the useful as well as the ornamental arts, my attention was more particularly arrested by a collection of the noblest animals that I ever beheld, some of which were brought from a great distance. It comprised horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, to a large amount. Several of the cattle were recently imported, others were of former importations; but the larger portion were raised in this country from the best English breeds; and it is questionable, if any part of Europe can produce finer models for bulk, strength, and symmetry. The value of such animals to a young, growing, but gigantic country, is inappreciable; and those gentlemen who are the promoters of plans pregnant with such important consequences to the agricultural interests of the nation, deserve

the cordial thanks of the whole people, and ought to take rank as public benefactors. It is known that a ploughing exhibition took place at Newark during the Fair, which was attended by a numerous concourse of gentlemen, some of whom were from distant states. The object was to ascertain the comparative excellence of differently constructed ploughs, of which a great number were on the ground, and to award premiums for those made conformably to the most approved philosophical principles, and which on being tested by experiment, should in the most satisfactory manner demonstrate their superior utility. A powerful competition was enlisted, which led to a vigorous and animated contest, as gratifying in its results, as it was honorable to the competitors. I consider such experiments as among the most important that can engage the attention of any association, as it goes to the root of the noblest pursuit of man. Mother Earth is our common parent, and from her bosom we derive our chief nourishment: and hence we are wisely taught to venerate the plough.

On the Thursday evening preceding the close of the fair, the annual address was delivered before the Institute at the Tabernacle in Broadway, by the Rev. C. Mason, a professor in the University. Its excellence was attested by the marked attention shown by a crowded audience, and by the unbounded applause bestowed upon it. The speaker, I think, showed his knowledge and good sense in one prominent feature. It appeared to be less an attempt at mere literary display, than an effort to enforce sound doctrines by illustrating their immediate and practical utility. He demonstrated in the most satisfactory manner the intimate connection there is between science, agriculture and the arts; and that without the aid of the former, the latter can never be made to flourish. Nor was he less happy in proving that labor-saving machinery led to numberless beneficial results; for while it relieved a multitude of laborers from severe and irksome drudgery, it was often the means of placing them in a more agreeable and comfortable situation. It opened the door to more extended information, and placed instruction within the reach of a large class who would otherwise be deprived of it. And while these things were shown to be the foundation of our strength and prosperity, and ministering as they do, infinitely to our comforts, they were found to be not less friendly to the morals of every community in which they had taken root. Indeed it was made manifest, that manufactures and the arts, when united to scientific research, were the chief fountains of wealth and respectability.

But to return to the concluding performances of the Fair. An immense assemblage was edified for the space of nearly two hours, while listening to the interesting and instructive remarks of Gen. TALMADGE upon the great subjects immediately under review. Not only did he show the magnitude and importance of these vast concerns, and how intimately they are connected with our individual interests and daily occupations; how inestimably valuable they were in a national point of view; and how strong their tendency was to exalt our character; how they gave affluence to many, and employment and support to thousands who would otherwise be severe sufferers; how by these means our energies were aroused, our country improved, and our independence fortified and confirmed; how it called skill and genius into vigorous action, and opened new and inviting sources of wealth and refinement; how it served to cultivate the best affections, to remove local prejudices, and to bind us together as one people; but not merely these, for he proved how the imposing and gratifying exhibition then before them was accomplished by the persevering exertions of a few master spirits, who had united for those purposes, and who could proudly point to the numerous splendid objects arranged before the audience as trophies of their judgment and foresight; the whole of which had been effected by unyielding individual labors, without the smallest legislative aid. All this went to show what powerful impulses had been imparted through the wise policy of conferring honorary rewards, as well as the simple grandeur of the scheme which brought it about.

A NATIVE CITIZEN.

THE AUTHOR OF 'BACCHUS' vs. PRINCE GILBERT DAVIS. — We hinted, in a late issue, that the author of 'Bacchus' had an antagonist to encounter, in the person of 'one who knew whereof he wrote;' and we leave our correspondent to make good the prediction. His remarks are necessarily desultory, since he is compelled to touch upon various branches of a general theme. But what is the variety of his observations, compared with the variety of his ample stores? What the sparkling of his liveliest stories and most pleasant jests — and who is his peer in these? — compared with the 'vinous fluids,' of every kind and degree of excellence, that repose in his richly-stored cellars! Let the doubter test these queries, in this season of holidays, by an application to the PRINCE himself: so shall we ever after be acquitted of undue enthusiasm.

THE precise period of wine-making appears to be wrapped in mystery: my opinion, however, is, that wine was known to the Antediluvians, for we read in Genesis, that Noah 'began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard,' and that 'he drank of the wine,' etc. This was after he came out of the ark. HERODOTUS, in his history, says that 'the Egyptians gave the honor to Osiris, the Latins to Saturn, and the Greeks to Bacchus; and the Old Testament mentions, that corn and wine were the common necessities of life. Doubtless the grape, like almost all other fruits, was found in the wild state, and brought to perfection, or improved, by careful cultivation. We read in Numbers, that in Syria 'they came unto the brook of Esheol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bear it between two, upon a staff.' We should probably have heard more of the enormous clusters of grapes growing in these eastern countries, if Abubecker, who flourished in the seventh century, had not overran it: those Saracens, being Mohammedans, were not permitted the use of wine, and hence neglected the culture of the vine. But though the Mohammedans of Syria did not propagate the vine, nor drink any wine, save by stealth and trespass, yet there were always some Christians among them, who took care to cultivate the grape for their own use, and not for export. Those Mohammedans were 'te-totallers.' I hope our te-totallers are not becoming followers of MAHOMET, to forego wine and smoke opium! . . . The vine was cultivated to great extent by the Israelites, and the wine used

as a beverage: it was but little used in other countries; in fact hardly known, save in Egypt and Greece. In those days, wine was seldom allowed to young men, virgins, or matrons. The severest restrictions were laid upon it during the first two hundred years of Rome; but about five hundred years before Christ, it began to be manufactured in great abundance. In ancient Italy, the Romans carried the cultivation of the vine to much greater perfection than in after years. The former productions were greater by one-half than those of modern times, or even the present. The variety of grapes at this period is remarkable. The ancients numbered no less than fifty; and so minute, that many of them are traced down to the present day with great certainty, not so much from the name of the vine, as from the place where the wine was manufactured, as 'Vinum Falernum,' and the like. . . . An analysis of the grape shows the following ingredients: Water and sugar, something analogous to mucilage; tartrate of potash, tartrate of lime, phosphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, sulphate of potash, and a particular liquid substance, on which the fermentative process depends. Each vine differs in these ingredients, but all possess that ingredient which causes fermentation. In the manufacture of wine, it is essential that the grapes should be of uniform ripeness, and equally trodden, and that the vat be filled within twenty or twenty-four hours, as fermentation commences almost immediately: in some instances, indeed, it will ferment while running from the press to the vat. . . . France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal, are the most congenial climates for the more delicate wines. It is said that France occupies four millions of acres in vineyards, and produces yearly one hundred and ninety millions of gallons. The quantity consumed yearly in Paris is immense; something like six hundred thousand hogheads. In fact, I never saw a Frenchman drink water; and yet it is a very rare thing to see him intoxicated. The French are prodigious eaters; but in their wine-drinking, they differ from the English and Americans. When a Frenchman has done eating he has done drinking. Not so with the two former nations: they eat, and then sit two hours and drink without eating. A Frenchman would go into spasms, if he did not take wine after his soup. . . . Wine has been considered a wholesome and innocent beverage for three thousand years; but like our daily and necessary food, it is frequently abused; and then the 'to-totallers' class it with all that is 'awful, terrible, mischievous, wicked, and damnable.' Now BERRHAVE, ABERNETHY, SIGMUND, and many other eminent physicians, aver that over-eating is decidedly more dangerous, and liable to bring us prematurely to the grave, through apoplexy, dyspepsia, gout, etc. This over-eating, however, is considered quite rational; but wine-drinking, even the most sparing, is 'wicked.' I sincerely wish that some learned and pious divine would take up this subject, and give it a fair analysis, without prejudice. I am anxious to know how an 'entire to-totaller' would manage that part of Sacred Writ where the Saviour, at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, turned the water into wine. The Christian world believe that Christ knew the effect this would have in after ages. Why did he not turn that water into milk? I should then doubtless have been a milk-man, and sold milk in lieu of wine! Why did Paul recommend Timothy to take wine! Timothy had been preaching in lesser Asia: he came down to Smyrna, and crossed over into Greece, on a visit to Paul: but Greece being a lime-stone country, the water did not agree with him. It gave him a species of 'summer complaint.' Hence Paul says: 'take not water, but a little wine, for thy stomach's sake, and thine oft infirmities.' It is not the use but the abuse of wine, which should be condemned, and hunted down. It is unfortunate, that we seldom or ever start a new 'reform,' but we end in fanaticism. The negro question, for example, when first agitated, was well enough, in the way of colonization; but now our country is in a state of effervescence upon this theme; to such a degree, indeed, that some prefer negroes to white men; and would be quite delighted to have them intermarry in their families! So it was, a few years since, in the matter of diet. I at one time took three small measures of mustard-seed daily, and ate what was called 'Graham-bread,' (made of flour ground in a saw-mill and bolted through a ladder), until it irritated my stomach to an alarming degree. The great secret of health is this: Early rising, exercise, good and wholesome food, in moderate quantities, with a little pure wine when eating: be sure to end your drinking when you cease eating. In summer, let your wines be Hock, Claret, Sauterne, Barsac, Burgundy, or Champagne. Madeiras, Sherries, and Ports, are better cold-weather wines. Moselle is a delightful summer beverage, if of a good and pure kind; Burgundy is a generous wine, and will bear reducing, as will Champagne; but Burgundy should be reduced with cool water, and Champagne with ice, or ice-water. Ice will kill Burgundy, as well as fine Claret. . . . I have visited many large cities and towns in France, and am compelled to say, that one shall see more drunkenness in New-York on a Fourth of July, than in Paris in twenty years. How can we be otherwise than a drunken city or nation? The quantity of grain distilled in the cities of New-York and Brooklyn is nearly two millions of bushels. This is equal to four hundred thousand barrels of flour, and produces about seven millions of gallons of whiskey yearly. Much of this is rectified into a pure spirit, and is then mixed with spirits, as Gin, Brandy, and Rum. Now if a person should feel disposed at any time to take a drop of either Brandy, Holland Gin, or Rum, it is ten chances to one, that half of what he drinks is whiskey. I will venture this to be the case throughout the country.

The following among other papers, in prose and verse, are filed for early insertion:

'Three Hours at Saint Cloud;' 'Wayside Passages, No. One: The Norsemen;' 'Old Spanish Bells;' 'The Spirit of Music;' 'Henry Cott; a Sketch of Long-Island,' by the author of 'The Kushow Property;' 'The Lone Widow, a Lament;' 'Abyssinian Ethics,' by Launcelot Limner; 'The Review,' by Hon. Chief Justice MALLIN; 'Our Country, a Lyric;' 'A Leaf from the Confessions of a Quack;' 'Lines to a Flower brought from Mars Hill, Athens;' 'To the Setting Sun;' 'Winter;' 'Eginhard and Imma, or Love's Stratagem;' 'What is it to Die?' 'The Muckle House,' by Laurie Todd; 'Lines to an Invalid Poet;' 'A Page of Life;' 'Night Study;' 'Romance of Western History: The Single Combat,' by Hon. Judge HALL.

The annexed papers are for future insertion or decision:

'The Dead Hunter;' 'Dear New-England;' 'Some Thoughts on Acting and Actors;' 'Tragi-Comedy;' 'An Essay on Comfort, with an Illustration;' 'The Lioness, a

Sketch; 'Down East, and So Forth'; 'What are Dreams?—a Philosophical Colloquy'; 'Itinerary Clergy'; 'Melancholy and Suicides'; 'Soliloquy upon GEORGEY CRAVON'S tribute to the Hudson'; 'Winter Thoughts'; 'The Voice of Ocean'; 'Thoughts during a North-East Storm'; 'Nature, an Outline'; 'Religion's Champions'; 'Passages from the Public Chronicles of Little Dingleton'; 'Two Old Grave-Stones'; 'The Source and Cure of Discontent'; 'Memorial of J. G. BRAINARD'; 'To the Evening Star'; 'Hymn to Nature'; 'A New Travelling Project'; 'The Burial of the Year'; 'The Loves of the Lakes'; 'The Rainbow Chase, etc.'; 'Caught and Held' is caught, but not held.

MR. COLE'S PICTURES. — We have passed several delightful hours at Mr. COLE'S apartments at the new Athenæum, in the examination of a series of allegorical pictures illustrating '*The Voyage of Life*.' The subject is comprised in four pictures. The first represents the period of Childhood, the second Youth, the third Manhood, and the fourth Old Age. The following original programme, or order of movement, will afford the reader an idea of the character of each painting, with its allegory :

#### FIRST PICTURE: CHILDHOOD.

A STREAM is seen issuing from a deep cavern; in the side of a craggy and precipitous mountain, whose summit is hidden in clouds. From out the cave glides a Boat, whose golden prow and sides are sculptured into figures of the Hours: steered by an Angelic Form, and laden with buds and flowers, it bears a laughing Infant, the Voyager whose varied course the artist has attempted to delineate. On either hand the banks of the stream are clothed in luxuriant herbage and flowers. The rising sun bathes the mountains and flowery banks in rosy light.

THE dark cavern is emblematic of our earthly origin, and the mysterious Past. The Boat, composed of Figures of the Hours, images the thought, that we are borne on the hours down the Stream of Life. The Boat identifies the subject in each picture. The rosy light of the morning, the luxuriant flowers and plants, are emblems of the joyousness of early life. The close banks, and the limited scope of the scene, indicate the narrow experience of Childhood, and the nature of its pleasures and desires. The Egyptian Lotus in the foreground of the picture is symbolical of Human Life. Joyousness and wonder are the characteristic emotions of childhood.

#### SECOND PICTURE: YOUTH.

THE stream now pursues its course through a landscape of wider scope and more diversified beauty. Trees of rich growth overshadow its banks, and verdant hills form the base of lofty mountains. The Infant of the former scene is become a Youth, on the verge of Manhood: He is now alone in the Boat, and takes the helm himself; and in attitude of confidence and eager expectation, gazes on a cloudy pile of Architecture, an air-built Castle, that rises dome above dome in the far-off blue sky. The Guardian Spirit stands upon the bank of the stream, and with serious yet benignant countenance seems to be bidding the impetuous voyager 'God Speed.' The beautiful stream flows directly toward the aerial palace, for a distance; but at length makes a sudden turn, and is seen in glimpses beneath the trees, until it at last descends with rapid current into a rocky ravine, where the voyager will be found in the next picture. Over the remote hills, which seem to intercept the stream, and turn it from its hitherto direct course, a path is dimly seen, tending directly toward that cloudy Fabric, which is the object and desire of the voyager.

THE scenery of this picture — its clear stream, its lofty trees, its towering mountains, its unbounded distance, and transparent atmosphere — figure forth the romantic beauty of youthful imaginings, when the mind magnifies the Mean and Common into the Magnificent, before experience teaches what is the Real. The gorgeous cloud-built

palace, whose most glorious domes seem yet but half revealed to the eye, growing more and more lofty as we gaze, is emblematic of the day-dreams of youth, its aspirations after glory and fame; and the dimly-seen path would intimate that Youth, in his impetuous career, is forgetful that he is embarked on the Stream of Life, and that its current sweeps along with resistless force, and increases in swiftness as it descends toward the great Ocean of Eternity.

#### THIRD PICTURE: MANHOOD.

Storm and cloud enshroud a rugged and dreary landscape. Bare impending precipices rise in the lurid light. The swollen stream rushes furiously down a dark ravine, whirling and foaming in its wild career, and speeding toward the Ocean, which is dimly seen through the mist and falling rain. The boat is there, plunging amid the turbulent waters. The voyager is now a man of middle age; the helm of the boat is gone, and he looks imploringly toward heaven, as if heaven's aid alone could save him from the perils that surround him. The Guardian Spirit calmly sits in the clouds, watching with an air of solicitude the affrighted voyager. Demon forms are hovering in the air.

TRAVEL is characteristic of the period of Manhood. In Childhood there is no cankering care; in Youth no despairing thought. It is only when experience has taught us the realities of the world, that we lift from our eyes the golden veil of early life; that we feel deep and abiding sorrow; and in the picture, the gloomy, eclipse-like tone, the conflicting elements, the trees riven by tempest, are the allegory; and the Ocean, dimly seen, figures the end of life, to which the voyager is now approaching. The demon forms are Suicide, Intemperance, and Murder, which are the temptations that beset men in their direst trouble. The upward and imploring look of the voyager, shows his dependence on a Superior Power, and that faith saves him from the destruction that seems inevitable.

#### FOURTH PICTURE: OLD AGE.

PORTENTOUS clouds are brooding over a vast and midnight Ocean. A few barren rocks are seen through the gloom—the last shores of the world. These form the mouth of the river, and the boat, shattered by storms, its figures of the hours broken and drooping, is seen gliding over the deep waters. Directed by the Guardian Spirit, who thus far has accompanied him *unseen*, the voyager, now an old man, looks upward to an opening in the clouds, from whence a glorious light bursts forth, and angels are seen descending the cloudy steps, as if to welcome him to the Haven of Immortal Life.

THE stream of life has now reached the Ocean, to which all life is tending. The world, to Old Age, is destitute of interest. There is no longer any green thing upon it. The broken and drooping figures of the boat show that Time is nearly ended. The chains of corporeal existence are falling away; and already the mind has glimpses of Immortal Life. The angelic Being, of whose presence until now the voyager has been unconscious, is revealed to him, and with a countenance beaming with joy, shows to his wondering gaze scenes such as the eye of mortal man has never yet seen.

WE shall be fully borne out, we think, in the opinion, that in many respects Mr. COLX has exceeded the best of his previous efforts in this noble series of pictures. We shall endeavor, in another number, to review them in detail; and in the mean time, we cannot forbear the expression of our belief, that for unity of design as a whole, and for truth, beauty, and sublimity of individual execution, they have not been approached by any modern artist. The second and fourth pictures, the one for its vast variety of grand and lovely scenery, and its atmospheric effects, and the other for its sublime conception and adequate execution, would alone stamp Mr. COLX as one of the first artists of modern times. We are glad to learn that 'The Voyage of Life' has been opened for public exhibition at the Athenæum Building, corner of Leonard-street and Broadway.

SELECTIONS FROM THE AMERICAN POETS.—Mr. BRYANT's volume, thus entitled has been issued by the BROTHERS HARPER. It contains selections from ninety-eight American writers, and is such a work as might be anticipated, from so competent a hand as that of the compiler. We republish the following, originally written for the KNICKERBOCKER, because additional stanzas have been interpolated by the writer, and we are desirous to preserve a corrected version in these pages :

THE LAUREL-HILL CEMETERY.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie,  
Life's lingering languors o'er, its labors done;  
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,  
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,  
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in;  
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,  
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And in this hallow'd spot, where Nature showers  
Her summer smiles from fair and stainless skies,  
Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers,  
Whose fragrant incense from the grave shall rise.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words,  
Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,  
Shall teach the heart; while waters, leaves, and birds,  
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour  
On scented airs the unavailing sigh—  
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,  
And landscapes blooming—that the loved must die?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene:  
Soon rainbow colors on the woods will fall;  
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,  
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,  
Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand;  
While the chained streams are silent as the ground,  
As Death had numb'd them with his icy hand.

Yet, when the warm, soft winds shall rise in spring,  
Like struggling daybeams o'er a blasted heath,  
The bird return'd shall poise her golden wing,  
And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,  
The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise;  
And hear th' Archangel's thrilling summons blend  
Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,  
Where dazling streams and vernal fields expand;  
Where Love her crown attains—her trials past—  
And, fill'd with rapture, hails the 'Better Land!'

We shall refer to these 'selections' again; but in the mean time, cannot resist the inclination to quote the annexed stanzas from 'The Tread-mill Song,' by

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, who in the way of pathos, sublimity, and humor, is the Hood of American poets :

#### THE TREAD-MILL SONG.

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legg'd man,  
And stir your solid pegs;  
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,  
And shake your spider-legs;  
What though you're awkward at the trade,  
There's time enough to learn;  
So lean upon the rail, my lad,  
And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall  
To keep the vulgar out;  
We've nothing in the world to do  
But just to walk about :  
So faster, now, ye middle men,  
And try to beat the ends;  
It's pleasant work to ramble round  
Among one's honest friends.

Here ! tread upon the long man's toes;  
He sha'n't be lazy here :  
And punch the little fellow's ribs,  
And tweak that lubber's ear —  
He's lost them both : do n't pull his hair,  
Because he wears a scratch,  
But poke him in the farther eye,  
That is a't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there's the supper-bell,  
And so our work is done;  
It's pretty sport — suppose we take  
A round or two for fun !  
If ever they should find me out,  
When I have better grown,  
Now hang me, but I mean to have  
A tread-mill of my own !

#### THE DRAMA.

**HAMBLIN'S EXPERIMENT AT THE BOWERY THEATRE.**—The strong exaltments which political events have constantly ministered to our citizens of late, have taken away, in a great measure, their relish for the Drama. The stream of human thought flows deeper than in times past, and assumes a deeper coloring. Men have learned to delight in extremes; and hence, they prefer a broad farce or a splendid spectacle, to the usual performance of an old comedy or tragedy. The past season has been less propitious for the encouragement of the drama, than any within the recollection of man; and the managers of our different theatrical establishments are one and all known to have lost large sums of money. HAMBLIN, the proprietor and manager of the Bowery, the most persevering and industrious of his class, finding, after months of untiring effort, that all his exertions were crowned with disappointment, set his busy brain a-thinking, and at last hit upon the novel plan of replenishing his exchequer, by converting his large and elegant establishment into an arena for the performance of those famed dramatic and equestrian pieces, exhibited with so much éclat at FRANCONI'S and ASTLEY'S, the most profitable and popular places of amusement in Paris and London. The plan was no sooner conceived than executed. On the ninth ultimo, the extensive alterations requisite for the undertaking being completed, the house was opened for the season; and long before the rising of the curtain, was crowded from pit to gallery. The acknowledged skill of WELSH's equestrian corps, and the production of a new grand military spectacle; the union of the most graceful and pleasing exhibitions of the circus with a dramatic performance which heretofore has been thought of itself a sufficient entertainment for a whole evening; were attractions too powerful for our citizens to resist. On entering the boxes, the first alteration that attracted attention, was the removal of the equestrian ring to the stage; and before the first act of horsemanship was half over, we felt, in common with the spectators, that the improvement was a marked one. Every action, both of horse and rider, is visible to the whole house; and there is now no danger of the former 'shying' from the applause, or motions of the audience. The audience have often heretofore been incommoded by the dust of the arena. This cannot now occur. The entertainment commenced with the entrance of twelve beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, and was followed by various feats of horsemanship by CADWALLADER, DALE, and the young GLENROY, on one, two, and three horses. Gymnastic exercises were at intervals exhibited by the troupe; and the whole enlivened by the vagaries of two clever clowns. The equestrian portion of the performance passed off with great spirit; and in an incredibly short space of time, the stage resumed its usual appearance. A military overture, arranged by MAEDER, introduced the new military spectacle of the BATTLE OF WATERLOO, the chief attraction of the evening. It was known that great labor and expense had been incurred in the production of this drama, and public curiosity was highly excited. The opening scene presents a view of a Prussian bivouac by moonlight, and commences with an appropriate and very beautiful duet, composed by Maeder. We were shortly afterward introduced to a specimen of war on a larger scale; the march of the French army, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, with drums beating, and colors flying, on their way to attack the Prussians under Blucher. CHARLES MASON, in feature a fac simile of Bonaparte and whose dress and appearance cannot be too highly extolled, enters on horseback as the Emperor NAPOLEON, and addresses a short but stirring speech to the troops, when the march is resumed

The last scene of the first act, is the Bridge of Marchienne, occupied by the Prussians, and assaulted by the French infantry, who are in turn charged by the Black Brunswick Hussars, headed by their Duke, who is slain. The attack and defence are well managed, and the tableau exciting and effective. In the second act, a grand review takes place of the British army, in which the sub-actors go through the manual exercise, and perform several military evolutions with a precision worthy of veteran soldiers. This act concludes with the battle of Quatre-Bras; the field of rye in which the Highland Forty-second regiment form the hollow square, the destruction of the farm-house by shells, and several effective charges of the French heavy dragoons and lancers of the guard, who trample down men and grain alike, to the manifest delight of the audience. Some years since, accident threw us into the society of an officer who served in the Forty-second, at this very battle; and an anecdote which he related may not be considered out of place in this hurried notice. The Forty-second was one of the first regiments which charged the French with the bayonet; but in performing this gallant exploit, a small portion of their number, with more impetuosity than caution, threw themselves forward, without regarding the word *Halt*; and were soon at a distance from the main body. The regiment formed the hollow square, to repel the assault of lancers, who were preparing to charge, and a mounted officer was despatched to hasten the return of the absent company to their colors. In performing this order, he was closely followed by some French dragoons, when at the instant their swords were raised to cut him down, his horse fell pierced by a shot in the breast, and threw his rider clear over his head, and under the bayonet-points of his own corps! The third act presents an effective scene between Napoleon and his wounded soldiers, which is shortened by the news of the defeat of the Old Guard, and the assault of the Prussians on his right and rear. '*Sauve qui peut!*' is the cry, and the Great Captain flies with the rest. Wellington and Blucher embrace each other on the field of battle, and the curtain falls, amidst the waving of the Dutch, Prussian, and English flags, and the shouts of the audience. It is indeed a splendid melo-drama and military spectacle, in which the evolutions of that well-fought field are represented in an astonishing manner. All the movements, thanks to the capable direction and attention of Mr. BARRY, are managed with the precision of clock-work; and although they are necessarily rapid and complicated, and the ground on which they are displayed, confined, yet all are executed without confusion. Mr. HAMLIN has fairly and honorably fulfilled his promises; having laid out money with a lavish hand, and left nothing wanting which experience could suggest, or wealth procure. The house has been fashionably attended every night; and it is evident that the liberal manager is reaping the reward his enterprise so justly deserves.

**THE PARK THEATRE.** — At the Park, during the month, the Woods have reigned supreme. It is unnecessary here to repeat the praises which their performances have acquired. The '*Beggars' Opera*,' with one or two other productions, novel to the audiences of the Park, have only elicited fresh testimonials of applause, for the qualities of voice and action which have been so frequently commended in these pages.

**NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.** — On one of the delicious Indian Summer days of November, we had the pleasure to visit, in company with a few friends, the New-York Institution for the Blind, a little out of town, toward Bloomingdale. Designing to embrace an early occasion to do that justice in detail to this noble institution and the incidents of our visit, which our space and leisure now forbid, we shall content ourselves for the present, by recommending it to the attention of our town readers, as an object of the greatest interest, and one better worthy a visit than any other place of attraction within the limits of a drive from the city. In the festive season which is approaching, we trust that many will bear this institution in remembrance, and its inmates, '*sitting in darkness.*' In the more adequate notice to which we allude, we shall introduce a little descriptive poem, by an accomplished blind girl, a pupil of the Asylum, which would do no discredit to one who had '*all her eyes about her.*'

**CLOVER'S ESTABLISHMENT.** — We would ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. CLOVER, on the cover of the present number. His establishment is one of acknowledged excellence, in the various branches to which it is devoted; and it is but justice to add, that his enthusiasm in art, and his patronage and liberality in securing views of American scenery, and objects of historical or antique interest, have made him known to, and secured him the hearty suffrages of, a great number of American artists, amateurs, and citizens in general.



## LITERARY RECORD.

'AMERICAN MELODIES.'—Messes. LINNEN AND FENNEL have just given to the public a handsome little volume, of some two hundred pages, entitled as above, and purporting to contain selections from the productions of two hundred American writers; compiled by our contemporary, Gen. GEORGE P. MORRIS, of the 'New-York Mirror.' We have looked through this volume with some attention, and have found in the labors of the editor many things to commend, and some which candor compels us to condemn. The object of the volume is sufficiently praiseworthy; but it does not altogether answer its title. In the first place, not a third of its contents can with any propriety be classed under the head of 'melodies;' and in the second place, they are not all *American*. Among the exceptions, we notice a piece of doggerel by Mr. BURTON, a low comedian, and Englishman, of Philadelphia, entitled 'The Dollar Song,' which is justly pronounced by the able editor of the 'New-Yorker' to be 'a characteristic specimen of blackguardism, fitted only for the meridian of Wapping.' Another contemporary, in allusion to this 'Song,' and one or two kindred efforts, and in reply to a request of the compiler to 'be informed if he has omitted any *American* song of merit,' calls his attention to 'Jim-along Josey,' 'Jenny Get your Hoe-cake Done,' 'Nigger you Cant come In,' etc., as possessing far more merit than the vulgar abortions which are cited. The good nature of the editor should not have yielded to Importunity that which makes the title of his book a misnomer, and arraigns his taste so universally at the bar of public opinion. With the exceptions alluded to, the beautiful volume before us is in all respects praiseworthy. The embellishment that most pleases us, is the wide-spread and picturesque landscape, from the promising graver of Mr. L. P. CLOVER, Jr., which illustrates BRYANT's noble lines 'To a Waterfowl.' The frontispiece is a spirited portrait of General MORRIS, taken in the popular act of imploring the woodman to 'spare that tree.' HALLECK's fine 'melody' to the memory of DRAKE, is illustrated by a picture of the author, seated upon a very long grave, engaged in lamentation. The likeness is not striking; but of this Mr. HALLECK does not so much complain: we are authorized to state, however, that he considers the low-crowned beaver which has been given him by the artist, as altogether a 'shocking bad hat,' and one which reflects little credit upon LEARY.

'GEORGIA ILLUSTRATED.'—This is a monthly quarto publication, of which the state of Georgia should be proud, and to which we doubt not it will extend an ample patronage. Its design is to present, in a series of views, pictures of her natural scenery and public edifices, to be engraved on steel by those well-known artists, Messrs. RAWDON, WRIGHT, HATCH, and SMILLIE, from sketches made expressly for the work, by T. ADDISON RICHARDS, accompanied by Historical and Topographical Sketches, by the best writers in the state. The views in the present number are from the burin of SMILLIE, and are of the highest order of excellence. They are the State-House, at Macon, the Oglethorpe University, and the 'Rock Mountain.' The latter engraving will compare favorably with any previous effort of Mr. SMILLIE; and higher praise we need not award it. The work has our warmest wishes for its success.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC.—We have this important volume for 1841; and can say of it, as has often been said before, and always with truth, that it is altogether one of the most useful and comprehensive works of its kind known to American readers. Aside from the ample astronomical department, which has become so well known under the capable supervision of Mr. PAINÉ, as to require no praise at our hands, the information from the several States, and the general intelligence, important to every reader, is so well selected and disposed, as to leave nothing to be desired. The statistical and other information embraced in the new census of the United States, however, will add even a new interest and value to the work. Mr. C. S. FRANCIS is the New-York publisher.

**PARKER'S EDITION OF THE WAVERLY NOVELS.** — Little need be said in relation to the merits of PARKER's edition of the Waverly Novels and Tales of a Grandfather, beyond the advertisement of the publisher, on the cover of this Magazine. The *surpassing* cheapness of the volumes, and their acknowledged excellence of matriel and execution, have been the theme of marvel and of praise in every quarter of the Union. Forty-two volumes have already appeared; and the remainder will issue at intervals of two weeks. The following have been published: Waverley; Guy Mannering; The Anti-quary; Rob Roy; Tales of my Landlord, First Series: Black Dwarf — Old Mortality; Tales of my Landlord, Second Series: The Heart of Mid-Lothian; Tales of my Landlord, Third Series: The Bride of Lammermoor — A Legend of Montrose; Ivanhoe; The Monastery; The Abbot; Kenilworth; The Pirate; The Fortunes of Nigel; Peveril of the Peak; Quentin Durward; St. Ronan's Well; Redgauntlet; Tales of the Crusaders: The Betrothed — The Talisman; Woodstock; Chronicles of the Canongate, First Series: Highland Widow — Two Drovers, etc.; Chronicles of the Canongate, Second Series: St. Valentine's Day. The following are yet to appear: Anne of Gierstein; Count Robert of Paris; Castle Dangerous, and Tales of a Grandfather, First Series; Tales of a Grandfather, Second Series; Tales of a Grandfather, Third Series; Tales of a Grandfather, Fourth Series. This edition is for sale in New-York by C. S. FRANCIS, under Peale's Museum, and by the booksellers throughout the United States.

**WALKER ON FEMALE BEAUTY.** — The MESSRS. LANGLEY, Chatham-street, have published, in a volume of nearly four hundred pages, a work by ALEXANDER WALKER, author of the volume on 'Intermarriage,' entitled 'Beauty; illustrated chiefly by an Analysis and Classification of Beauty in Woman.' We have not found leisure to peruse the volume; but may express our faith in the notice of a candid and discriminating English contemporary, the London Examiner:

'It is rather remarkable that an object of paramount interest and importance in the eyes of man, such as the female form is, should never have been treated philosophically and physiologically. No one, until now, has investigated the principles of beauty in the form of woman, in reference to its uses as an organic structure, and with a view to its influence on the individual and society. To Alexander Walker belongs the merit of being the first to demonstrate, that beauty in woman is the outward visible denotement of sound structure and organic fitness; and of attempting its analysis and classification on physiological principles, with reference to its perpetuation in posterity. We cannot follow Mr. Walker through his elaborate refutation of the errors and sophistries of Burke, Payne, Knight, and other writers on the philosophy of the beautiful. Suffice it to say, that he demonstrates the fallacy of many of their arguments, by showing that they had not in view that there are different kinds or classes of beauty. On the characteristics of each of these kinds of beauty and stages of perfection, Mr. Walker descants with eloquent minuteness. The concluding chapter furnishes a clue to the observation of form in woman, through the concealment of drapery and the aids of dress.'

**POEMS BY J. N. M'JILTON.** — MESSRS. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY, Boston, have published a very beautiful volume, of some three hundred pages, entitled as above. It is by a young poet of Baltimore, many of whose effusions, as they have appeared from time to time in the journals of the day, we have found occasion to admire, for various merits. Mr. M'JILTON exhibits his powers to the best advantage, when he permits his muse to illustrate the affections, and to depict the outward semblances of nature. He has an ear for the melody of verse; we may assume, an excellent heart; and at all times a regard for the moral influence of his writings. We cannot affirm, however, without doing violence to our honest convictions, that in addition to being correct, pleasing, and moral, he evinces the possession of brilliant imagination, or a profound conception of the beautiful; and yet in neither of these important attributes is he *glaringly* deficient. Mr. M'JILTON is, in short, a writer of decided promise; and should his maturity fulfil the promise of his spring, he will hereafter need no 'friends' to fall back upon, in questionable taste, as an excuse for publication. We have pleasure in warmly commending his volume to general perusal.

'CHRISTIAN BALLADS.' — A small but handsome volume, bearing this title, has been issued from the press of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway. Although published anonymously, we believe it is no secret that its author is Mr. A. CLEVELAND COKE, one of our most promising young poets. Most of the poems in this collection attracted general admiration in the columns of the 'Churchman,' and subsequently in other religious, literary, and secular journals; and many of them are characterized by striking beauties, both of thought and execution. Our young friend will pardon us for saying, that in his brief prefaces he has, we fear, directed the reader's attention unnecessarily, and not over-humbly, to the religious influences by which he has been impelled to write. These would be inferred from the poems themselves, and *should* be, as it strikes us; without an apparent ostentation, which some might be uncharitable enough to consider as adscititious boasting, in relation to that which should rather be inferred than proclaimed; which 'vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.'

'THE POLITICAL DUTIES OF SCHOLARS.' — Mr. SAMUEL G. RAYMOND, an alumnus of Columbia College, before the alumni of which this address was delivered in October last, has performed an acceptable service to the public in the enlightened views which he has taken of the political duties of scholars. Passing the cherished associations connected with the history of the venerable institution, we would commend to the reader the writer's democratic inculcation of the individual importance of every citizen; his comments upon the history and nature of our political institutions; the essential spirit of true freedom; and his deductions from these themes. We are glad to perceive that he pays an incidental tribute of praise to Mr. ALEXANDRE VATTEMARE, for his enterprise in the matter of international pictorial and literary exchanges. The Address, to which it is but justice to say we here barely advert, reflects credit upon the orator, as does its outward execution upon the press of the publishers, Messrs. CARVILL AND COMPANY, Broadway.

Dr. WEBSTER'S ADDRESS. — We can scarcely do more than acknowledge our obligations to our friend the author, for a 'Lecture, introductory to the Course on Anatomy and Physiology, in Geneva Medical College, in October, by JAMES WEBSTER, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in that flourishing institution, whose advantages and admirable location he has well set forth in the opening of his discourse. The sound and healthful advice to the medical student, and the sketch of the important branches of medical art to which his labor would be devoted, are not less forcibly than felicitously set forth, in the performance before us, which we commend with confidence to our young medical readers, in the various institutions of the Union, as well as to the general reader.

MR. ROCKWELL'S POEM. — We are left but little room to record our admiration of a 'Poem delivered before the Literary Societies in Amherst College, (Mass.,) in August last, by HENRY W. ROCKWELL, Esq., of Utica; having but space to say, that it is imbued throughout with the best characteristics of its author's poetical productions, with the merits of which, we may add, our readers are familiar. It is indeed a fitting tribute to our fathers, and the noble heritage which they have left us; and is admirable alike for its general conception and execution, and the firm *American spirit* which pervades it.

TREASON OF ARNOLD. — Our readers, who have had their interest in the story of ARNOLD's treason newly awakened by an article in a recent number of this Magazine, will find many additional particulars in relation to this memorable event, in a published lecture recently delivered before a Society of Young Men in Northampton, (Mass.,) by WINTHROP ATWILL, Esq., Editor of the 'Troy (N. Y.) Mail.' We have perused the pamphlet with a pleasure which we had designed to share in part with our readers; but our *tether* forbids.

'**AMERICAN HUSBANDRY.**'—Nos. 128 and 130 of *HARPER'S* invaluable School District Library are devoted to 'American Husbandry,' being a series of essays on Agriculture, compiled principally from 'The Cultivator' and 'The Genessee Farmer,' with additions. By *WILLIS GAYLORD* and *LUTHER TUCKER.* Aside from the favor with which we should naturally regard a work from the tried pen of a kinsman, we may affirm, that these volumes really contain what they purport to embrace, such general principles and courses of practice as will conduce most certainly to benefit and improve the condition and prospects of the tiller of the soil; and that the work is in all respects such a manual as will be 'found instructive to all who are engaged in the great undertaking of producing a nation's wealth and a nation's bread.'

'**YANKEE LAND AND THE YANKEE.**'—This thin pamphlet-volume, by Mr. *DANIEL MARCH*, contains two good poems, one of which, 'The Iron Horse,' a very spirited and imaginative production, appeared originally in the *KNICKERBOCKER.* We cannot, with our space, better characterize the poem which gives the title to the work, than by saying, that the promise afforded by 'The Iron Horse' is fully sustained by this more elaborate effort. Mr. *MARCH* will yet make his name honorably and widely known to the American public. Mark the prediction.

**GRIMES' PHRENOLOGY.**—We have received a small pamphlet from Albany, containing the 'Outlines of *GRIMES' New System of Phrenology*, with Prof. *HORSFORD'S* Report to the Albany Phrenological Society, on *GRIMES' Classification.*' The committee, to whom the consideration of Mr. Grimes' Classification was submitted, report, through their chairman, that distrusting their own abilities, they entered into correspondence with several phrenological writers, who pronounced the Classification alluded to, a 'decided improvement,' in their estimation, upon preceding phrenological systems.

'**HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY.**'—This is a very interesting moral and religious work, by Mrs. *STEELE*; in which the various heroism of Miriam, Deborah, Ruth, Queen Esther, Jehosheba, Jephtha's Daughter, and Judith, are illustrated by sketches which adhere closely to Scripture history, and are rendered the more life-like and attractive, by being drawn with the costumes, scenery, and manners of the several periods in which they lived. Like all the volumes from the press of *JOHN S. TAYLOR*, the present is characterized by great neatness of typographical execution.

'**BIOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL.**'—Messrs. *LINNE* and *FENNELL* will publish, during the present month, a beautiful volume thus entitled, containing lives of eminent persons recently deceased, with fine portraits: edited by Mr. *RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.* Among the contributors are *BRYANT*, *THEODORE SEDGWICK*, *HORACE GREENEY*, *EPES SARGENT*, Esq., and other able writers. It can scarcely fail to be a valuable and attractive work.

'**GALLERY OF THE APOLLO ASSOCIATION.**'—Our verdict on this collection of pictures has been more than confirmed by the public. The exhibition will remain open for a few days longer; and all who have not yet enjoyed the pleasure, should seize an opportunity to visit it. *Apropos:* We attributed, in our last, Number 26, 'Fishmarket at Rome,' to the owner instead of the painter of the picture. The artist is the celebrated *ROBERT*, a Frenchman, who committed suicide several years ago.

**A MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—*DAME RUMOR* is whispering slyly around town, that we are to have, during the present month, a splendid Musical Gala, or Festival, under the competent direction of the public's favorite, Mr. *C. E. HORN.* Most of the operatic talent, of the highest order, now in the country, will be brought together; and we learn that a selection of the most popular music will be presented. If all the portents are true, this festival will prove an unexampled attraction.

## TO READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

THE first number of the SEVENTEENTH VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will appear on the first of January, 1841, upon new type, and with such other external improvements as may be suggested. At no period, in the entire progress of the work, have we had on hand, and engaged, such a variety of attractive literary matter, from the highest and most popular native sources—to say nothing of articles from eminent writers abroad—as we may boast at the present moment. In this respect, no exertion nor expense has been spared; insomuch, that we have deemed it a duty we owe ourselves, to secure for each number of this Magazine, as it appears, the advantages which its reputation, and an annual outlay of thousands, should assuredly entitle us. We shall hereafter, therefore, secure for the '*Crayon Papers*' of WASHINGTON IRVING, and such other articles and series of articles, of kindred attraction, as may be obtained from popular writers, at great expense, the *protection of copy-right*; so that those who desire their perusal and preservation, may obtain them alone from their original source, and in a beautiful form for binding up with the great amount of literary materiel, of the first order of excellence, by which they will be accompanied in these pages. Beyond this general announcement of 'good things in store,' we do not deem it necessary to speak. Our readers well know how far our promises to them have been sustained, through sixteen volumes of our work; and we are content that the past shall be a guarantee for the future; adding only, that as we *begin* the new volume, we shall continue it; and should our subscribers do us that justice which we feel we have a right to demand at their hands, we shall aim to improve even upon our highest standard.

## DELINQUENT Knickerbocker Readers!

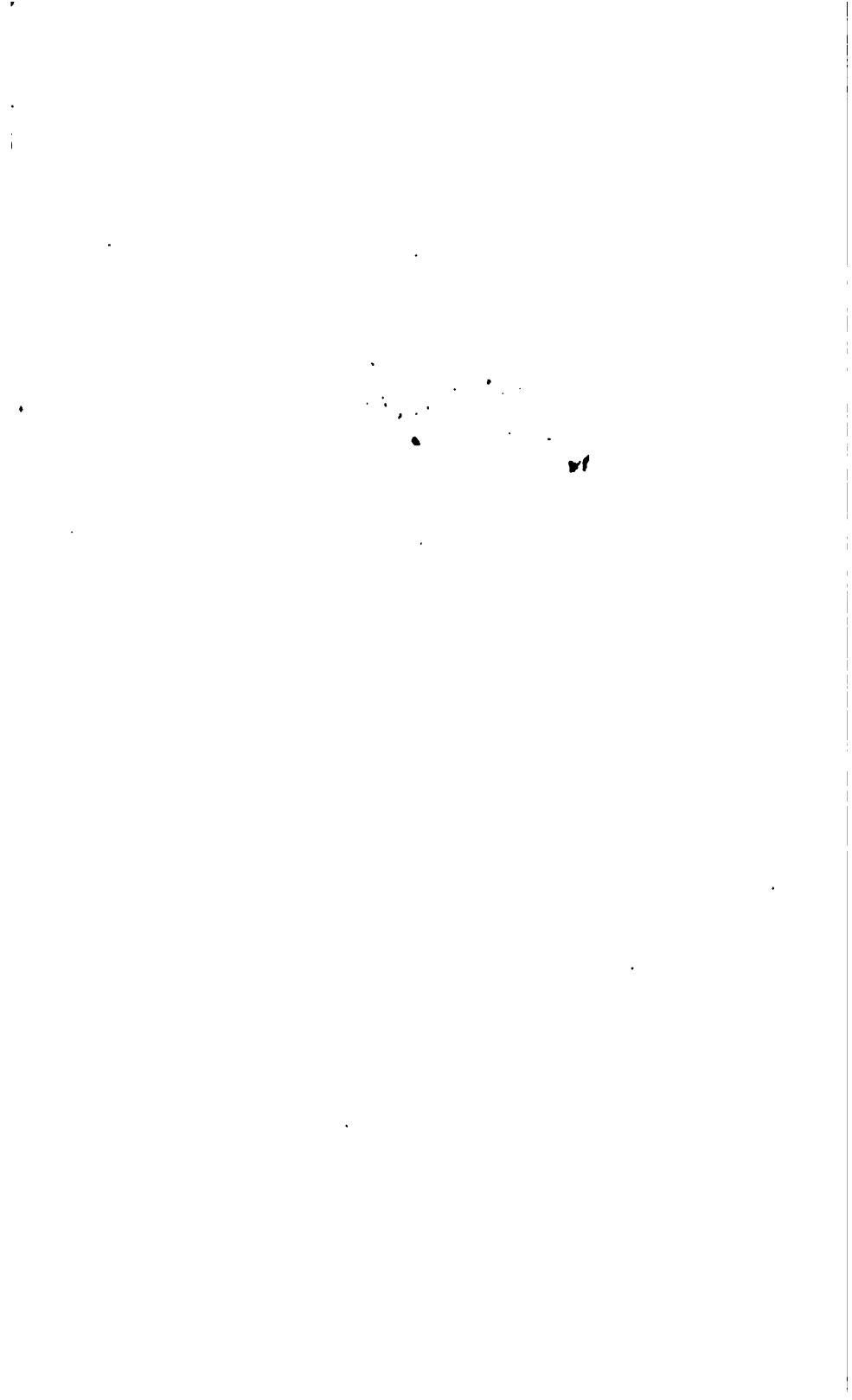
You who have found various enjoyment in the pages of this work; who have laughed with the humorous, wept with the sorrowing, reasoned with the argumentative; you who have journeyed with the traveller, and been held captive by the novelist; who have joyed with the lover of nature, and rejoiced, grieved, *felt*, with the true poet; who have imbibed new views of men and things, perhaps new principles of moral good, and new incentives to virtue, from the diversified minds who have here, from time to time, displayed their intellectual treasures; did it ever occur to you, that you were guilty of GREAT INJUSTICE in withholding the small sum due from you, as some compensation for the anxiety, the ceaseless labor, and the large and immediate expense, which could alone have contributed, to so great a degree, to your gratification, from one month to another? To each *individual* of you, the amount withheld is comparatively but a trifle; but the sums due from you as a *class*, make an aggregate of thousands, the want of which has often embittered moments of anxious toil in your behalf, and rendered even a literary 'labor of love' uncongenial and irksome; the more, that *your* injustice prevented our doing *our* duty to others. DELINQUENT READER, 'think on these things;' and let not a week elapse, before you do justice to your conscience and to us, by forwarding the amount for which you are indebted to the KNICKERBOCKER. Let not the laxity in regard to literary indebtedness, which has been charged upon us by the press of other countries as a national sin, be longer laid to *your* charge.











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